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THE NEW YORKER

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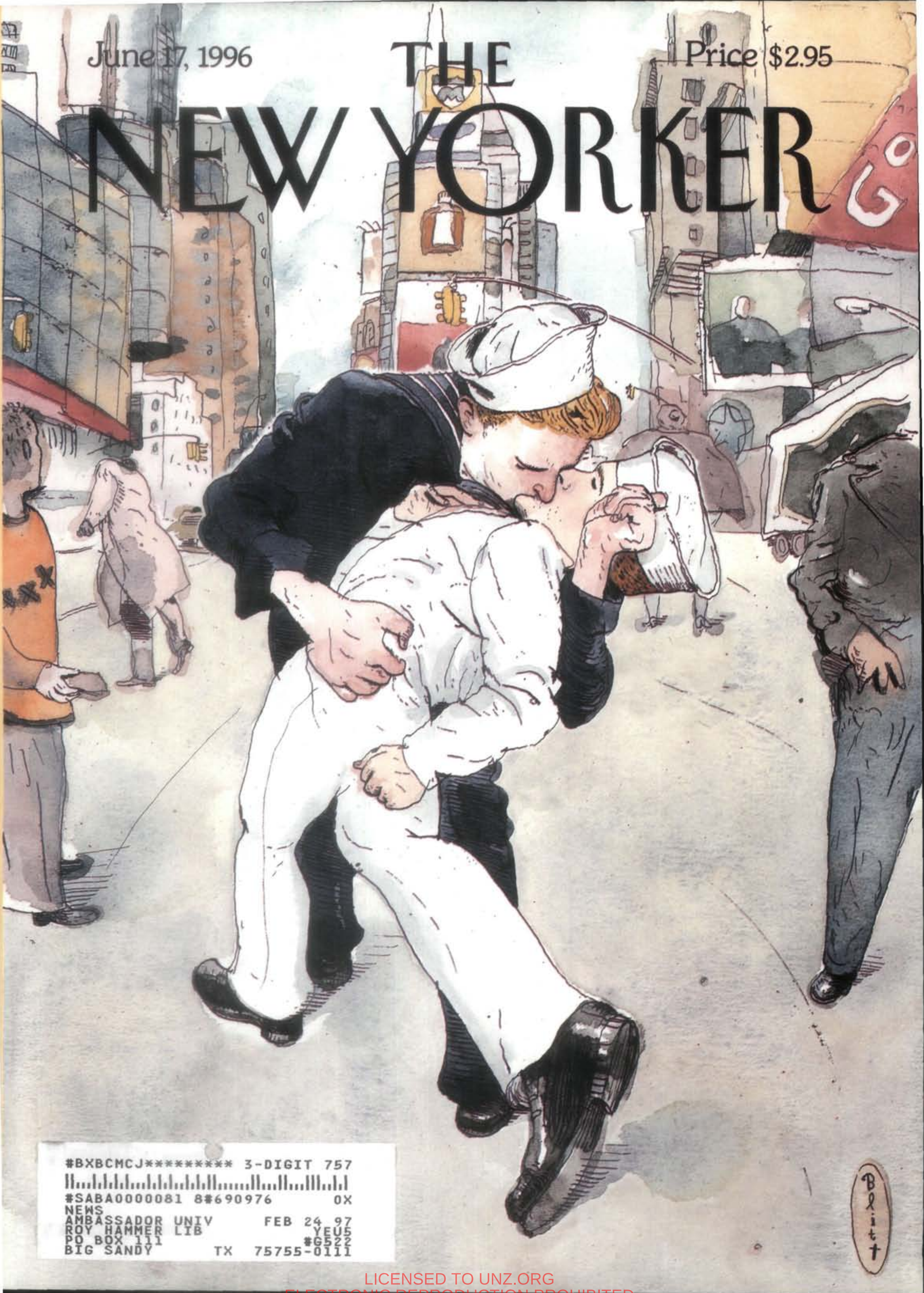

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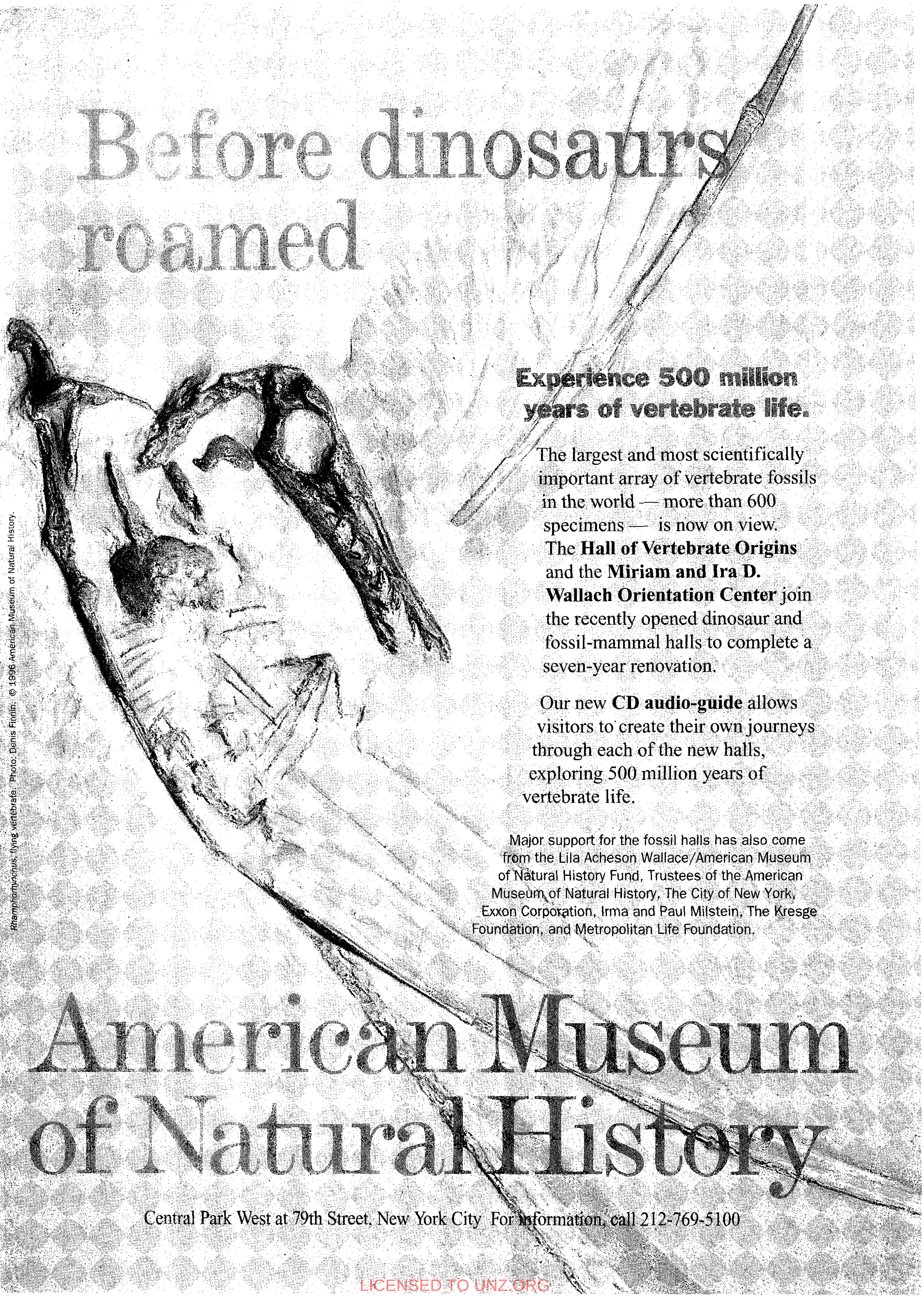

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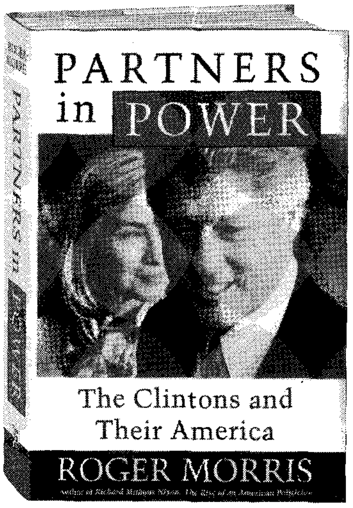

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THE NEW YORKER

JUNE 17, 1996

COMMENT The Gamblers . . . *David Remnick* 5
In Russia, an election puts (quasi) democracy at risk.
IN THE MAIL . . . 12
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN . . . 14
THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . 35
The New York vote on Netanyahu; beauty at the ballet; etc.

DEPARTMENTS

Letter from Washington This Year's Model . . . *Michael Kelly* 45
Why would Bill Clinton want to be a Ronald Reagan?
Onward and Upward with the Arts Take No Prisoners . . . *Lawrence Weschler* 50
What did Henry V really do at Agincourt, and what would the Hague Tribunal make of it?
Letter from Baghdad Saddam Wins Again . . . *T. D. Allman* 60
Iraq isn't like Cambodia or Bosnia—you have to look closer to see how Saddam Hussein is destroying it.
LIFE AND LETTERS White Like Me . . . *Henry Louis Gates, Jr.* 66
Anatole Broyard did not like limitations: he wanted to be a writer, not a black writer. And for forty years that's what literary New York believed him to be.
FICTION "Baster" . . . *Jeffrey Eugenides* 82
There are many ways to make a baby.

THE CRITICS

The Art World Cézanne in Philadelphia . . . *Simon Schama* 90
Showcase Literary Lions . . . *Evelyn Hofer* 94
Books Nick Leeson's "Rogue Trader," Stephen Fay's "The Collapse of Barings" . . . *Michael Lewis* 97
Briefly Noted . . . 100
The Current Cinema "The Rock," "Heavy" . . . *Terrence Rafferty* 101

POEMS BY ROBERT MAZZOCCO

"Dynasty" . . . 64
"At the End of a Long Dream" . . . 85
"La Voix Humaine" . . . 98
SHOUTS & MURMURS Buyer Beware . . . *Robert Sullivan* 104

COVER *Don't Ask, by Barry Blitt*

DRAWINGS *J. B. Handelsman, Michael Maslin, Jack Ziegler, Mischa Richter, Victoria Roberts, Michael Crawford, Leo Cullum, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Benoit van Innis, Peter Steiner, Richard Cline, Roz Chast, Edward Koren, Donald Reilly, Mick Stevens, Danny Shanahan, William Hamilton*

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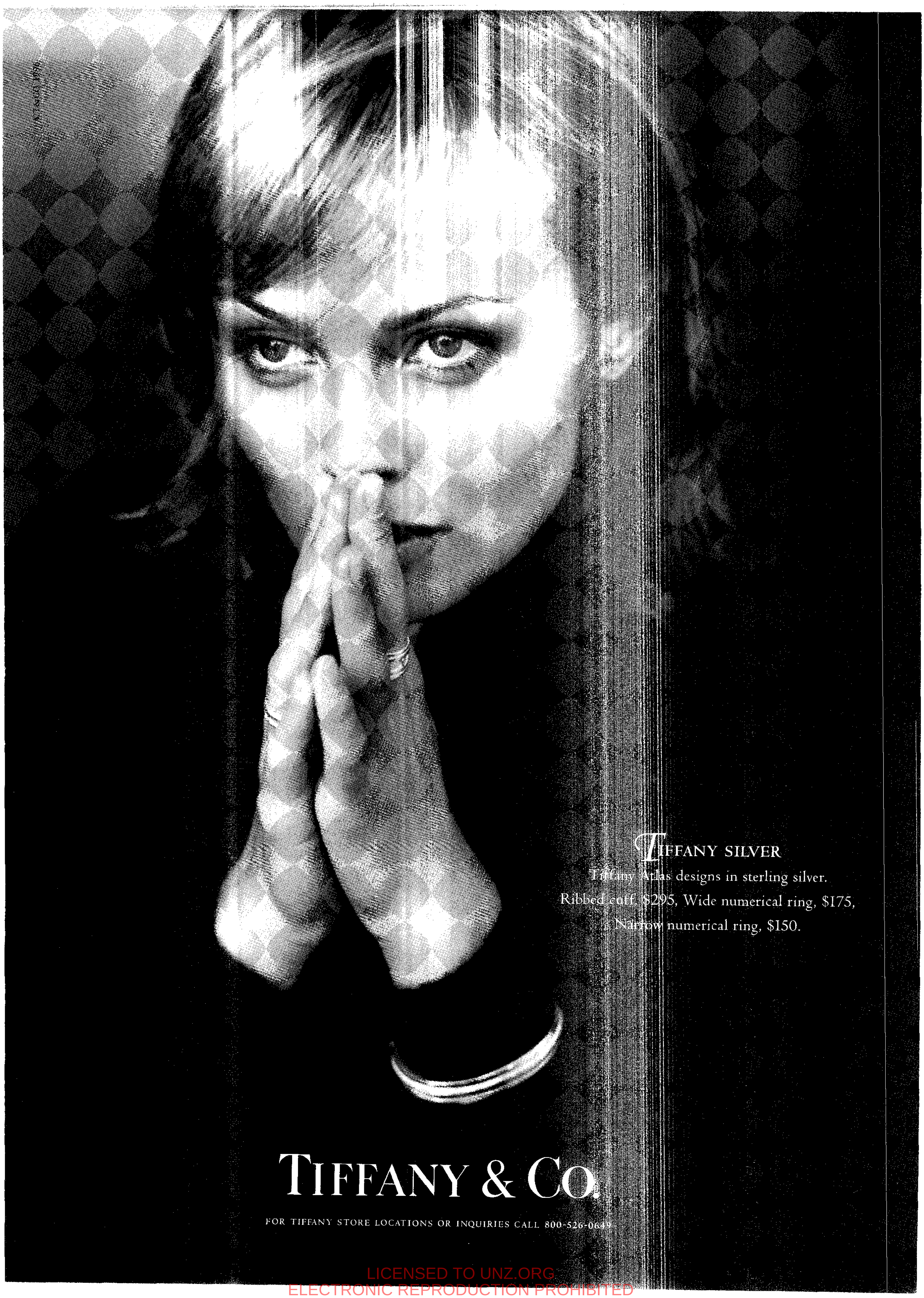

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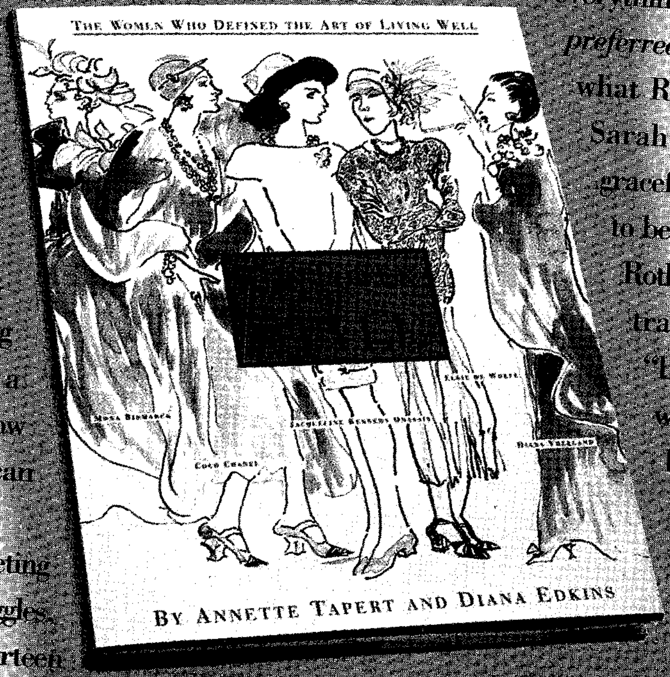
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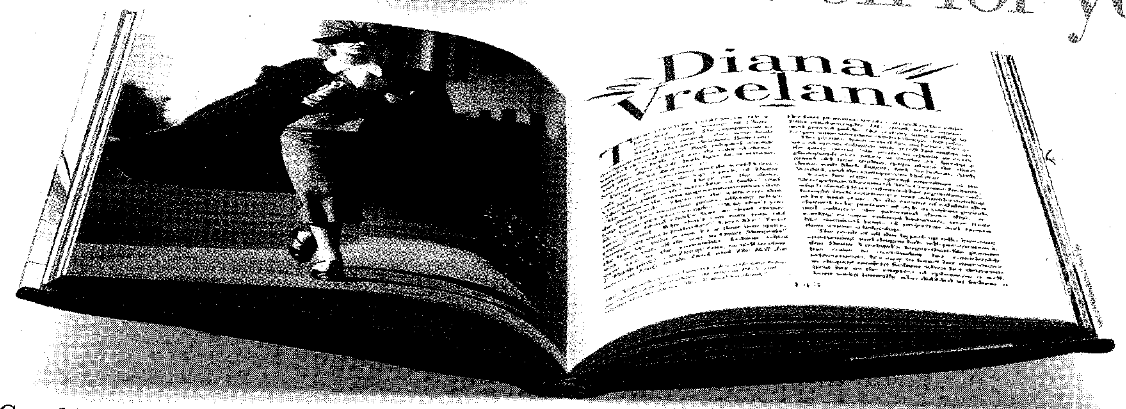
Diana Vreeland

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COMMENT

THE GAMBLERS

Russia takes a chance on the ballot box.

ONCE upon a time, there was a democracy in Russia. During the late Middle Ages, Russia's territory was divided in two, and, while Muscovy was an autocracy, the "other" Russia, with its capital at Novgorod, was a trading culture with strong ties to Northern Europe. Its people elected their prince, and their property was protected by law. Over all, Novgorod's political institutions reached a stage of development that, according to the historian Richard Pipes, "paralleled and in some respects even surpassed those of the contemporary West."

Muscovy, alas, conquered Novgorod in the late fifteenth century, and at the heart of Russian history ever since have been Russia's tension with and isolation from most of the decisive cultural, economic, and political currents of the Western world. The reforms begun by Mikhail Gorbachev in the late nineteen-eighties were only the latest in a series of attempts to Westernize—that is, modernize—Russia; like Peter the Great before him, Gorbachev met with a severe political reaction.

The Presidential election that is to take place on June 16th is a signal event in Russia's attempt to rejoin the world. Powerful persons ranging from the Kremlin security chief, Aleksandr Korzhakov, to a group of leading entrepreneurs have lately called on Boris Yeltsin to cancel the balloting. Yeltsin's record, especially in the last two years, has been badly tainted by corruption and war, but it is to his credit that he has at least resisted blandishments to quash the vote. Yeltsin is surely putting his own tenure at risk. Although he has been looking quite lifelike in recent months (he had earlier been positively moribund) and his poll numbers are rising, there is still a good chance that he will be unseated by the Communist leader, Gennady Zyuganov—if not on the sixteenth, then in a runoff scheduled for early July in the likely event that no candidate wins a majority in the first round.

Yeltsin and, more important, the Russians are taking a terrific gamble in this election. As Adam Michnik, one of the leaders of the Polish Solidarity movement, who is a keen observer of Moscow politics, has written, "Today, Russia stands before a dramatic dilemma, to which no one has yet given a reasonable answer. What is better: to disrupt the rules of democracy and chase out the totalitarian parties while they are still sufficiently weak, or to re-

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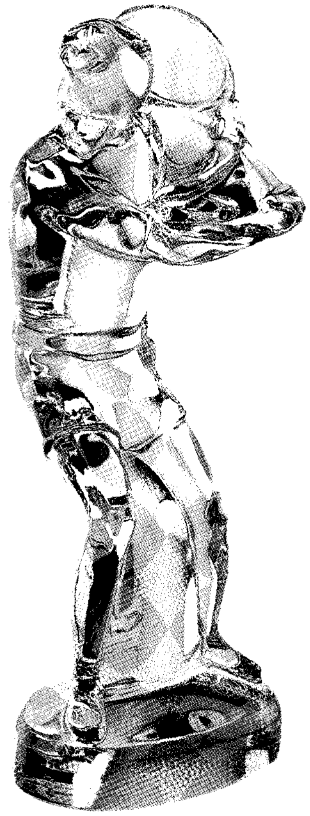

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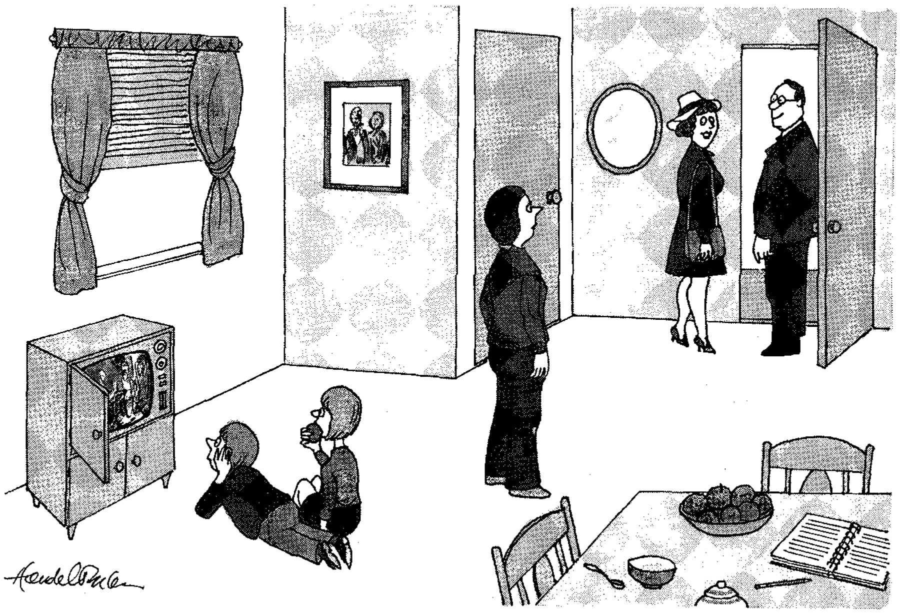

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• •

spect the democratic order and open to these parties the road to power?"

Yeltsin has chosen the latter course. Clearly, these elections are far from perfect: The incumbent's control of state-run television and the media's own overt support of Yeltsin for fear of a Communist revival do not exactly allow for a level playing field. But, considering the record of electoral malfeasance in the developed democracies (Rutherford B. Hayes, Lyndon B. Johnson, and John F. Kennedy are among the prominent Americans accused of stealing elections), it would be a curious thing to find a pristine election in a fledgling semi-democracy that has known little civic freedom since the days of Novgorod. An election and the prospect of an orderly transition of power are, in themselves, tremendous advances for Russia.

It is impossible to say at this early point what effect a Communist victory would have on the near-term future of Russia and the rest of the world. There are a few factors on the side of relative stability. Economic interests that have developed since 1991 would raise the price of turning back the clock; property owners, large and small, could be counted on to resist a repeat of Bolshevik-style nationalization. Further, the Communist Party is no longer coterminous with the state; to restore its absolute command of the economy and society would require a war that the Party is likely unwilling as well as unable to wage. Finally, at this point it would probably be impossible even for a regime with the most ferocious totalitarian ambitions to replicate the degree of censorship, isolation, and control achieved under Stalin or Brezhnev. As Gorbachev recognized, what was immoral was also, in the end, unprofitable: an isolated country is a poor country.

Still, even a halfhearted episode of restoration would carry grave risks. Zyuganov has cynically jettisoned most of the old Marxist-Leninist dogma (waving copies of "Das Kapital" has little electoral appeal nowadays) in favor of a rhetoric of extreme nationalism. His own tracts—"I Believe in Russia," and similar stuff—are filled with the sort of anti-American, anti-Semitic, xenophobic paranoia that characterizes the worst traditions of Russian nationalism. The next President of Russia could be a man who suspects that Jews control the world's money and that the Council on Foreign Relations controls the world.

The conflict between Westernizing impulses and nationalist ones has deep historical roots and plays on emotional urges inside nearly every Russian. Some nineteenth-century Russian thinkers, such as Aleksandr Herzen, understood that the typical Russian is both attracted to and repelled by Europe and the idea of Europe; that push-and-pull is a critical component of the Russian national character. Isaiah Berlin, in his essay on Russian intellectuals of the eighteen-forties, describes the phenomenon as a combination of inferiority and superiority complexes. "To some degree," Berlin writes, "this peculiar amalgam of love and hate is still intrinsic to Russian feelings about Europe: on the one hand, intellectual respect, envy, admiration, desire to emulate and excel; on the other, emotional hostility, suspicion, and contempt, a sense of being clumsy, *de trop*, of being outsiders; leading, as a result, to an alternation between excessive self-prostration before, and aggressive flouting of, western values."

This conflict colors every Russian's relationship to history, the way he understands events as distant as the Tatar invasion and Peter's reforms; it is a debate played out in the texts of Dostoyevski and Turgenev, Herzen and Belinsky, Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov. The nineteenth-century historian Nikolai Karamzin expressed the traditional Slavophile resentment of Westernizing reform when he wrote that, although Russia had been a powerful state for centuries, "we are constantly told of new institutions and new laws, as if we had just emerged from the dark American forests." Dostoyevski called Westernizers "destroyers of Russia, enemies of Russia," and wrote that "a Russian who has become a genuine European cannot help becoming at the same time a national enemy of Russia."

The Westernizer's dream is that Russia will no longer fear or reject the world but, rather, will join it. In a normal democratic country, coalitions grouped around the political center alternate in power, and democracy itself is not at stake in some way every time the people go to the polls. This election holds out little or no hope of making Russia completely normal. Whether it moves Russia in that direction depends far more than it ideally should on who wins. One can only hope that this great gamble will be for the best—that this time Novgorod will conquer Muscovy.

—David Remnick

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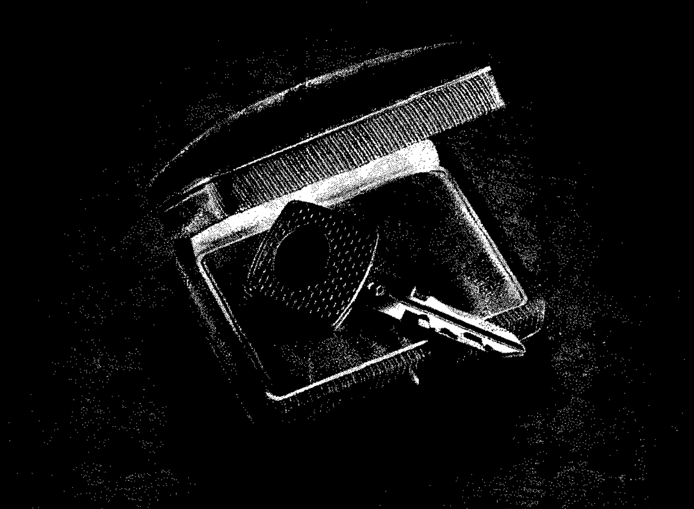

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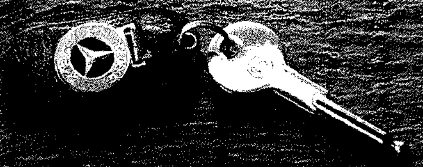

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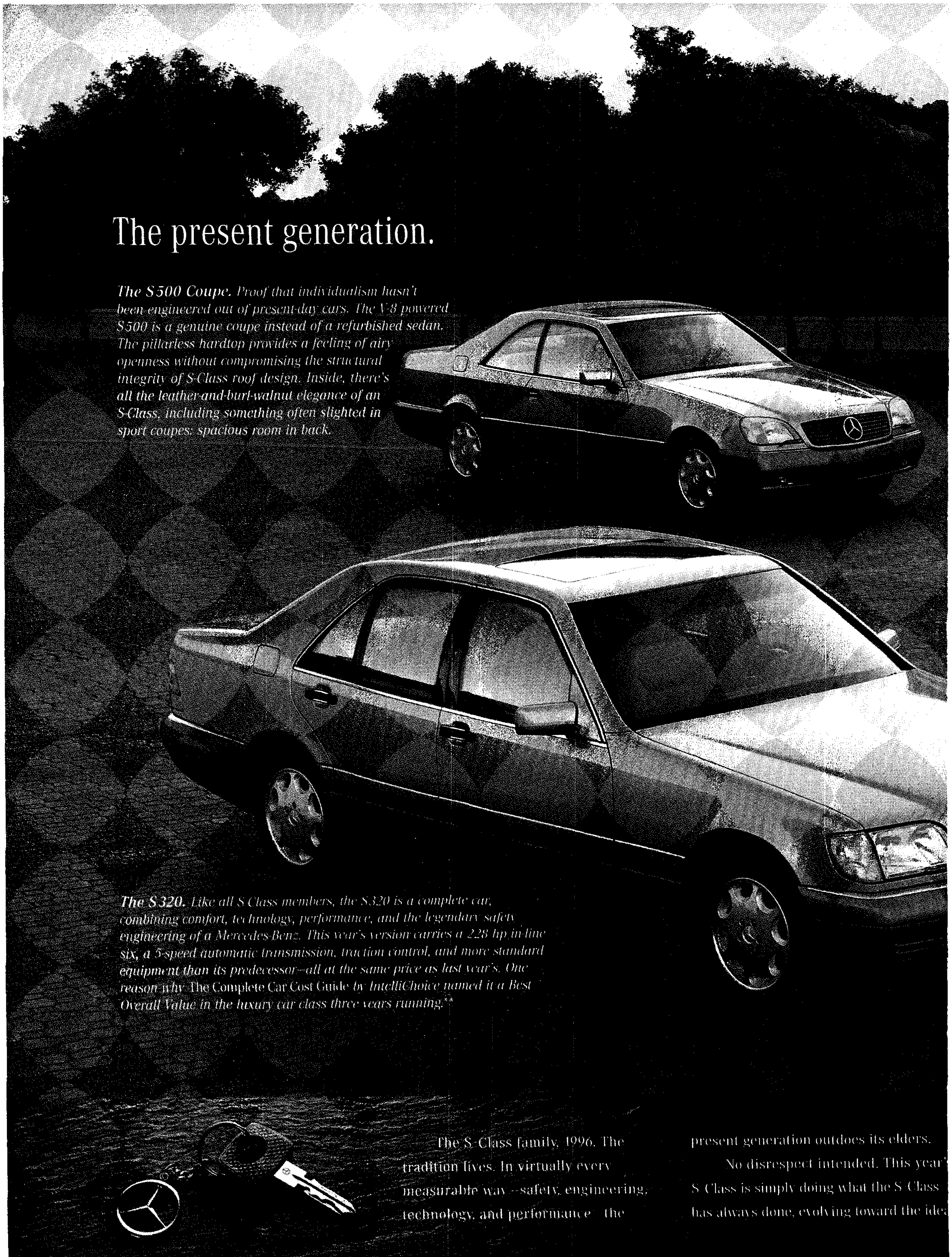

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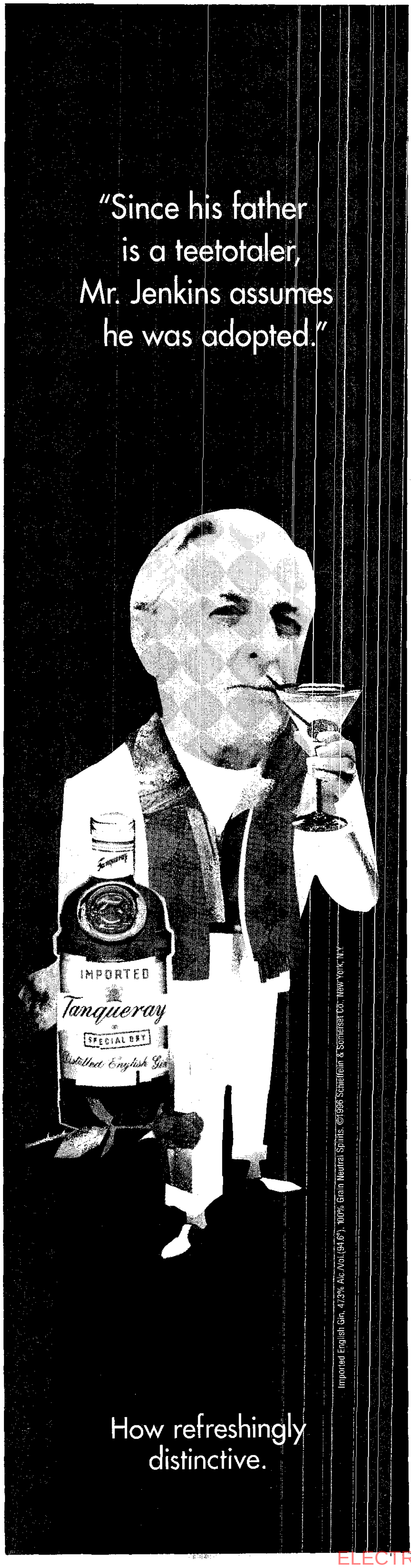
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IN THE MAIL

VIEWS ON BLACK AMERICA

Touré's Talk of the Town story "The 'N' Word," in the Black in America issue (April 29th & May 6th), reminded me of when I lived in New Haven in the seventies. The air in my racially mixed neighborhood was filled with danger and demagoguery, but we mostly listened to a tuneful diversity. The heart of our part of Elm Street was the local grocery. The manager was a fierce protector of his clientele: he chased out the white ladies who came in luxury cars to buy up cases of loss-leader toilet paper; provided a livelihood to the peg-legged sign painter whose spelling was totally original ("facist tissue" is the one I remember best); and kept the meat case stocked with cello-wrapped trays of ears, tails, and snouts.

One day, I met a little black girl and her puppy in front of the grocery, and I asked her the dog's name. "Nigger," she said. I was stunned. "Who gave him that name?" I asked. "My daddy." Not only did that little girl's daddy have a wicked sense of humor but he was also a great tactician: I was just a neighbor, but in my white skin I represented a power structure, and so I could not address that man's dog.

DIANNE C. BLITZER
Portland, Ore.

Perhaps the most significant statement in Black in America was in the Comment ("The African-American Century," by Hendrik Hertzberg and Henry Louis Gates, Jr.): "African-Americans are not an immigrant group." This is a truth that is rarely stated but one that—given the dogged insistence on equating the progress of black Americans with that of immigrants—bears repeating until its implications are fully understood by everyone.

DIANNE RICHARDSON
Cambridge, Mass.

The Comment overlooked an important fact: Hispanics of many races and ethnicities are also descended from men and women who arrived in North America before 1776; they, too, have "deeper roots in American soil" than later immigrants, and they are hardly a "shrinking minority." Indeed, race in America is no longer a black-white issue.

CRISTINA M. GONZÁLEZ
Seattle, Wash.

I read Malcolm Gladwell's article on West Indian immigrants (Personal History) with some sense of familiarity. Attempts to exploit the differences between black West Indians and American blacks are nearly as old as the history of the dislocation of Africans in the Americas. Unfortunately, some blacks of West Indian heritage have tended to fall victim to this stereotyping in the false belief that such differences would be valuable when it came to their acceptance by the larger white society. No doubt this has worked to the advantage of some West Indians, but it has not changed white racism toward blacks as a class. General Colin Powell, for all his achievements, found that he was still the target of racist hate mail once he became a serious candidate for President.

All this brings to mind an incident involving black Americans, black West Indians, and Africans when I was a student at an American university during the height of the Black Power protests, in the late sixties and early seventies. Given the opportunity to join in a black protest, many foreign black students demurred on the basis that it was not our struggle and that we were different. One of the black Americans warned us that it did not matter which passport one held or what accent one spoke with, because in the eyes of the authorities we were all contemptible. More than twenty-five years later, his point—that we are united by the common element of color and that common survival can be secured only by sticking together as blacks—takes on more force and urgency.

P. E. DAWSON
Ontario, Can.

The Black in America issue reminded me of James Baldwin's "The Fire Next Time," most of which was originally published in *The New Yorker* in 1962 as "Letter from a Region in My Mind." Baldwin's greatest essays are characterized by a disinterested yet involved prose, a style deeply informed by his life as a black intellectual, but "The Fire Next Time," like most of the essays and sketches published in Black in America, fails to realize that ideal. Most of the writers and most of the individuals in the issue infer from their experiences a regal "we": they sound as if their thoughts invariably encapsulated those of all blacks.

The American media are obsessed with the state of black Americans, and there is a steady supply of black thinkers to tell America what "we" think. In attempting to display the multiplicity of thought and experiences in the various black communities, ventures such as Black in America fail, giving readers the same black thinkers whose careers depend on the assumption that their experiences speak for the rest of black America.

SHAWN SULLIVAN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Clarence Thomas professes abhorrence (Annals of Law, by Jeffrey Rosen) of the liberal policy of atonement for past injustices toward blacks, but he refused none of the advantages he gained from that policy—most notably, his appointment to the Supreme Court. Rosen reports that Justice Thomas told students at Tuskegee that he, too, suffered all their physical privations. But it's as if the slave up in the house were telling the field hands that special favors are over now that he no longer needs them. Rosen credits Justice Thomas with a Booker T. Washington philosophy of self-reliance, but that is more than he deserves. If the man actually had such a philosophy, he would apply it first to himself and resign from the Supreme Court.

KENNETH W. RODARMER
Schoolcraft, Mich.

Andrea Lee's Shouts & Murmurs "Back to School," about taking her daughter to an interview at the private girls' school where she had been one of two black students, was a lesson in forgiveness for us all. It is a great fallacy of our age that blame and resentment can ever achieve anything, and it is a simple, time-honored equation that hate engenders more hate. Only through love and forgiveness can healing take place.

ROB MEURER
Studio City, Calif.

The selection of topics in the Black in America issue was surprisingly good. The articles about Duke Ellington, Jackie Jackson, Velma Ashley, Louis Farrakhan, William Julius Wilson, Buddy Fletcher, Harvard Law's Class of '75, Rosie and Noel, Clarence Thomas, and, yes, Dennis Rodman paint a refreshing collective portrait of the black community today. There are some superior role models, but the community is still, in the words of Sapphire, "gonna hafta *push*."

JOHN A. KOTEN
Barrington Hills, Ill.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

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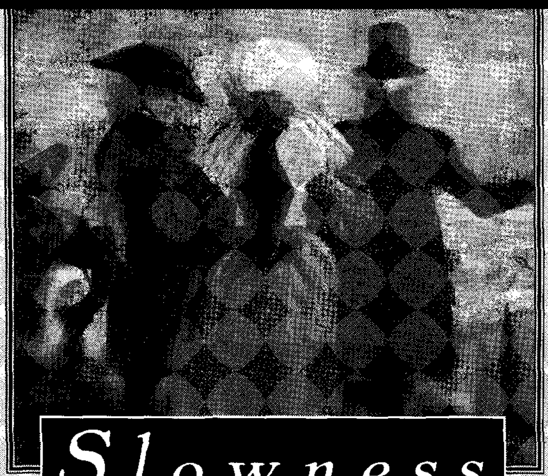

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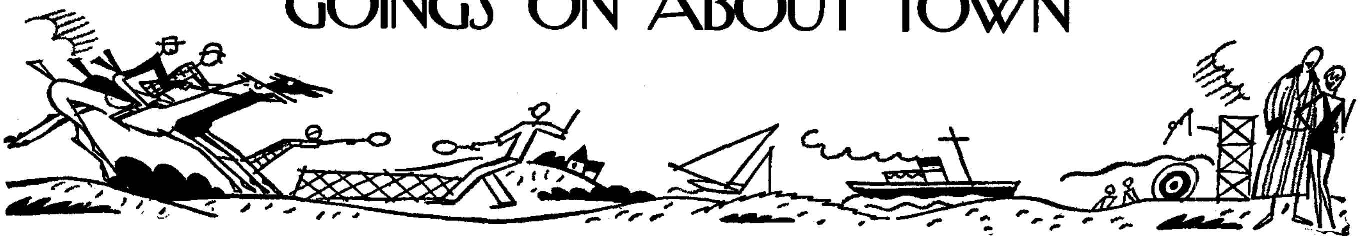
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE

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OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

The Boys in the Band—A revival of Mart Crowley's 1968 play. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

The Gaol Gate and **Purgatory**—The National Asian American Theatre Company's season finale: one-acts by Lady Gregory and W. B. Yeats. Previews June 12-13. Opens June 14 at 8. (Vineyard's 26th Street Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 505-3003.)

Heavenly Days—Zeus, king of the gods, develops an Olympian crush on a college boy vacationing in Mykonos, in John Glines's contemporary version of the Amphitryon myth. Opens June 12 at 8. (Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 924-1198.)

Ivanov—Victor Slezak has the title role and Lee Richardson portrays Shabelevsky in Chekhov's 1887 play. In previews through June 14. Opens June 15 at 8 and runs through June 23. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 945-8020.)

Kingdom of Earth—A Drama Dept. staging of Tennessee Williams's 1968 play, with Cynthia Nixon, Scott Lawrence, and Peter Sarsgaard. John Cameron Mitchell is the director. Opens June 15 at 7 and runs through June 30. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 629-4656.)

The Shawl—Cynthia Ozick's new drama, about two Holocaust survivors and a charismatic revisionist historian, stars Dianne Wiest, Boyd Gaines, and Wendy Makkena and is directed by Sidney Lumet. In previews. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

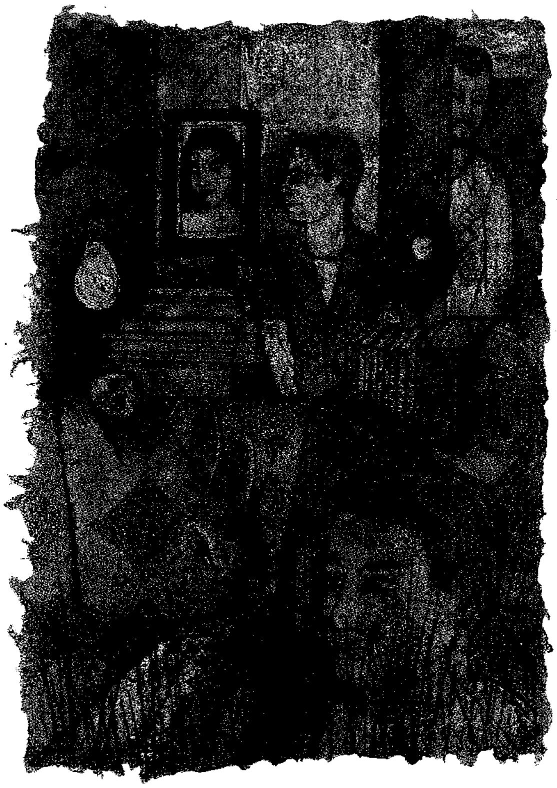
A Thousand Clowns—Herb Gardner's 1962 comedy stars Judd Hirsch, Jane Adams, and David Margulies. Scott Ellis is the director. In previews. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

The Trojan Women: A Love Story—Marin Mazzie, Tom Nelis, Sharon Scruggs, and Steven Skybell are in the cast of En Garde Arts' new site-specific production, a variation, with music, on the Greek tragedy. The site is the ruins of the East River Park Amphitheatre. Written by Charles L. Mee, Jr., and directed by Tina Landau. Previews begin June 16. (F.D.R. Drive and Grand St. For information, call 941-9793.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Always Together—The Romanian-born playwright Anca Visdei's semiautobiographical drama, about two sisters separated by the Iron Curtain. (Ubu Repertory Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 679-7562. Closes June 23.)

Ancient History—The fateful, bittersweet arbitrariness of relationships is the rock-hard streambed under the babbling brooks of David Ives's plays; in this one, Ruth and Jack (Vivienne Benesch and Michael Rupert), a thirtysomething couple who are, as they put it, "tall, thin, and funny," show that two people who are too clever by half are likely to end up divided. The superficial point of conflict is that he is Catholic and she is Jewish, but Ives seems to be asking a much larger, more unsettling question about love: Doesn't anybody here know how to play this game? Unfortunately, the twosome is tedious, and the play, unlike the relationship, goes on forever. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052. Closes June 23.)



Nilo Cruz's "A Park in Our House."

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

Baal—Paul Todaro is very engaging as the lead in the Independent Theatre Company's energetic staging of Brecht's first play, and the rest of the cast is strong, but the production itself is somewhat uncertain. For instance, it seems to be set in the nineteen-fifties, but for no apparent reason except that the period fits Mr. Todaro's rather menacing guitar music. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088. Closes June 22.)

Big—This adaptation of the movie that starred Tom Hanks and Elizabeth Perkins provides little joy, though Daniel Jenkins, as the twelve-year-old in a grownup's body, is sweet and likable. The dance numbers are full of grimly talented, grinning kiddies—it's like a midget minstrel show—and the trouble doesn't end there: Richard Maltby, Jr., and David Shire's score is melodically challenged, and John Weidman's patronizing book has lost all the movie's charm and poignancy. Directed by Mike Ockrent. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/27/96.) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Bring In da Noise, Bring In da Funk—Director George C. Wolfe and dancer-choreographer Savion Glover's heroically energetic African-American musical. (5/20/96) (Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

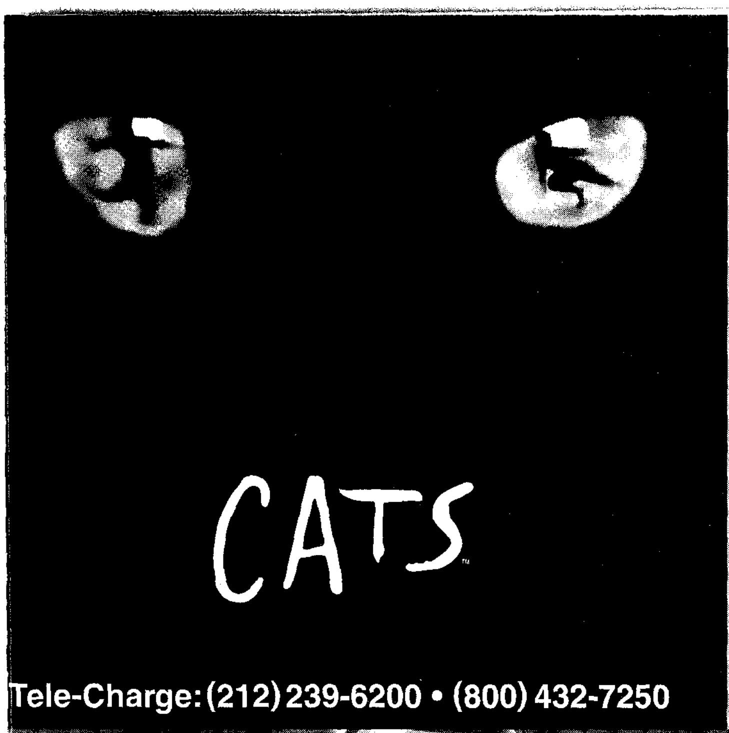
Buried Child—This production of Sam Shepard's 1978 play, directed by Gary Sinise, comes by way of Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre. It takes place in the heartland, in the middle of the desiccated wasteland that America has become. Set in the filthy living room of a family with a horrible secret, the play forces you to look—for three long hours—at the ugly facts of family life, but in a big Broadway house what you see is ugliness as spectacle, and this distance dilutes the play's power. Sinise has brought the laughs to the forefront—and James Gammon, who plays the patriarch (for lack of a better word) of this rancid clan, is terrifically funny—but when the laughs aren't there you feel as though you were in a theatrical Dust Bowl, waiting for the irritating, monotonous wind to stop. (5/27/96) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

By the Sea, by the Sea, by the Beautiful Sea—Three summery one-acts set on the same beach at three different times of day. The writers drew straws, and Joe Pintauro ended up with dawn, Lanford Wilson with noon, and Terrence McNally with dusk. The results are three clever and engaging mini-dramas that make you wonder whether what Jane Austen really said was that everything happens on beaches. Under the direction of Leonard Foglia, who first staged the works last summer at the Bay Street Theatre, in Sag Harbor, the three cast members—Mary Beth Fisher, Timothy Carhart, and Lee Brock—do very well with their various roles. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes June 30.)

The Cocoanuts—The 1925 musical that starred the Marx Brothers (and became their first movie). Irving Berlin's songs, charmingly sung, are ageless, but George S. Kaufman's book isn't—particularly under the unfocussed direction of Richard Sabellico. The superb cast deserves better. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797. Closes June 23.)

Cowgirls—By the end of this appealing, if somewhat predictable, musical comedy, three chamber musicians have been transformed into fringe-wearin', honky-tonkin' cowgirls. Mary Murfitt, the show's composer and lyricist, is hilarious as an uptight violinist learning how to shake it. Betsy Howie, who wrote the book, is also in the fine cast. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Curtains—The young director Scott Elliott, who did outstanding ensemble work last year with Mike Leigh's "Ecstasy," has done it again with this coal-black comedy by the English playwright Stephen Bill, set in a drab middle-class living room in Birmingham. The play begins with a birthday party for Ida (Kathleen Claypool), who has just turned eighty-six, and wastes no time in presenting us with the not very pretty realities of old age and the discomfort and



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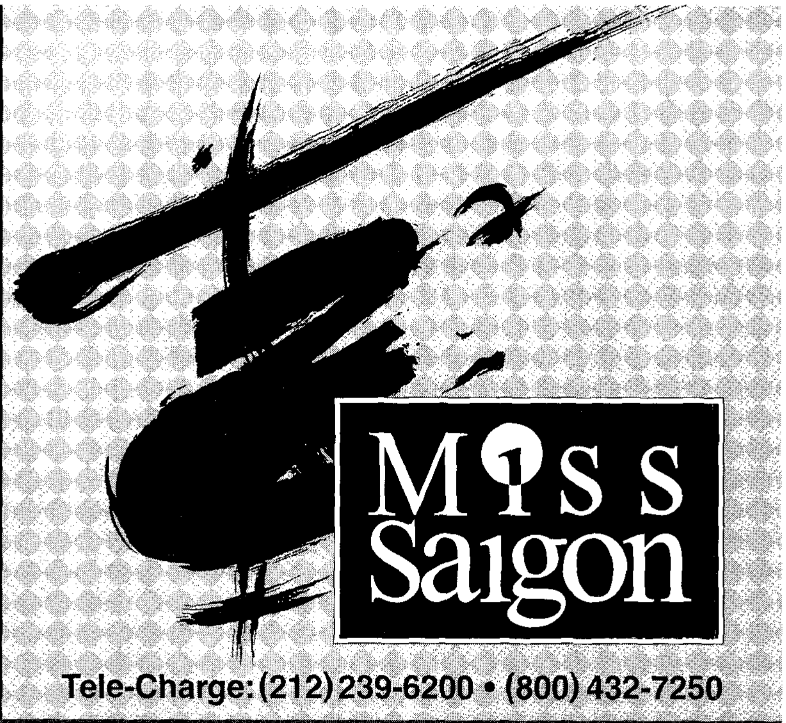
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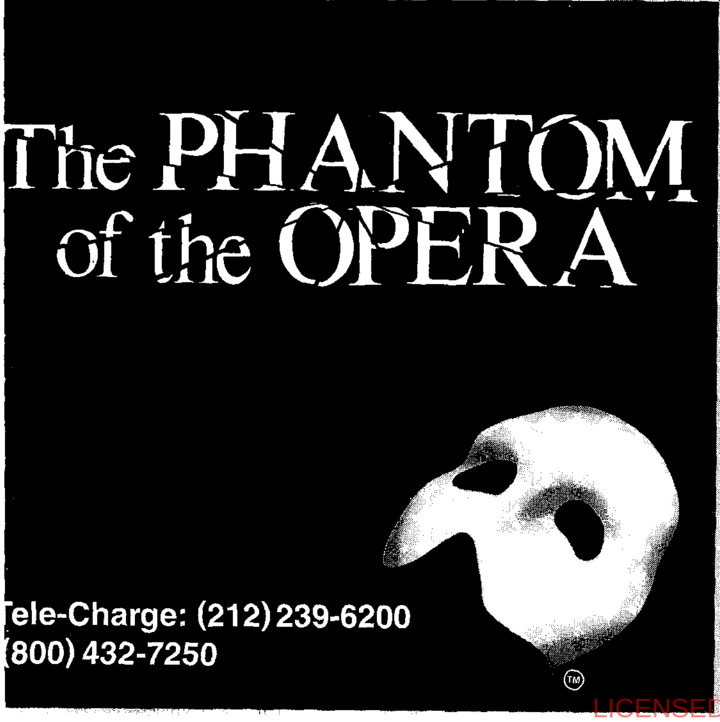
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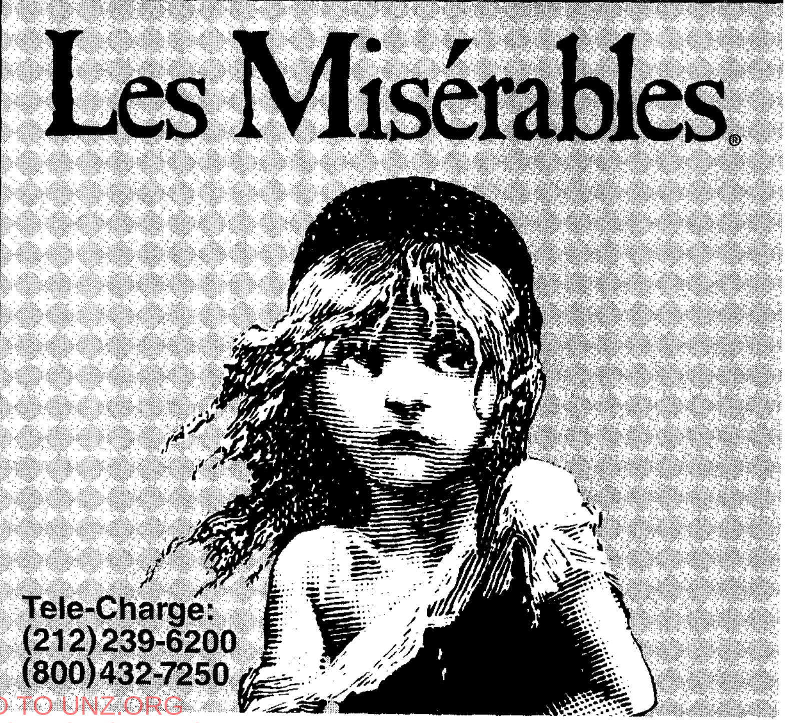
Les Misérables

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ambivalence that the elderly cause in others. The six actors who play the members of Ida's family (among them Jayne Haynes, Laura Esterman, and David Cale) all distinguish themselves with vivid characterizations, and Betty Miller is wonderful as a helpful and extremely annoying neighbor. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 339-6200.)

Dark Rapture—Eric Overmyer's noirissimo play about a crooked screenwriter (Scott Glenn) drags you from one apocalyptic location to another—fiery Northern California, rainy Seattle, steamy Mexico, Key West (also steamy), New Orleans (yup, steamy). The snappy, snarly dialogue is a feast for the ears, but Overmyer doesn't know when to stop piling on the conspiracy theories, and the sizzle eventually ends in a fizzle. Though Marisa Tomei is not quite believable as a scheming, cheating movie producer, several of the other actors are startlingly good, especially Dan Moran, who plays both a man of mysterious identity and a Turkish used-car salesman. Scott Ellis directed. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Closes June 16.)

A Delicate Balance—Decorous suburban ennui is transformed into real angst in this bracing, astringent revival of Edward Albee's 1966 play about a family that has sacrificed much of its humanity for the sake of appearances. The cast, under the fine direction of Gerald Gutierrez, is uniformly excellent. Rosemary Harris and Elaine Stritch, as sisters whose only shared trait is an ability to get under each other's skin, are marvellous foils for each other—one with a cool, deadly elegance, the other all gritty, pretension-puncturing directness. As Harris's husband, who eventually sees the emptiness where the moral center of their lives should be, George Grizzard goes quite believably from blandly accommodating and sociable to unutterably lonely. (5/27/96) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Stephen Sondheim's 1962 musical-comedy version of a Roman farce is a joke play that begs for outrageousness, but Jerry Zaks's peppy, acrylic revival seldom enters that giddy zone of comic daring. (5/20/96) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

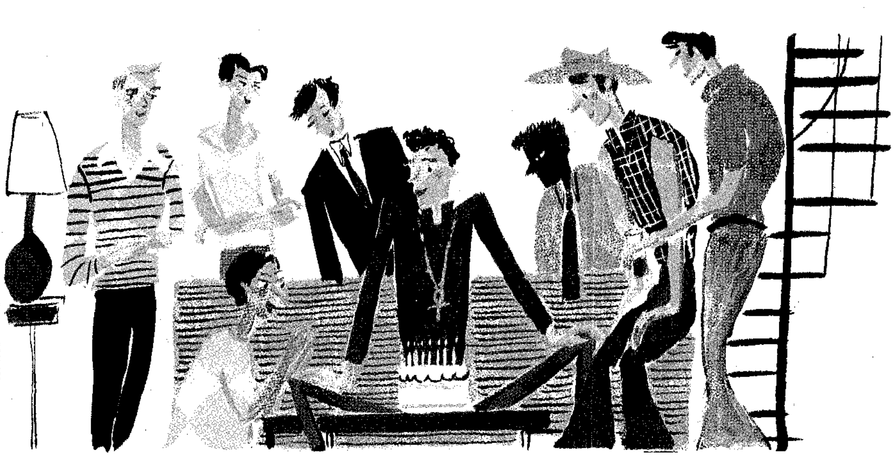
Good—C. P. Taylor's 1981 play about a man seduced by Nazism. (One Dream, 232 West Broadway. 252-2511. Closes June 30.)

An Ideal Husband—In Oscar Wilde's hundred-and-one-year-old play, a youthful transgression comes back to threaten the career of a promising Cabinet member. The man who saves the day is an apparent good-for-nothing, who, of course, turns out to be good for everything; he is played, with showy aplomb, by Martin Shaw. The rest of the delightful, mostly British cast, under the direction of Peter Hall, is well up to the Wildean wit and wisdom, and the evening flies by in a flash of epigrammatic splendor. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Jasper in Gramercy Park—A comedy about an aging couple who are unusually devoted to their big, domineering dog. Continues through June 27. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 598-5325.)

The King and I—In a word, magnificent. Hats off to Donna Murphy, as Anna, Lou Diamond Phillips, as the King of Siam, and everyone else (including Rodgers and Hammerstein, of course) who had a hand in this production. Christopher Renshaw directed. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Love Thy Neighbor—In his latest two-hour monologue, Jackie Mason prowls the stage like a rabid penguin, parcelling out tough love with equal-opportunity glee. His range may be limited, but his timing is perfect, and the house rocks with laughter. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)



THE BOYS ARE BACK: *Mart Crowley's "The Boys in the Band" closed, after a three-year run, in 1971, but its gay-clique cast and truth-serum bluntness have been imitated ever since. The WPA's new staging, with David Drake, David Greenspan, and James Lescene, among others, provides an occasion to reëvaluate the play's sexual politics and to savor its tart, heart-wringing humor.*

BETH ADAMS

Ensemble Studio Theatre—The final series in this year's six-week marathon of one-acts continues through June 16 with plays by Joyce Carol Oates, Laura Cahill, Greg Germann, and Paul Selig. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405.)

A Fair Country—A neatly packaged but hollow new play by Jon Robin Baitz, about an American diplomat in South Africa. (3/11/96) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes June 30.)

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini's hit-and-miss movie-biz sendup. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

The Four Twins—Two sets of sisters, one junkies who have escaped from Alcatraz, the other jewel thieves—collide in a play by the French cartoonist and surrealistic playwright Copi. Continues through June 22. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 533-4650.)

Making Porn—Rex Chandler has the role of the straight star Jack Hawk in Ronnie Larsen's play about the gay-porn business. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 239-6200.)

La Mama—June 13-15 at 8 and June 16 at 3:30 and 8: Final performances of "The Wild," a new music-theatre work by composer Andy Teirstein, loosely based on "Robinson Crusoe." . . . ¶ June 13-15 at 10: "The Ballad of June Cool," a noirish one-woman melodrama starring Laura Kenyon as a fifties jazz singer. Directed by Thommie Walsh. Through June 29. (74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

One Hour Without Television—Jaime Salom's comedy, about a couple celebrating their anniversary, who turn off the TV set and end up thrashing out their relationship. Performances are in English Wednesdays through Fridays and in Spanish Saturdays and Sundays. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes June 30.)

Papa—In John deGroot's one-man play, the fine, energetic actor Len Cariou gives a valiantly gruff portrayal of Ernest Hemingway—whom we encounter in the midst of a bender one day in 1959 (two years before he shot himself)—but he gets sideswiped by the overloaded script, which has no surprises, way too many words, and not nearly enough fresh insights. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. Closes June 30.)

A Park in Our House—The New York Theatre Workshop presents a new drama by Nilo Cruz, set in Cuba in the seventies, in which a family opens its door to a seductive Russian émigré. (79 E. 4th St. 460-5475. Closes June 30.)

Radio Mambo: Culture Clash Invades Miami—Springing from a series of interviews the Latino comedy troupe Culture Clash conducted with residents of Dade County, Florida, these character sketches—they include a huckster furniture salesman, an all-too-precious art dealer, and, of course, a host of transplanted New Yorkers (this *is* Miami)—don't so much build to a point as pile up in a heap. The evening is funny in some spots, dull in others, and, owing to some expendable dance numbers, longer than it ought to be. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's rock opera, inspired by Puccini's "La Bohème" and set in a gray and dishevelled East Village loft space, stands every assumption of the traditional musical on its head. It can't support the narrative overload (eight separate stories are told), yet by the end of the evening Larson's talent has taken the audience to places the musical never ventures these days. (2/19/96) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000.)

Seven Guitars—August Wilson's exciting new play, which flashes back to the final days of a Pittsburgh blues singer (Keith David), sends us stirring news of black life in the late forties. The seven guitars of the title are the seven memorable characters whose high times and dashed dreams Wilson turns into beautiful, complex music—a funky, wailing, irresistible Chicago blues. Lloyd Richards is the director. (4/15/96) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You—Christopher Durang's 1979 comedy, starring Geraldine Librandi and directed by Mark Cannistraro. Saturdays at 8, through July 6. (Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. S. 255-5438.)

So . . . It's Come to This—Emmett Foster recounts the highs and lows of his twenty-year tenure as the late Joseph Papp's personal assistant. June 12 at 7:30 and June 14-15 at 10:30. Continues through June 26. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, near Houston St. 219-3088.)

State Fair—This lively, colorful stage version of Rodgers and Hammerstein's 1945 movie musical is a pleasure, despite some weak perfomances in key roles. Co-directed by James Hammerstein (son of) and Randy Skinner, who also did the choreography. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Tartuffe: Born Again—In setting her contemporary adaptation of Molière's comedy in "the American South"—a place not unlike Petticoat Junction, apparently—Freyda Thomas reaches so far beyond farce and satire that she ends up with a cartoon. The actors are talented enough, though, to embrace their cartoonishness. David Schramm, especially, has some Gleasonesque moments as Orgon, a pigheaded TV-studio owner whose blind devotion to the titular televangelist (played, with a bit too much whine in his voice, by the charismatic John Glover) nearly destroys his life. As Orgon's wife, Haviland Morris is a beautiful and enigmatic object of Tartuffe's lust; her resistance scene is one of the play's funniest bits. And the seemingly boneless Kevin Dewey is part cyclone, part ticking bomb as Orgon's whistle-blowing son. Directed by David Saint. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Closes June 23.)

Tokyo Can Can—A musical set in Japan shortly after the Second World War, written and directed

Photo: Eduardo Patino

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by Yutaka Okada. (Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 307-4100. Closes June 22.)

Valley Song—The South African playwright Athol Fugard's latest drama, about the effects of political change in his homeland, has returned to Manhattan Theatre Club. With LisaGay Hamilton and Marius Weyers. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes June 30.)

Virgins and Other Myths—Colin Martin's one-man show—a sort of "This Gay Boy's Life." (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

We'll Meet Again—Vicki Stuart, in a one-woman musical memoir about her childhood in England during the Second World War. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-5820. Closes June 30.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **GREASE!:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100. . . . **MASTER CLASS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **MRS. KLEIN:** Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200. (Closes June 29.) . . . **MOON OVER BUFFALO:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. (Closes June 30.) . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **ROB BECKER'S DEFENDING THE CAVEMAN:** Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100. . . . **SHOW BOAT:** Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **SUNSET BOULEVARD:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **VICTOR/VICTORIA:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.

DANCE

New York City Ballet—June 12 at 8: "Interplay," "Concertino," "La Sonnambula," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ June 13 at 8: "Ancient Airs and Dances," "The Waltz Project," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ June 14 at 8: "Interplay," "Concertino," "Fancy Free," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ June 15 at 2: "Swan Lake," "The Waltz Project," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ June 15 at 8: "La Sonnambula," "Ancient Airs and Dances," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ June 16 at 3: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ June 18 at 8: "Badchonim," "Behind the China Dogs," and "Cortège Hongrois." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 30.)

American Ballet Theatre—June 12 at 2: The last chance to catch the company's all-Twyla Tharp evening of "How Near Heaven," "Elements," and "Americans We." The choreographer has been sighted bustling around at previous performances, but a less obvious source for the well-maintained wallop of these works is Shelley Washington, the ballet mistress for the Tharp works and a former Tharp dancer and muse. "Twyla's very clear, and I've learned from her how to be very clear," the soft-spoken Washington says. "But I've also worked with some of these dancers since 1988, so if a certain phrase needs more punch, I can show them how to do it"—Washington was, after all, central to such Tharp masterworks as "The Catherine Wheel" and "Nine Sinatra Songs" back when the choreographer had her own company. "Or I could just say, 'It's like that phrase in "In the Upper Room."' By now we have a kind of secret vocabulary to refer to all the movements that we've done together." . . . ¶ June 12 at 8: "Ballet Imperial," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," "The Nutcracker Pas de Deux," "Rose Adagio," and "Sleeping Beauty, Act III." . . . ¶ June 13 at 8: "Apollo," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Sleeping Beauty, Act III." . . . ¶ June 14 and June 17 at 8 and June 15 at 2 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ June 18 at 8: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Stepping Stones," and "Ballet Imperial." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through June 22.)

Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company—The twelve-member troupe in repertory works and four premières. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. June 11 at 7:30, June 12-15 at 8, and June 16 at 2 and 7:30. Through June 23.)

TABLES FOR TWO

Alley's End, 311 W. 17th St. (627-8899)—With an entrance marked only by a small neon sign—three blue knives, one red fork—Alley's End, which is just off Eighth Avenue and down (what else?) an alley, can be hard to find. Of course, this off-the-beaten-pathness (and the sense of romantic isolation it imparts) is no small factor in the restaurant's charm. Its most winsome feature, though, is its garden—lots of greenery, a small pond, a lazy waterfall—not for dining in but for looking at, from the glass-ceilinged, glass-walled greenhouse room. In the main dining room, where the brick walls haven't so much been painted white as brushed with the idea of whiteness, the dominant features are two smoky leaded-glass windows and several dark, magnetic oils.

The ambience of the lingering love affair is pervasive here. The pace is leisurely, the food good and basically American—stylish, but not too fancy. Among the entrées are a tuna steak dusted with black pepper atop cucumber-and-sweet-rice sushi, and a duck breast glazed and grilled and served with a spicy cilantro-chili corn salad and sautéed *mizuna*, an earthy Japanese spinach.

The laid-back atmosphere and the friendly service make Alley's End a good spot for ordinary non-smitten types as well—fiftysomethings headed to the Joyce, thirtysomethings headed for divorce. Still, if you're lucky enough to be here with that special someone when it's raining, ask for a table in the cozy greenhouse room. Split dessert with your partner, and get ready for a long night. (Open daily for dinner. Entrées $10-$17.)

"Pandora Cake Stain"—The choreographer Sally Silvers and her ten-member company offer a full-length work that veers through a succession of dance styles, from Mexican social dance to high-speed modernism. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. June 13-16 at 8.)

"Feu Follet: A Cajun Love Story"—Elisa Monte and her company tell the story of the Acadian migration from Nova Scotia to Louisiana. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. June 13-14 at 8 and June 15 at 3 and 8.)

"As Seen with One Eye"—The eight-member Compagnie Azanie, from Lyons, in a tale of a slave uprising. (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. June 14-15 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Cocteau Twins—Throughout its fourteen-year career, this Scottish trio has kept listeners flipping through the thesaurus to find the right word for its music—"vaporous," "shimmering," and "celestial" are big favorites. Much of this confusion is justified: the band's distinctive sound is built around droning layers of heavily processed guitar and faux-Esperanto vocals, qualities that don't exactly lend themselves to precise description. "For years we couldn't talk about our music," bassist Simon Raymonde once said. "We were frightened." Recently the band has made an effort to emerge from its shell: the group's lovely and accessible new record, "Milk & Kisses," actually finds vocalist Elizabeth Fraser singing in what sounds like English—even if she's still as enigmatic as Emily Dickinson. (The Roxy, 515 W. 18th St. 645-5150. June 12 at 8.)

Madredeus—Gypsy Kings, move over: this Portuguese sextet, which has a huge following in Europe and the Far East, has arrived for its first North American tour. Vocalist Teresa Salgueiro leads an ensemble that builds on traditional Portuguese fado music, among other influences, to create radiant orchestral ballads. Of Madredeus' five records, only one, "O Espírito da Paz," has been released here so far. Raves about the group's hypnotic concerts precede them. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. June 12 at 8. 355-6160.)

The Specials—With that frenetic blend of punk and reggae known as English ska enjoying a revival, it's time to reacquaint yourself with these legends, who are touring to support their raucous new "Today's Specials." (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. June 13 at 8.)

Barry White—It was the early seventies when the leader of the Love Unlimited Orchestra sang, "I'm never ever gonna quit, 'cause quittin' just ain't my shtick." What *was* his shtick was schmalzy pillow talk as outsize as he was—"Can't Get Enough of Your Love, Babe," "I'm Gonna Love You Just a Little Bit More, Baby"—and, of course, the gargantuan schmalz of the instrumental "Love's Theme." And he hasn't quit: on his recent No. 1 hit, "Practice What You Preach," he's still living large. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. June 14 at 8. . . . ¶ The Theatre at Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. June 18 at 8.)

Pharaoh Sanders—With his talent for titanic eruptions now tempered by an equal flair for soulful ballads, Sanders has become the complete saxophonist. It's been quite an evolution. Once a roaring iconoclast—he used to make even late-period Coltrane sound reserved—he now embraces the audience with a colossal tone and naked emotion. A week of Sanders can cure what ails you. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. June 15 at 3.)

Ozzy Osbourne—The former Black Sabbath vocalist will probably never collect a plaque from the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. The staff may be afraid he'd bite something's head off. And the disrespect goes deeper: "Satanic claptrap" is the term that the editors of "The Rolling Stone Album Guide" apply to his work with Sabbath, while others level even unkinder words at his short-lived solo project, the Blizzard of Oz. But the forty-six-year-old rocker may have the last laugh: his To Hell with Retirement tour has been packing them in across the heartland. With Filter. (Jones Beach Theatre. June 15 at 8.)

"Latin Legends"—An agglomeration of musicians who have always been good and on occasion have been great. Yomo Toro is a master of the *cuarto*, a guitarlike instrument from the hills of Puerto Rico. Adalberto Santiago is an intensely rhythmic singer whose dramatic style flourished during his long collaboration in the seventies with percussionist Ray Barretto. Larry Harlow has been the animated front man of Orchestra Harlow since the glory days of the boogaloo. Flutist Johnny Pacheco is the acknowledged master of the seductive *pachanga*, which is a beat slower than salsa and easier on the feet. The conga wizardry of Carlos (Patato) Valdes is reason enough to attend: his brilliant handiwork moves the feet and warms the heart. (Central Park SummerStage. June 16 at 3.)

Moody Blues—Back in 1969, these first-generation progressive rockers put out an album called "To Our Children's Children's Children"; maybe some of them will be in the audience. The Long Island Philharmonic will help guide these musical survivors through "Nights in White Satin" and the rest of their time-travelling catalogue. (Jones Beach Theatre. June 18 at 8.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—June 13: **SONNY BURGESS** and the **ROSIE FLORES** band. Although he's been eclipsed by some of his Sun Records stablemates, Sonny's "Higher" still turns up on any respectable rockabilly compilation. And the man—wafer-thin and well in control of his Fender Telecaster—continues to make the rounds when he's not tooling around with the venerable Sun Studio band. This is a great opportunity to see a down-home rockabilly hero up close. Flores has a voice that, like Gram Parsons', cracks in all the right places. This mean, guitar-toting San Antonio rose has long been the darling of the Austin and L.A. country circuits. Her eponymous 1987 début album, which featured the classic "God May Forgive You (But I Won't)," was a keeper, and her followup, "Once More with Feeling," is none too shabby either. June 14: Longtime Chuck Berry pianist **JOHNNIE JOHNSON** plays on a double bill with former Del Fuego rocker **DAN ZANES.** June 15: **IN THEIR OWN WORDS,** the ongoing songwriters' roundtable, brings you the art and craft of **GRAHAM PARKER, GORDON GANNO** (Violent Femmes), **MARK EITZEL** (American Music Club), and up-and-comer **JILL SOBULE.**

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—June 14-15: **GUIDED BY VOICES.** In the past year or so, this Dayton-based combo (whose ringleader, Robert Pollard, picked up his flair for finger painting with words as a fourth-grade teacher) has gone from cult-confection status to near-stardom. Its latest, "Under the Bushes Under the Stars," held the promise of a departure from the group's earlier adventures in lo-fi chic. But with Kim Deal of the Breeders at the mixing board, the band ended up staying sonically close to home (not to mention re-recording a good bit of the record). Still, it's a mighty pleasing romp, and Guided by Voices remains one of the few bands that actually sound better live. June 17: The Knitting Factory throws an opening-night party for its What Is Jazz? festival with a few performers known for blurring musical lines: **VERNON REID'S MASQUE** and celebrity spinmeister **DJ SPOOKY.** June 18: **UNDERWORLD,** a British trio who make what most dance artists don't: highly listenable techno that also sounds good live. The band, which once played for fourteen hours straight at an outdoor music festival, puts on unrehearsed shows that make you feel like you're listening to a master d.j. even though they're definitely a rock act. The group has just released another terrific album, "Second Toughest in the Infants," and "Nuxs," its contribution to the "Trainspotting" soundtrack, is easily the best thing on it.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—June 15-17: **RYUICHI SAKAMOTO.** From June 18: the **WHAT IS JAZZ? FESTIVAL** (see Jazz and Standards).

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—June 13-14: **LUTHER ALLISON.** A former apprentice of Freddie King and Magic Sam, Allison can play a shuffle with the best of them. Like many underappreciated artists, he moved to France a while back, which makes this appearance more welcome than ever.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—June 12: **JONATHAN FIREATER.** If Eddie Munster had grown up listening to the Cramps and lived on the Lower East Side, he might be making the sort of music that these black-clad night crawlers do. Open caskets, embalmed hands, and undertakers are three topics on the band's recent EP, "Tremble Under Boom Lights," the strength of which won the lads a contract with Dreamworks. June 14: The **MERMEN.**

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—June 12: **SYD STRAW.** It's been a long, strange trip since her delightful 1990 début, "Surprise." In the intervening years, this former Golden Palominos vocalist got married and divorced, and played a hippie chick in "Tales of the City." This year she returned to her true calling (with a little help from one of the world's greatest bar bands, the Skeletons) and released a glorious comeback, "War and Peace." She's one of the most underrated singers around, and it's been too long since she played New York. June 14: **ELYSIAN FIELDS.**

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—June 14-15: **JERRY LEE LEWIS.** In his superb 1982 biography, "Hellfire," Nick Tosches painted a harrowing portrait of the Killer as a man who, having paid the devil's ransom for a taste of immortality, found himself doomed to hell on earth. Nearly fifteen years later, the picture remains unchanged: he's buried two sons and several of his six wives—"I keep passing the coffins," he once said to his almost equally twisted cousin, Jimmy Swaggart. But neither perforated ulcers (which have seized his body) nor the I.R.S. (which has seized his property) seems to have had much effect on this Rock and Roll Hall of Famer; he continues to pump the piano with satanic glee. With special guest James Burton, Elvis's guitarist.

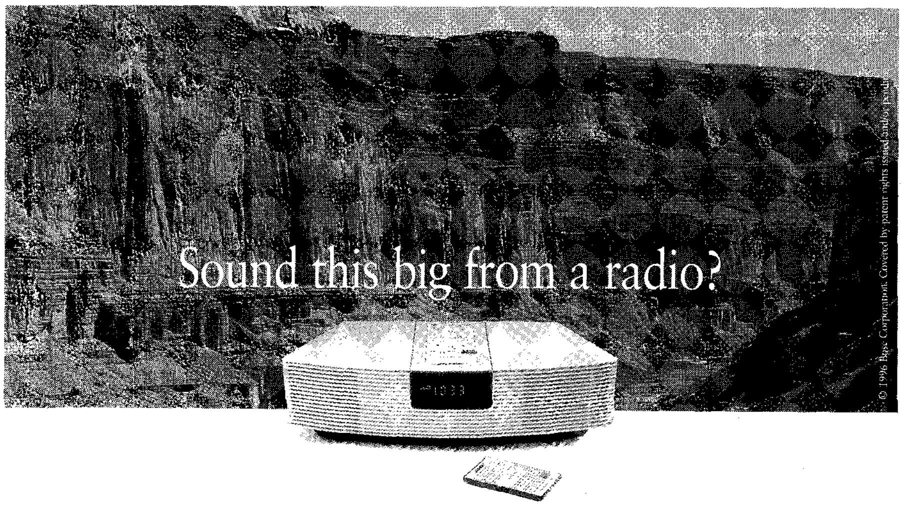
Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—June 16: Ska with the **SCOFFLAWS.**

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE,** here through late June, should feel at home in this upscale aerie: both she and the hotel know how to be sophisticated without making a big deal about it. Literate and knowledgeable about the history of her art, she takes her audience on a jazz-inflected stroll through the past seventy years of American popular song, stopping this time to breathe in the rarefied atmosphere of Cole Porter. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A double bill featuring the **LARRY CORYELL** quartet and the **MARK WHITFIELD** quartet has the stage through June 16. It's funny to think of the perennially youthful Coryell as an older-generation jazz guitarist, but next to the twentysomething Whitfield he most certainly is. No matter how far he strays, Coryell's roots keep him honest; Whitfield is still learning that what he doesn't play can be a jazzman's best friend. The **ELVIN JONES JAZZ MACHINE** and the **CEDAR WALTON** sextet take over on June 18. Jones is, was, and always will be the consummate modern drummer. In the sixties, he conversed with his employer John Coltrane in complex polyrhythms and went on to revolutionize the instrument. Thirty years later, he hasn't stopped. A slew of excellent players have come out of his band over the years (Ravi Coltrane, the master's son, and Nicholas Payton are two recent Machinists), but let's face it: he's still the main attraction. Pianist Walton has a touch of the old Clark Kent/Superman dichotomy: beneath his mild-mannered exterior lies a player of steely power and intelligence. He's a terrific composer and a gifted bandleader. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Through June 15: a trio comprised of **SANTI DE BRIANO** (bass), **JOE LOCKE** (vibes), and **BILLY CHILDS** (piano). Dining.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Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—After twenty-nine years at the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** is polished to such a high gloss that he's almost blinding to behold. Everything he does is breathlessly paced: tempos accelerate, notes ascend, hands clap, teeth flash. His speech has the arcane ring that comes from travelling in glamorous circles: "You're a knockout!" "What an audience!" "How chic!" "Wow!" Just as your attention begins to flag, he shifts gears and does ten minutes of blues with cheeky conviction. But all his mannerisms really come into focus the minute he sings Cole Porter, which turns everything else into a warmup. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is in attendance.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotch, and fine jazz seven nights a week. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Postmodern guitar god **BILL FRISELL** continues through June 16. His latest recording, "Quartet," is an atmospheric chamber work. Whether he can re-create this mood in an uptown jazz room is anyone's guess, but no matter what route he takes, Frisell sounds like no one else: mating the tonality of rock with the classic finesse and economy of a Zen master, he's taken the guitar to the next dimension. Starting June 18: the **JOE HENDERSON** trio. **LES PAUL** holds down the fort every Monday.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Through June 15: piano and bass with Lee Musiker and Jay Leonhart.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—The Knit's **WHAT IS JAZZ? FESTIVAL** has become the downtown event of the season. (See Irving Plaza.) Subversive in the light of current retro-jazz trends, but respectful of the avant-garde tradition, What Is Jazz? highlights both intrepid experimentalists and veteran heavyweights. Spend a few nights here and you'll discover a jazz world that stretches beyond modal-hard-bop orthodoxies. Things start off with a bang on June 18 with soprano saxophonist and formalist master **STEVE LACY,** cutting-edge altoist **GREG OSBY,** the ingeniously minimalist drummer **LEON PARKER,** and arch-prankster trumpeter **LESTER BOWIE.**

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—The preëminent interpreter of the great American songbook, **MARY CLEERE HARAN** (in through late June), is an artist of almost supernatural poise. For this engagement she turns her unblinking eye to the brief but inspired musical partnership of Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields. Unlike many club singers, Haran knows the value of understatement; she uses her smile not to wow the room but to light up her songs. She also loves to talk, and some of her monologues turn into pocket essays (she may be the only singer who can work Proust and Mel Brooks into the same sentence). Closed Mondays.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—**LAINIE KAZAN** sings through late June. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Showboaters abound in the new generation of jazz stars, and **JAMES CARTER** (through June 16) may be their Evel Knievel. The behemoths of the tenor sax—Don Byas, Gene Ammons, David Murray—hover above, whispering their secrets in his ear. (A true renaissance man, he also takes on the alto, baritone, and soprano saxes, the bass clarinet, and the flute.) It's all athletic, awe-inspiring, and thoroughly exhausting. Carter's virtuosity and historical knowledge practically ensure his eventual maturity; for now, though, his playing conveys too much schoolyard chest-thumping to be fully satisfying. He's still sorting through his influences, but his work screams confidence; great things are expected. The **MARCUS ROBERTS** trio gets the call on June 18. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Through June 15: piano, bass, and guitar with **JOHN BUNCH, JOHN WEBBER,** and **BUCKY PIZZARELLI.** Dining.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—After a painstaking ten-year conservation-and-restoration effort, the Gubbio Studiolo (from the palace of Duke Federigo da Montefeltro), which was dismantled in 1967, has been reinstalled. This masterful trompe-l'oeil Renaissance chamber, with intricately inlaid wood panels that give the illusion of open cupboards containing books, scientific instruments, and other objects, is one of only two known examples of such a room. Accompanying the installation is an exhibit covering the restoration efforts and the fifteenth-century woodworking technique of intarsia, used to create the study. . . . ¶ "Genoa: Drawings and Prints 1530-1800." The spectacular works of the Roman Baroque have always stolen the spotlight from what was going on in the sticks. This well-curated exhibition of prints and drawings from the Republic of Genoa turns up some lesser-known masters—Giovanni Benedetto Castiglione, Luca Cambiaso, Bernardo Strozzi—who are by no means second-rate. Through July 7. . . . ¶ "Picturing Paradise: Colonial Photography of Samoa, 1875-1925." Through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Sixteenth- to eighteenth-century paintings, textiles, and metalwork from the Deccan, the plateau region of south-central India, are on display in "Art of the Deccani Sultans." Through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ "Enamels of Limoges." Through June 16. . . . **NOTE:** The museum's roof garden is open (weather permitting), with sculptures by Rodin, Lachaise, Lipchitz, Caro, Smith (David), and Smith (Tony). (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"From Bauhaus to Pop," a selection of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and other objects that have been given to the museum over the years by the architect Philip Johnson. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ "Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation" includes a hundred and thirty paintings, and nearly as many works on paper, depicting lovers, wives, poets, art dealers, and children. Through Sept. 17. (See also Galleries—Uptown.) . . . ¶ "Come Sunday: Photographs by Thomas Roma." Through June 18. (For the run of the Picasso show, the museum's hours are Saturdays through Mondays, 9:30 to 6; Tuesdays, 11 to 6; and Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30. Timed-entry tickets to Picasso are available in the lobby and through Ticketmaster, at 307-4545.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Africa: The Art of a Continent" includes more than five hundred sculptures, murals, ceremonial objects, pieces of jewelry, and textiles, culled from collections around the world. Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ "In/Sight: African Photographers, 1940 to the Present." The first exhibition of this scope on this topic in New York presents work by twenty-eight artists, from forties studio portraits by Salla Casset and Seydou Keita to more personal and experimental photographs from the eighties and nineties by Oladélé Ajiboyé Bamgboyé, Mody Sory Diallo, and Iké Udé. One section of the show focusses on pictures published in *Drum*, the influential magazine founded in South Africa in 1951 and subsequently published in Nigeria, Ghana, and East and Central Africa as well. Through Sept. 22. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Paul Cadmus: The Sailor Trilogy," a display of the ninety-one-year-old painter's notorious satirical suite: "Shore Leave" (1933), "The Fleet's In" (1934), and "Sailors and Floosies" (1938). Through Sept. 1. (See also Galleries—Uptown.) . . . ¶ "An American Story," a chronological survey of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, both well-known and obscure, from the museum's collection. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Whitney Museum at Philip Morris, Park Ave. at 42nd St.—"Paradise Alley," Jane Dickson's series of dark paintings depicting a neon-lit Times Square. Through June 28. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 7:30.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"Hare's Fur, Tortoiseshell, and Partridge Feathers: Chinese Brown- and Black-Glazed Ceramics, 400-1400." Through July 6. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St.—Hanne Darboven's 1980-83 "Kulturgeschichte (Cultural History) 1880-1983" is an enormous installation of photographs and textual materials—some sixteen hundred panels—as well as various "elements/sculptures." It's as if the artist had seen Gerhard Richter's similarly encyclopedic "Atlas" here last year and decided that she had to one-up him. More explicitly than Richter's, her work is rooted in the procedures of first-generation sixties Conceptualism. Through June 23; reopens Sept. 12. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Too Jewish? Challenging Traditional Identities." Much of the work here alternately embraces and eviscerates stereotypes, often with a confrontational and sardonic temper. Elaine Reichek embroiders a faux-Colonial sampler with the quip "If you think you can be a little bit Jewish, you think you can be a little bit pregnant"; Cary Leibowitz's text painting baldly asks, "I'm a Jew, how 'bout U?"; Rhonda Lieberman, in collaboration with Leibowitz, fashions Hanukkah items from Chanel accessories. The show has some of the dourness typical of exhibitions that address identity politics, but the prevailing mood suggests a bunch of Borscht Belt comics going for advanced degrees at CalArts. Through July 14. . . . ¶ "Marc Chagall, 1907-1917." A selection of oils, gouaches, and drawings from the painter's early years in Vitebsk, St. Petersburg, and Paris. Through Aug. 4. (Open Mondays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 10 to 5:45.)

National Museum of the American Indian, 1 Bowling Green—"Partial Recall: Photographs of Native North Americans" includes historical photographs, with commentaries by writer Leslie Marmon Silko, artist and curator Gerald McMaster, and painter Jaune Quick-To-See Smith. Also on view are works by contemporary Native American photographers Jolene Rickard, Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie, and David Neel. Through July 21. . . . ¶ Twenty photographic and mixed-medium works make up "Ancestral Memories: A Tribute to Native American Survival." Through July 21. (Open daily, 10 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W.—"Metropolitan Lives: The Ashcan Artists and Their New York, 1897-1917," an exhibit of paintings and works on paper by Robert Henri, John Sloan, Everett Shinn, William Glackens, George Bellows, and George Luks. Through Aug. 4. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Visitors to "The Global Library—http://www.nypl.org" can step up to one of fourteen computer stations and embark on a guided tour of the World Wide Web. (Or, if you prefer, you can visit the exhibit's Web site from home.) Also on view are a host of nonvirtual objects, such as Sumerian cuneiform tablets, Chinese woodblock prints, a Gutenberg Bible, and the 1727 "New England Primer." Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ "The Hand of the Poet," a display of original manuscripts by masters from Donne to Eliot. Through July 31. (Open Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—"Larry Sultan: Pictures from Home," a large series of recent photographs of the artist's parents, rephotographed and enlarged stills from home movies, and stories and reflections about the whole family thang. Through July 7. . . . ¶ The Gertrude Ederle Amphitheatre, the 1939-40 World's Fair ruin that is in the process of demolition, is the subject of a Dennis Adams installation. Through July 7. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

Queens Museum at the Bulova Corporate Center, 75-20 Astoria Blvd., Jackson Heights—"Richard Rothman: Studies from Nature," selections from an ongoing series in which the photographer travels the outer boroughs and the suburbs, examining the relationship between vanishing nature and sprawling, suffocating development. Through Aug. 10. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 7 to 7; Saturdays, 11 to 4.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Paul Cadmus—Recent male nudes in ink and crayon by this master of figure drawing. Through July 26. (DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Wifredo Lam (1902-82)—It has been impossible for any twentieth-century artist to ignore Picasso, but this Cuban-born painter was positively slavish in his imitation. Some of the works here are practically forgeries, such as "Le Guerrier" (1947), which incorporates the African-mask imagery Picasso had been using a quarter of a century earlier. The most interesting aspect of Lam's work is his fascination with the Caribbean religion Santeria: an oil painting on paper depicting a rite of the *ñañigo*, a male secret society, is genuinely spooky. Through June 15. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Daniel Spoerri—This show proves, if you had any doubts, that Dada lives. Spoerri is well known in Europe for his random assemblages: in his most famous piece, "An Anecdoted Topography of Chance," he preserved the remains of a bibulous dinner party, gluing every cigarette butt and dirty napkin down to the table. These elegant, highly suggestive collages combine teeth, glass eyes, and bits of soup bones with costume jewelry, glitter, lace, coins, and nineteenth-century anatomical engravings—the work of a perfectly preserved between-the-wars avant-garde sensibility, executed with great élan. Through June 21. (Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

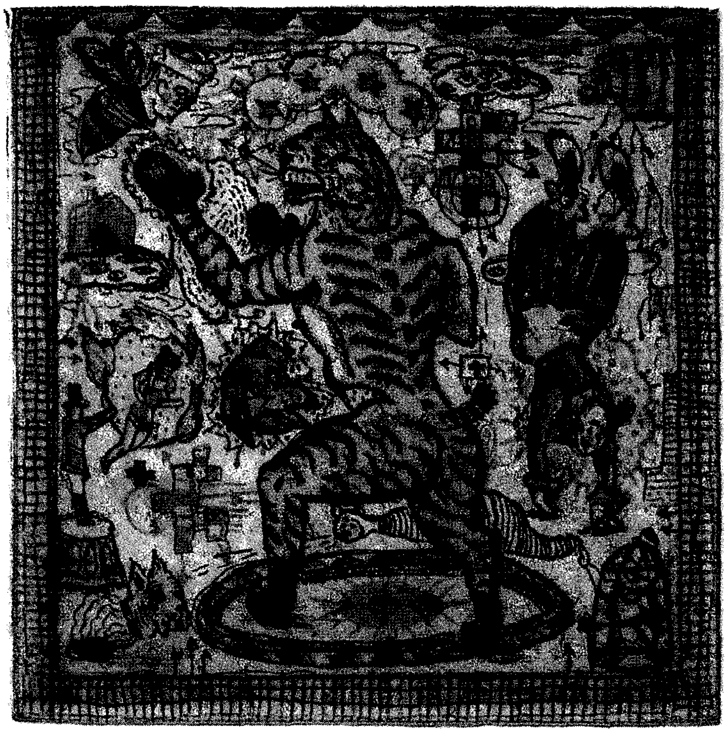
"Pablo Picasso: Academic and Anti-Academic (1895-1900)"—A fascinating exhibition comprising the very first Picassos, including a superb pencil drawing of a male nude which the thirteen-year-old Pablo submitted as a part of the entrance requirements to Barcelona's Llotja School of Fine Arts. In addition to the academic works, the show includes some precious doodles, such as a deft little oil sketch of three roosters. Through June 22. (Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. . . . **Note:** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St., has Picasso oil portraits from 1920 to 1970. Through June 29. . . . Krugier, 41 E. 57th St., has works in several mediums from the fifties and sixties, along with photographs of the artist by David Douglas Duncan. Through June 30. . . . A selection of the artist's ceramics is at Hammer, 33 W. 57th St., through July 14. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Paintings and collages from the fifties by Agnes Martin, Alice Trumbull Mason, and Anne Ryan. Through July 12. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Short List—Avigdor Arikha, Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; through June 15. . . . **Ross Bleckner,** Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through June 29. . . . **Sandro Chia** and **Malcolm Morley,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Both shows through June 22. . . . **Jacqueline Donachie,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; through July 12. . . . **Robert Goodnough,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. Through June 15. . . . **David Hockney,** Robert Miller and Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Both shows through June 14. . . . **Per Kirkeby,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. Open Mondays; through June 28. . . . **George Maciunas,** Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. Through June 22. . . . **Matta,** Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. Through June 15. . . . **Anne Truitt,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 21.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Carroll Dunham—Ectoplasmic tenement buildings with Donald Duck lips and phallic knobs copulate and make war (is there a difference?) with one another. The painter's bizarre, cartoonish work is often compared to children's art, but this new exhibition of big bad doodles seems rather to be the work of a madman. Amusing, disturbing, and wallopingly authentic. Through June 22. (Nolan/Eckman, 560 Broadway.)



Self-portrait by Tony Fitzpatrick (Knowlton).

Tony Fitzpatrick—Obsessively detailed etchings, many of them four inches square, which include images ranging from ants to cicadas to mermaids to whales. Through June 29. (Knowlton, 568 Broadway.)

Julio Galán—New paintings, some incorporating mixed-medium elements, by the well-known Mexican eccentric; though they are primarily fantasy images of Latin American women, the erotic currents that coursed through much of his earlier work now seem hushed. But a cuckoo south-of-the-border surrealism remains his guiding imperative. He has tarted up these pictures with collage elements: a shock of fake blond hair adorns one of his sullen ladies, and beneath her head, floating in murky space, is a sacred heart fashioned out of a soiled and tawdry little pillow, pierced not by nails but by a hat pin. Through June 30. (Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Damien Hirst—"No Sense of Absolute Corruption," a bravura sideshow by the baddest of British bad-boy artists. In addition to some of his signature animal carcasses floating in formaldehyde, the show includes a gigantic ashtray filled with cigarette butts, several spin paintings, and a colorful contraption that keeps a beach ball perpetually aloft. For all its shock tactics and viscera, the exhibition is surprisingly funny. The works' implicit question: Just how far does an artist have to go to get the public's attention these days? Through June 15. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

Yayoi Kusama—A survey of paintings, collages, and soft sculptures from the fifties and sixties by a pioneering Japanese minimalist. Elegant formalism (a famous square canvas covered with airmail stickers) abuts earthy sensuality (a chair upholstered in white canvas fingers that undulate like the tentacles of a sea anemone). A series of paintings of "infinity nets"—thousands of tiny overlapping circles—demonstrates the artist's interest in such painterly questions as color and composition without compromising her cool credentials. Through June 21. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Kristin Oppenheim—Another small chapter in the ongoing history of the dematerialization of art. Narrowly defined, this artist's medium is herself—a time-honored subject for the avant-garde—but Oppenheim reduces that self to a single, highly resonant trace: her recorded voice. She sings, or rather warbles a cappella, Jimi Hendrix's "Hey Joe," over and over; the otherwise empty gallery is altered only by sweeping searchlights, and the combination of Oppenheim's wan, repetitive rendition of Hendrix's seductively menacing ballad and the light show creates a dramatically charged mise en scène. Through June 15. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)

Robert Ryman—The maximal minimalist has discovered design and (are you sitting down?) color, albeit the palest possible shades of beige and gray, which are painted over in his signature white, in every possible degree of reflectivity. The exhibit is exceptionally well mounted, with soaring interior architecture, designed by the artist, which gives every painting its own wall. And these works deserve special treatment: looking at Ryman takes time, but the longer you linger the more intensely they glow. Through June 21. (Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St.)

Rachel Whiteread—Since she won Britain's prestigious Turner Prize, in 1993, for a concrete cast of the interior space of a house in the East End of London, this artist has had a spectacular ride to the top of the heap. In this solo show, she continues filling up empty spaces to create ghostly non-objects—anti-bookshelves in plaster, an anti-bathtub in rubber—which seem to have more heft and substance than the real objects that were pressed up against them. Through June 18. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

Short List—Michael Ashkin, Keenan, 494 Broadway. Through June 15. . . . **Squeak Carnwath,** Beitzel, 102 Prince St. Through June 15. . . . **Willem de Kooning,** Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6; through June 30. . . . **David Deutsch,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. Through June 22. . . . **Spelman Evans Downer,** Arstark, 568 Broadway. Through June 28. . . . **Peter Edlund,** Shainman, 560 Broadway. Through June 27. . . . **Pamela Fraser,** Kaplan, 580 Broadway. Through June 29. . . . **Donald Judd,** Inglett, 100 Wooster St. Through June 29. . . . **Charles Long,** Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. Through June 29. . . . **Mimmo Paladino,** Sperone Westwater, 121 and 142 Greene St. Through June 15. . . . **Mark Sheinkman,** Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6; through July 7. . . . **Peter Waite,** Thorp, 103 Prince St. Through July 26.

OTHER VENUES

"America's Smithsonian"—While there's no place like home, we can forgive the Smithsonian for dissenting—it's been stuck on the Mall for a hundred and fifty years. A two-year barnstorming tour of three hundred objects from the Institution's collection has arrived in Manhattan. Among the travellers: one of several pairs of Dorothy's ruby slippers (these worn by Judy Garland when she danced); the Apollo 14 command module; the Wright Brothers' biplane Vin Fiz; the top hat President Lincoln wore to Ford's Theater that night; and the Canyon Diablo meteorite, about four and a half billion years old. Through July 24. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Open Sundays through Thursdays, 9 to 8, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9. Free timed-entry passes are available at the Coliseum each morning at 9; advance tickets can be reserved, for a small handling charge, at 1-800 913-8687.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Barbara Kasten—Cyanotypes, Polaroids, and regular Cibachrome prints depicting ancient ruins, artifacts, and fossils. Greek tanagra figurines are rendered nearly abstract in dazzling, stainlike fuschias, indigos, and tangerines. Photograms of amphorae from the Museum of Underwater Archeology, in Bodrum, Turkey, seem to float in a sea of brushed-on cyan. It takes a little time for this artful treatment of science and history to register, but when it does, it's intoxicating. Through June 15. (Richardson, 560 Broadway.)

Helmar Lerski (1871-1956)—Cinema-style portraits of Jewish workers in Palestine, made between 1930 and 1947. Lerski had been a bit actor before taking up photography and cinematography, and his theatrical bent comes through in every odd angle and unusual patch of reflected light. The workers—wrench, sledgehammer, blowtorch in hand—are looking to the future, in the manner of socialist realism, but Lerski cloaks his gravitas in a jaunty contentment alien to modernism but refreshing to the postmodern viewer. Through June 22. (Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St.)

Herbert List (1903-75)—Black-and-white studies of divine Greek forms, both marble and flesh, by a well-known fashion photographer of the thirties. The architectural subjects prove that he knew what he was doing: a slightly tilted shot of the caryatids on the Erechtheion is simply stunning. The lascivious male nudes and semi-nudes are mementos of all the naughtiness that Nordic aesthetes would get up to in the sunny south. The worst photograph in the show is also the most entertaining: a hunky adolescent boy sits contemplating sculptures of a nude man and a nude woman. It's called "The Decision." Through June 14. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Danny Lyon—"Letter from Chiapas," a small sampling of black-and-white prints and color montages made during three trips to that Mexican state last year: subdued images, mainly of Mayan women and children in the markets of San Cristóbal de las Casas and the Zapatista villages of La Realidad and Zócalo, in the photographer's typical mode of personal and eloquent reportage. Through June 29. (Lowinsky, 578 Broadway.)

DoDo Jin Ming / Walker Evans (1903-75)—Black-and-white photographs and multipicture grids of sights in Egypt: a few people, many pyramids, sun-baked leather shoes, waters near the Aswân High Dam. Repetition and variation are the artist's primary tools (she is also a concert violinist), most apparent in the Aswân and pyramid grids, in each of which twelve similar, unremarkable views together convey the sense that memory is a sieve. A competently composed fugue. / Repetition of a different order describes the arc of Evans's career. Building façades were a cornerstone of his understated, even laconic œuvre, and this well-selected group of somewhat lesser-known domestic exteriors offers a welcome review. In one sequence, Vicksburg, Mississippi's standoffish antebellum plantation houses, abandoned and decaying, are hung near that town's ramshackle Negro Quarter houses. Another ghost, the Hermitage plantation in Savannah, Georgia, starkly eulogizes the Old South. Northeastern gingerbread houses are treated lovingly, and three 1972 views of a tiny box of a house in Tasley, Virginia, form a testament to Evans as documentarian not just of existence but of essence. Both shows through June 29. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

"Paul Himmel and the Brodovitch Circle"—Himmel worked for *Harper's Bazaar*, *Vogue*, *Fortune*, and several other magazines from the forties through the sixties; his photographs exemplified the kind of movement demanded by Alexey Brodovitch, the renowned art director of *Bazaar*. This show, of noncommercial work, is a fantasia of blurred motion—the ballet, the circus, and other performances, all captured with consummate ease. In one picture from 1952, a ballerina glides on point in "Swan Lake"; in another, the dancer Yuriko's arm and silk sleeve are transformed into a billowing orchid. Some anomalous high-key color portraits and nudes, some solarized, which prefigure Pop coloring and attitude, form a happy counterpoint. A small selection of work by other photographers such as Frank, Penn, Model, and Avedon, is in the back room. Through June 22. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

"Delirium"—A large gathering of photographs—from 1854 to the present, on subjects ranging from scientific experimentation to highly personal exploration—which share, according to curator W. M. Hunt, a desire to describe frenzied or hallucinatory disturbances of the mind. Among the many artists whose work is on view are Dr. Duchenne and Adrien Tournachon, W. Eugene Smith, Robert Mapplethorpe, Ellen Carey, Gerald Slota, and Sally Mann. Through Sept. 17. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—A mid-careers retrospective of works by the forty-year-old twins David and Peter Turnley, the Dynamic Duo of photojournalism. They both cover the major stories (Tiananmen Square, the Berlin Wall, the Gulf War, Bosnia), but David's long-term focus is South Africa and Eastern Europe, while Peter's has been refugee camps worldwide and the fall of Communism. Through Sept. 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**CARL CHIARENZA** and **STEPHAN BRIGIDI,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Both shows through July 12. . . . **ALBERT CHONG,** Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. Through July 20. . . . **BRUCE CRATSLEY,** A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. Open daily, 10 to midnight; through July 30. . . . **GERARD FIERET,** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. Through June 29. . . . **RALPH GIBSON,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through July 26. . . . **EMMET GOWIN** and **DIANA MICHENER,** Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. Both shows through June 29. . . . **JAN GROOVER,** Borden, 560 Broadway. Through June 22. . . . **GEORGE PLATT LYNES,** DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through July 26. . . . **FREDERIC OHRINGER,** Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through July 12. . . . **SEBASTIANO PIRAS,** Space Untitled, 135 Greene St. Open Sundays; through July 14. . . . **BOB RICHARDSON,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. Through July 6. . . . **JOHN PATRICK SALISBURY,** Saul, 560 Broadway. Through July 3. . . . **JOSEF SUDEK,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through July 7.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim Museum, the National Museum of the American Indian, the Queens Museum of Art, and the Queens Museum at the Bulova Corporate Center.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall is 247-7800, and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 501-3330.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Presenting free outdoor concert performances, evenings at 8. June 12: "Aida," with Sharon Sweet, Stefania Toczyska, Kristján Jóhannsson, and Frederick Burchinal; conducted by Christian Badea. (Long Meadow Ballfields, Prospect Park, Brooklyn.) . . . ¶ June 14: "Turandot," with Ruth Falcon, Norah Amsellem, Giuliano Ciannella, and Paul Plishka; Nello Santi. (Pelham Bay Park, the Bronx.) . . . ¶ June 15: "Aida," with Ellen Shade, Barbara Dever, Antonio Barasorda, and Theodore Lambrinos; Mr. Badea. (Gateway National Recreation Area, Miller Field, Staten Island.) . . . ¶ June 18: "Aida," with Ms. Sweet, Ms. Toczyska, Mr. Jóhannsson, and Mr. Burchinal; Mr. Badea. (North Meadow, Central Park, near Fifth Ave. and 102nd St. No tickets necessary. . . . **NOTE:** For rain dates and other information, call 362-6000.)

Opera Manhattan—Presenting a fully staged production of Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. June 14-15 at 8, June 16 at 2, and June 18 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 628-3600.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost leads an all-Vivaldi concert. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. June 12 at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directs the chorus and instrumentalists in works by Schütz and Bach. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. June 14 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

Nexus—The percussion quintet takes center stage in works for percussion and orchestra by John Wyre, Robin Engelman, and William Cahn, in a concert that also includes Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 2. Gary S. Parks conducts the Metropolitan Youth Orchestra of Huntsville, Alabama. (Carnegie Hall. June 15 at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Helmuth Rilling directs Brahms's "A German Requiem," with soprano Olga Makarina, the baritone on the rise Nathan Berg, and the University of Wisconsin Choir. (Carnegie Hall. June 16 at 3. . . . ¶ **NOTE:** The choir offers a pre-concert recital, open to ticket holders, at 2.)

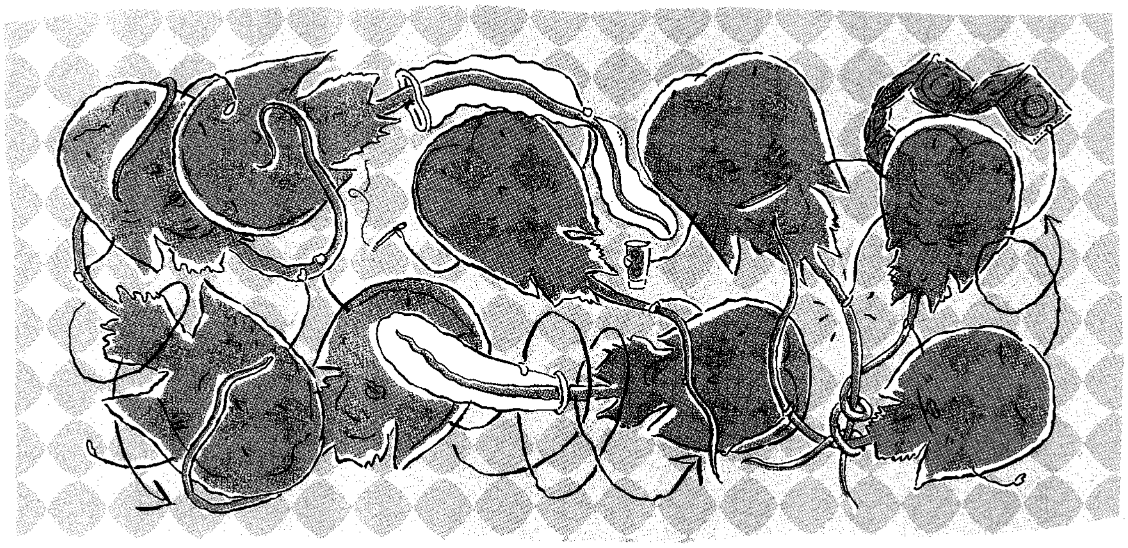
Washington Square Music Festival—Things didn't look good for the festival a year ago: a state grant had fallen through, and the season had to be scrapped—the first hiatus since 1953, when the enterprise was founded. But, happily, this Village classic has been resuscitated, and its resident orchestra celebrates with a performance of all six of Bach's "Brandenburg" Concertos. Kenneth Cooper leads from the harpsichord. (June 18 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

New Music Consort—The ensemble's string players perform Morton Subotnick's electronically manipulated "A Fluttering of Wings," Carter's "Fragment," Gubaidulina's String Trio, a new work by Malcolm Goldstein, and Zhou Long's "SiZhu Silk and Bamboo." (Weill Recital Hall. June 12 at 8.)

Young Concert Artists—Susan Wadsworth founded Y.C.A. in 1961 as a springboard for young performers who showed signs of major-league talent but weren't yet ready for full-time professional management; she has directed the organization ever since, serving as chief midwife to the careers of many leading artists (mostly American, though the roster has grown increasingly international). This thirty-fifth-anniversary celebration spotlights nineteen of the hundred and fifty-five artists who began their careers with the organization's support (including four up-and-comers still performing under the Y.C.A. banner). Among the eminent names on the evening's roster are violinist Chee-Yun, cellists Carter Brey and Fred Sherry, flutist Marya Martin, the Borromeo String Quartet, and pianists Emanuel Ax, Richard Goode, Joseph Kalichstein, Anne-Marie McDermott, and Ilana Vered. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. June 12 at 8:30. For information about tickets, and about benefit events that precede and follow the performance, call 307-6655.)

Saxophone Festival—Concluding concerts in a celebration of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the invention of the saxophone. June 13: Jazz works performed by saxophonist Trent Kynaston and double-bassist Thomas Knific. . . . ¶ June 14: Classical and jazz compositions, with saxophonist Greg Banaszak heading an ensemble. . . . ¶ June 15: David Pituch is featured in music by Brian Fennelly (with the composer assisting at the piano) and Bent Lorentzen (with pianist Julian Kwok assisting). (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. All events at 3. No tickets necessary.)



Sexual behavior in the horseshoe crab (the walking tour).

WARD SCHUMAKER

Bargemusic—June 13 at 7:30 and June 16 at 4: Violinists Curtis Macomber and Carmit Zori, violist Scott St. John, cellist Fred Sherry, and pianist Ursula Oppens perform piano quintets by Wuorinen and Schumann. . . . ¶ June 14 at 7:30: A recital by Mr. Sherry and pianist Carol Archer includes Schumann's "Adagio and Allegro" (Op. 70) and Beethoven's Cello Sonata No. 4. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061.)

Crosstown Ensemble—Terry Riley's 1964 composition "In C" is the acknowledged anthem of minimalism. Largely inspired by the composer's dabblings in the pharmacopoeia of the day, the work consists of fifty-three brief motifs that an undetermined number of performers intone and repeat at will over an unspecified span of time. The surface effect is energetic and nervous, but the unwavering presence of the pitch of C and the absence of anything that might qualify as a melody provide a profoundly placid grounding. In addition to "In C," the Crosstown Ensemble offers works by Norman Yamada, Daniel Goode, and Eric Grunin, plus an a-cappella motet by Bruckner. (Tribeca Hall, New York Academy of Art, 111 Franklin St. June 15 at 8. For information about tickets, call 780-9281.)

Island Music—A concert of vocal and instrumental music from the Baroque, by Corelli, C. P. E. Bach, and others. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. June 16 at noon.)

Leon Bates—The pianist offers an all-American program: R. Nathaniel Dent's "In the Bottoms Up" Suite, Barber's "Excursions," four pieces by Joplin, and a solo arrangement of Gershwin's "An American in Paris." (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. June 16 at 2.)

Vocal Chamber Music—Lieder and ensembles by Brahms, Beethoven, and Schubert, performed by soprano Carol Toscano, mezzo-soprano Hilda Harris, tenor Bernard Fitch, baritone Robert Abelson, and pianist Warren George Wilson. (Merkin Concert Hall. June 16 at 3.)

Iris Regev and Ilan Rechtman—The cellist and the pianist present music by Beethoven (his Second Cello Sonata), Chopin, and Mr. Rechtman. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. June 16 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

Ken Helman—Pianist and singer, with several colleagues, in a benefit concert of works by Grieg, Debussy, Gershwin, Richard Rodgers, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. June 16 at 8.)

Immanuel Davis—Flutist, with pianist Nori Matsuma, performing works by Schumann and Poulenc. (Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. June 17 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Newband—The modern-music group, which tends the instrumentarium of the composer and inventor Harry Partch, performs Mr. Partch's "U.S. Highball," in addition to works by Elizabeth Brown, Dean Drummond, and Anne LeBaron. (Merkin Concert Hall. June 18 at 8.)

OUT OF TOWN

Music Mountain—The Penderecki String Quartet performs quartets by Mozart (in B-Flat Major, K. 172) and Beethoven (in F Minor, Op. 95) and is assisted by colleagues in Chausson's Concerto for Piano, Violin, and String Quartet. (Falls Village, Connecticut. June 16 at 3. For information, call 1-860 824-7126.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Horseshoes Get Lucky—Spring is a time for love, and nowhere will this seasonal fever be more manifest than at Plumb Beach, Brooklyn, on June 15, when the vernal tides wash ashore swarms of fecund horseshoe crabs, eager to perform their once-a-year ritual. A tour, led by naturalist Alan Ascher of the Brooklyn Center for the Urban Environment, aims to shed new light on what he calls "these ancient and primitive creatures," but it won't lack for modern twists. "We will demonstrate a process of collecting eggs and sperm for test-tube babies," Ascher says. The depth and breadth of the discussion "will depend on how many children show up, and how parents feel about it. You have to be sensitive to the inevitable questions." (June 15 at 3. For directions to Plumb Beach, call the Brooklyn Center for the Urban Environment at 1-718 788-8500.)

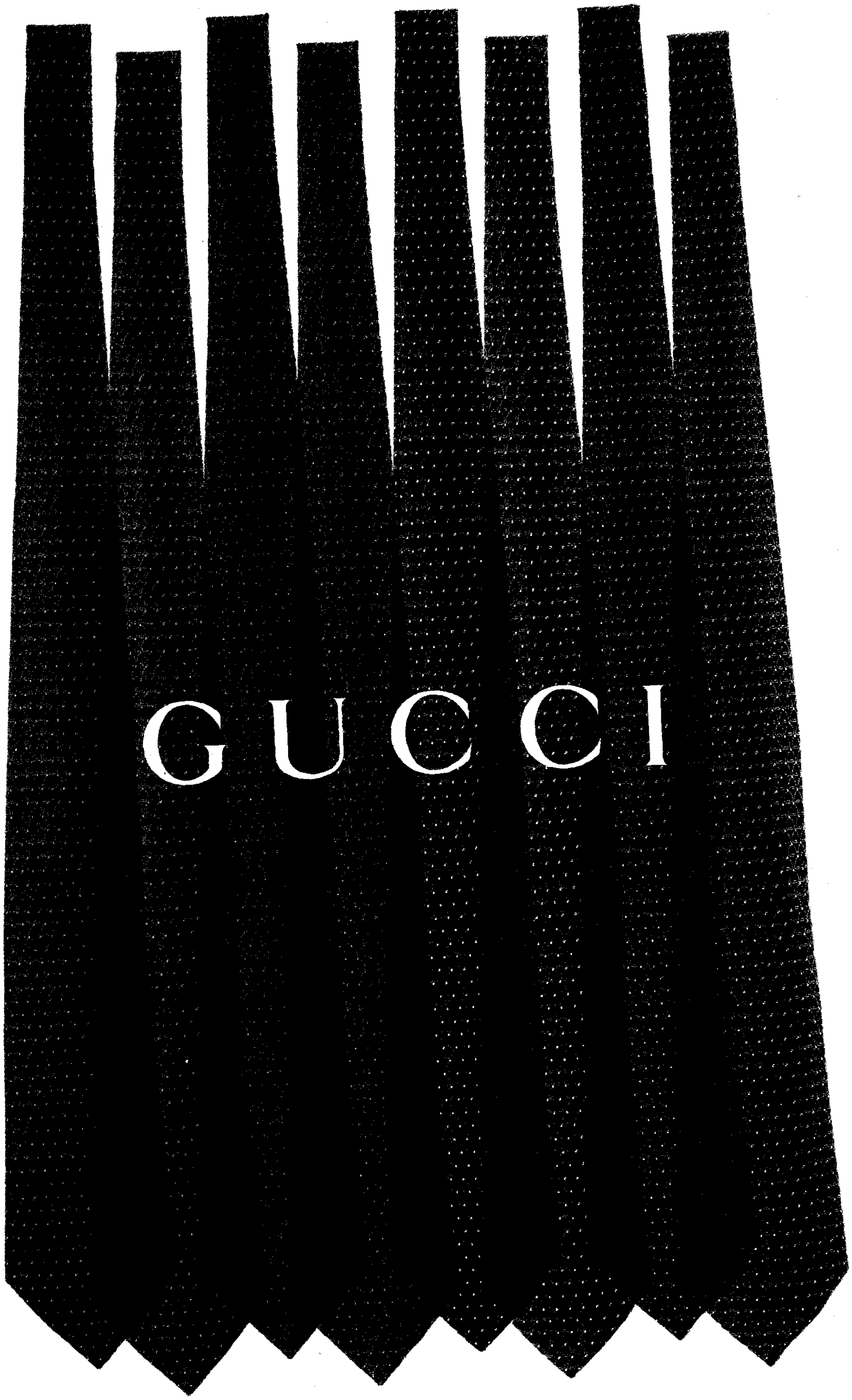
Sports Port—Professional in-line skaters, freestyle bikers, skateboarders, and their ilk will be on hand at South Street Seaport when ESPN brings its X Games (formerly the Extreme Games) to New York on a twelve-city exhibition tour. Nonprofessional thrill-seekers can risk life and limb outside the games proper, on alpine-skiing and snowboarding simulators, a twenty-seven-foot climbing wall, even a bungee-jump simulator. Add a few alternative bands, and don't forget the point of all this hoopla: plenty of sporting-goods manufacturers hawking their wares. (Pier 16, near the corner of South and John Sts. June 15 at noon. No tickets necessary.)

Pro-Joyce—Celebrations of Bloomsday, the prose-drunk alternative to St. Patrick's Day, bedapple the city. June 16 at 10:30 A.M.: The Daedalus Theatre Company reads from the day's scripture while the audience eats with relish the inner organs of beasts and fowls. In addition, Susan McKeown and Helena Mulkerns favor the assembly with parlor songs from the turn of the century. (Le Chantilly, 106 E. 57th St. For reservations, call 785-6885.) . . . ¶ From noon to midnight: Symphony Space augments its annual shindig (more than a hundred selections read by actors and enthusiasts) with music from the pub-rock combo Molly's Bloomers, a reënactment of a 1950 BBC documentary containing interviews with the surviving Joyce siblings, former landladies, bitter rivals, et al., as well as supplementary readings from the master's other works. (Broadway at 95th St. For more information, call 864-5400.)

Readings—June 12 at 8: Richard Berman and David Groff, the editors of the new coffee-table book "Whitman's Men," read from "Calamus," Walt Whitman's suite of homoerotic poems which forms its text, as some of the volume's new photographs, inspired by the verse, are projected behind them. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 229-5690.) . . . ¶ June 13 at 7:30: The W. B. Yeats Society celebrates the poet's birthday with a reading of his verse. (Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—June 12 at 7:30: The psychiatrist Ethel Person provides clinical evidence of the ways that fantasies can motivate our behavior. (The New York Academy of Medicine, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. For more information, call 876-8200, ext. 272.) . . . ¶ June 15 at 2: Woodcarver Deenps Bazile leads a tour through Prospect Park, from "Gran Bwa," his sculpted stump honoring the Haitian spirit of the forest, to the Lincoln Road playground, where he will demonstrate his stump-carving technique. For more information, call the Prospect Park Alliance at 1-718 965-8954.

Walk—June 15 at 10 P.M.: The Shorewalkers meet at Columbia University for a nighttime walk to the Battery. The tour ends with a sunrise trip on the Staten Island Ferry. For more information, call 964-8465.



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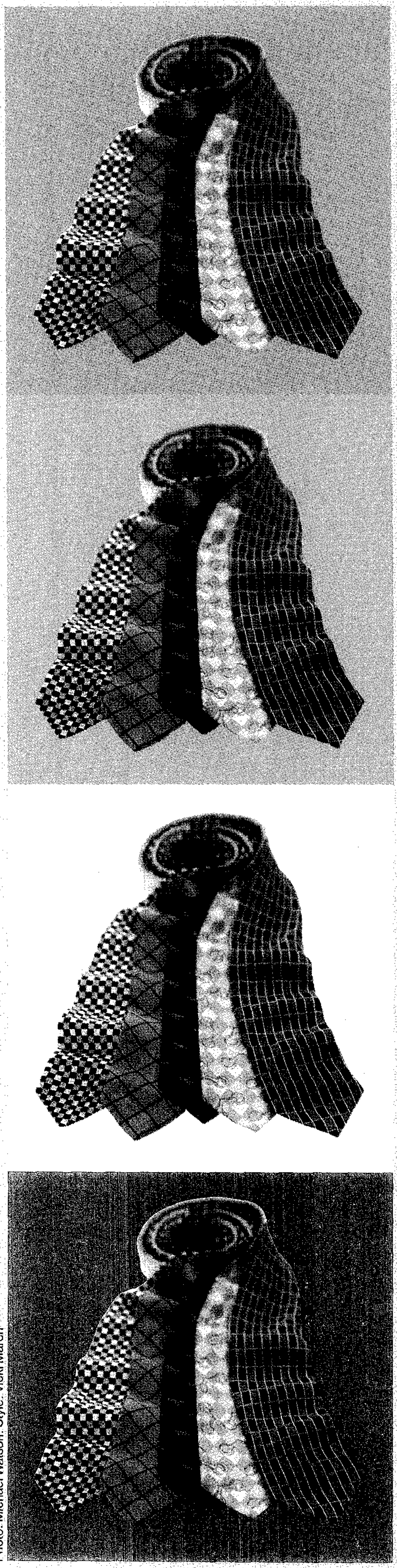
"A well-tied tie is the first serious step in life."—OSCAR WILDE

In Praise of... the Cravat

by Ralph DiGennaro

Since the days of Byron, Balzac, Baudelaire, and Brummell, the ability to master a properly tied cravat has been a minor obsession among men who would be well dressed. Deemed the earmark of gentility, the necktie is a source of sartorial fascination that dates back to the nineteenth century, when a fashion-crazed fop named H. LeBlanc penned *The Art of Tying the Cravat*. In this intriguing little tome, the author, widely believed to be Balzac writing under a pseudonym, explains and illustrates more ways of tying a neck cloth than anyone could possibly have wanted to know. Or thought to ask.

By the time the book was published, any man worth his jabot understood that the word *cravat* was descended from the French word *croate* for Croatian. Credit is due the Croatians for first donning "neckerchiefs" (as a means of warmth rather than style) during the Thirty Years War. Their enemy, the French, liked the look despite its purely functional purpose and immediately copied it. Back in Paris after the war, many French officers continued the practice of wearing cloth wrapped around the neck in lieu of collars. Thus, the first fashion in neckwear was born.



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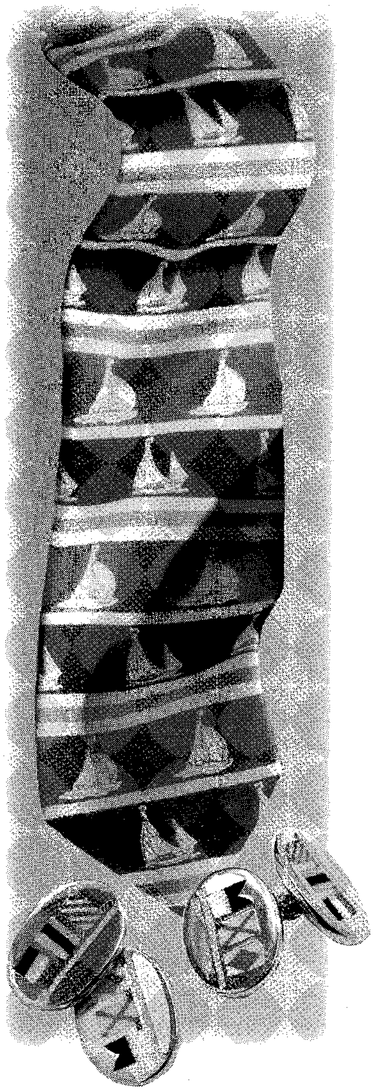

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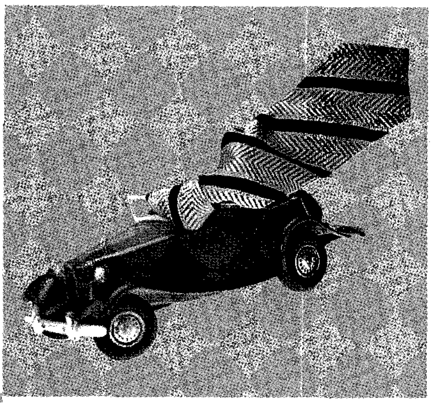
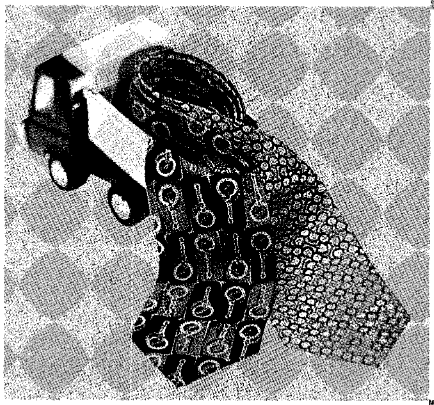
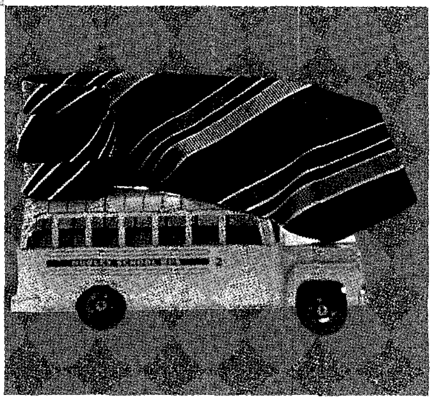
While history may begrudgingly nod to France for popularizing the cravat, there was no more noble a practitioner of the art than Englishman George Bryan "Beau" Brummell. Legend has it that Brummell would spend as many as six hours tying his neck cloth, striving to achieve a look that had to appear...effortless. His secret: starch, which he was the first to employ.





On the cover: Rolling out new designs in silk neckwear for Fall, left to right, Robert Talbott, Paul Stuart, J. Press, Gucci, XMI. Above: silk chevron stripe by XMI. Left: geometric prints by Gucci. Below: bold horizontal rep stripe by Paul Stuart



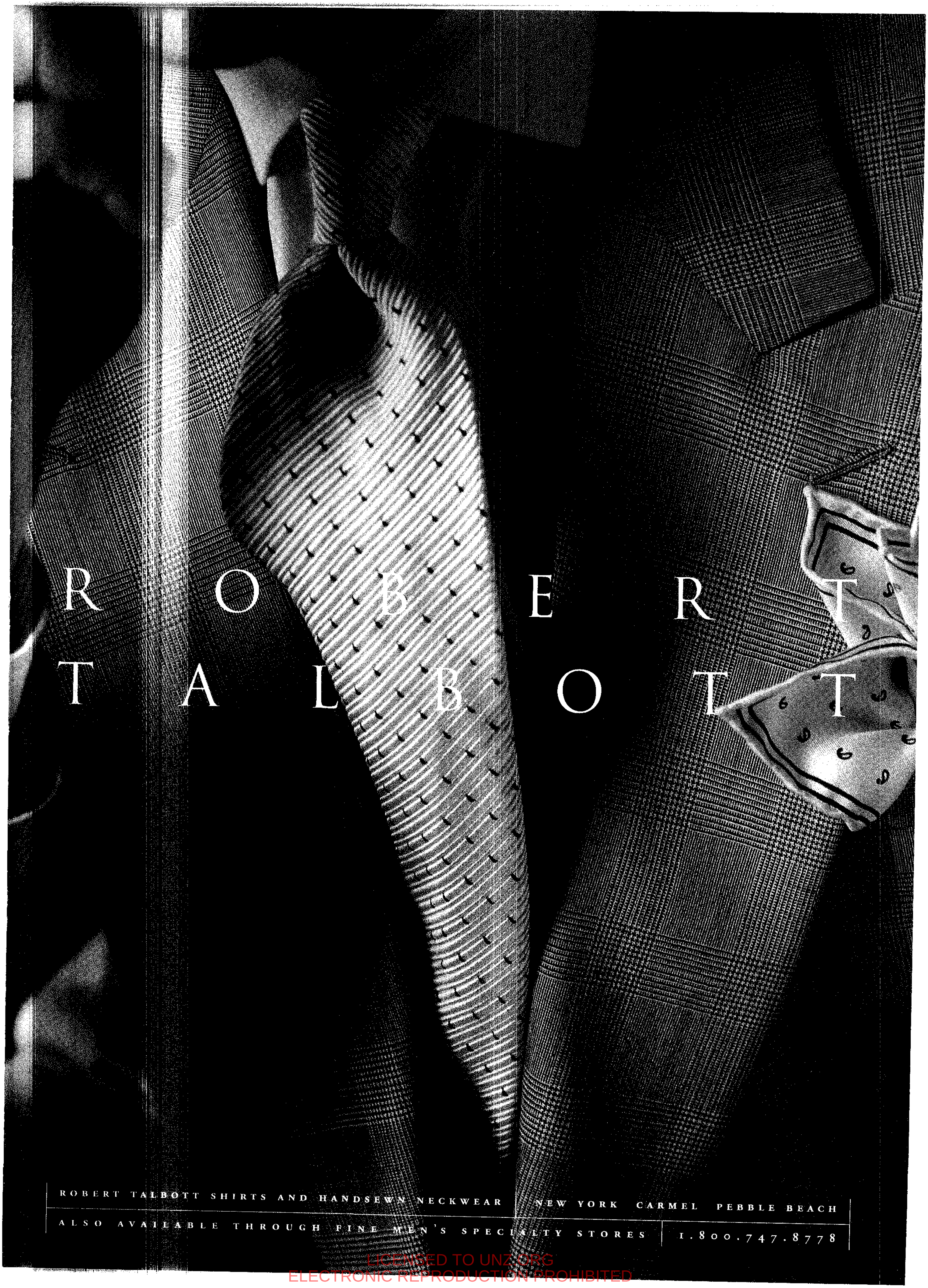
Latter-day dandies who built a reputation for personal style on their ability to tie a cravat would almost certainly include Edward VIII, Prince of Wales and later, the Duke of Windsor, for whom the Windsor knot is named.

Elegant as he no doubt was, the duke hardly invented this method of tying a cravat and later came to reject it entirely, suggesting to a friend that he no longer wear it by saying, "I've been copied too much, and badly."

So much for fashion icons. For the multitude of fashion mortals, the necktie may ultimately be a man's strongest personal style statement. As such, he would do well to be able to recognize quality neckwear. Simply stated, the best possible tie is one that is cut and sewn by hand as opposed to machine. Sadly, handcraftsmanship in neckwear is a dying art with the exception of a handful of companies in Europe and the United States. Stateside, tie makers Robert Talbott and XMI are two companies that produce ties made entirely by hand.

Carmel, California-based Talbott was founded as a bowtie maker in 1950 by Robert and Audrey Talbott, who set out to make their mark as the kingpin of American traditionalism, turning out the best club, regimental, and rep stripe ties this side of Saville Row. Today the company is run by Audrey Talbott who, with a carefully selected staff, has taken the Talbott name well beyond traditional ties, launching a formidable collection of dress shirts and luxurious silk-woven designs. Recently the firm added handmade formal silk waistcoats, smoking jackets, and robes.

Another giant in the traditional neckwear hall of fame is Bert Pulitzer, founder and president of XMI, a company he began after years of turning out classic neckwear under his own name. In his new guise, Pulitzer is trafficking fashion innovation, continually challenging himself to reinvent the wheel in neckwear design. And timelessly elegant is the best way to describe the limited XMI Platinum line he designs in unusually lusty silk-woven fabrics.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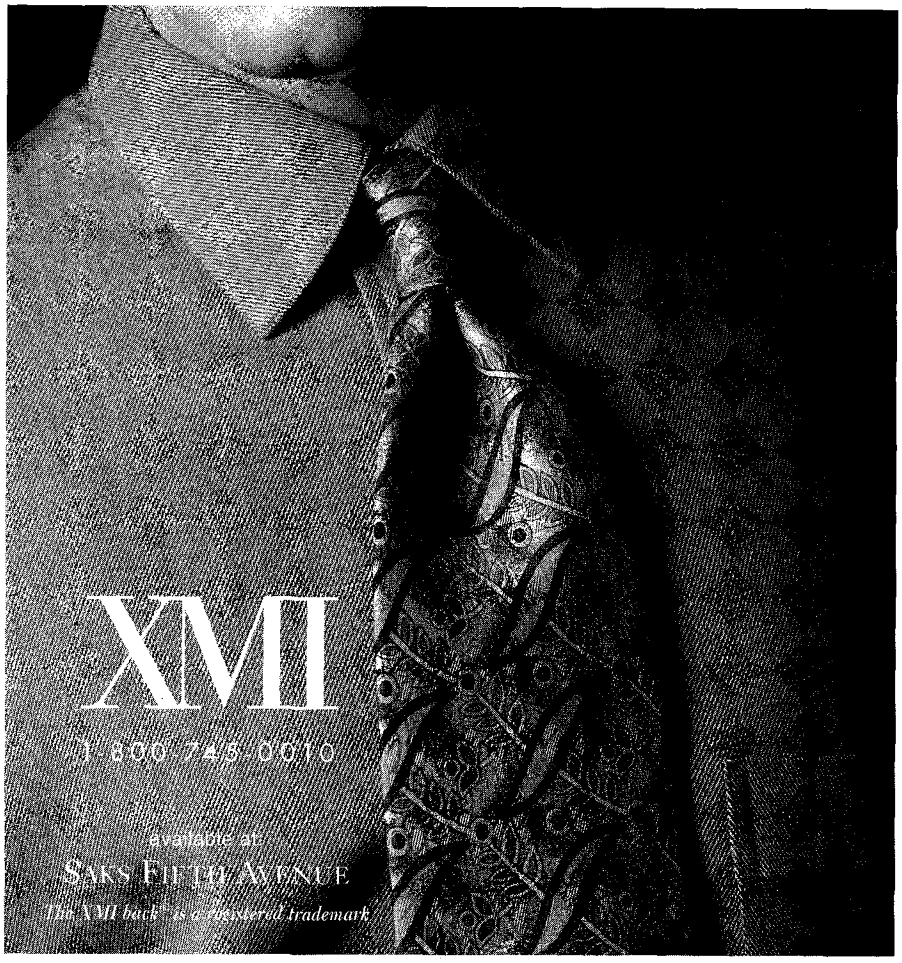

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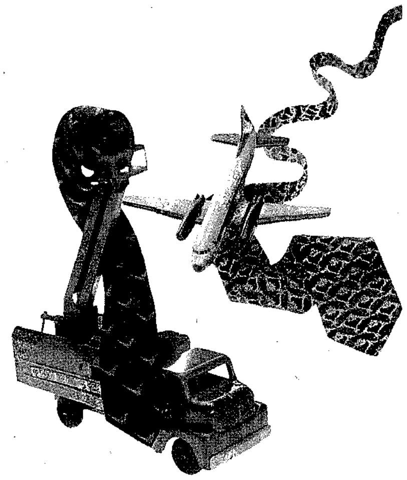


Silk-woven club by J. Press, left; silk print by Robert Talbott, right

Easily one of the most recognized names in Italian fashion is Gucci. Designed by American Tom Ford, Gucci neckwear this season has been given a major dose of color in a broad range of solids and unusual geometric prints.

Much the way the company's loafer has become a fashion classic, so too is Gucci neckwear gaining a large and loyal following. The bold, often whimsical print designs perfectly capture the youthful spirit Ford has brought to Gucci, a look applauded by fashion enthusiasts on both sides of the Atlantic.

New York City boasts no shortage of great men's clothiers. Chief among them is Paul Stuart, owner Cliff Grodd's homage to true gentlemen's finery. Central to the Madison Avenue store's elegantly appointed main floor is a circular glass case where some of the world's most sophisticated handmade neckwear is on display. From the simplest of stripes to the most intricate English wovens, Paul Stuart ties reflect a stylish and thoughtful eye.

If a search were on for classic neckwear rooted in American Ivy League traditionalism, the ninety-four-year-old J. Press remains the source. Run by second- and third-generation descendants of founder Jacobi Press, the store offers a wealth of woven club and novelty neckwear, all in the proper narrower width, true to its traditionalist roots. Today, the store is enjoying a renaissance, as fashion turns tweedier and baby boomers return to the venerable "old-school" style that J. Press has defined for decades.

THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

The Cable Guy—Jim Carrey stars in Ben Stiller's black comedy about an over-friendly cable-TV technician. With Matthew Broderick, Leslie Mann, and George Segal. Written by Lou Holtz, Jr. Opening June 14. (Criterion Center, Gemini, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

Moll Flanders—Robin Wright is the eighteenth-century Londoner in an epic written and directed by Pen Densham, based on the novel by Defoe. With Morgan Freeman, Stockard Channing, John Lynch, and Brenda Fricker. Opening June 14. (Art Greenwich Twin, Coronet, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Orpheum VII.)

Stealing Beauty—Bernardo Bertolucci's latest, starring Liv Tyler and Jeremy Irons. (Reviewed below in Current Films.) Opening June 14.

The Switchblade Sisters—A rerelease of Jack Hill's 1975 action film about a female teen-age gang. Opening June 14. (Angelika Film Center and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

CURRENT FILMS

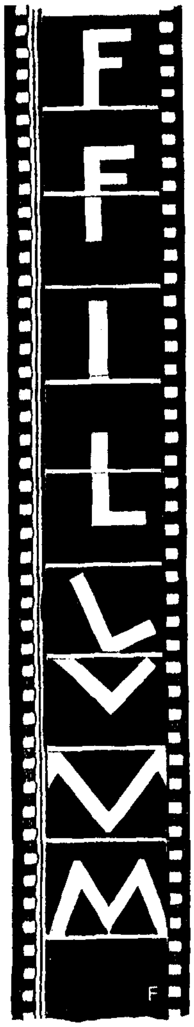
(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre information is listed on page 32.)

Antonia's Line—A Dutch feminist fairy tale about an eccentric single mother (the impressive Willeke van Ammelrooy) who sets up housekeeping on a farm after the Second World War and takes all kinds of strays—from a retarded rape victim to a depressive, Schopenhauer-saturated intellectual—under her wing. The movie could be a crowd pleaser at art houses, but what it's packaging is little more than self-regard: Antonia and her clan are righteous, and anyone who gets in their way is a pig. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris. In Dutch.—S.K. (Angelika Film Center and Cinema 3.)

The Arrival—Writer-director David Twohy has a thing for the polar ice caps: they figured in his less than remarkable script for "Waterworld," and they figure in his latest project, a sci-fi drama about disguised aliens taking over the planet (the plot has them building power plants that cause the poles to melt). Charlie Sheen is a radio astronomer who tracks down the invaders in order to expose them. The movie has so little going for it that the newly clean-shaven face of Ron Silver, who plays the bad guy, is more interesting than the special effects. (That chin has been hidden for *so long*.) Twohy thaws out some ideas that had their heyday at drive-ins in the fifties (body-snatching paranoia, desert locales); the movie never gets much scarier than an old "Twilight Zone" episode.—B.D. (First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

The Birdcage—Mike Nichols's remake of "La Cage aux Folles" (1978) largely contents itself with decking out what appears to be a profoundly, unalterably French farce in American drag; the cautious, sensible approach taken by Nichols and his screenwriter, Elaine May, has the drawback of making this movie feel a little, as the French might say, de trop. Although Robin Williams and Nathan Lane, as the bickering middle-aged lovers originally played by Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault, are skillful, the script doesn't give them much opportunity to distinguish themselves from their memorable predecessors. Oddly, the funniest performer here is Gene Hackman, playing an aggressively straight, family-values-spouting politician. Also with Dianne Wiest.—T.R. (3/18/96) (Baronet, Criterion Center, and 62nd & Broadway. . . . ¶ Coronet; through June 13.)

Blush—Li Shaohong's drama, set in post-Revolutionary China, tells the story of a triangle involving a former prostitute (Wang Ji), her wealthy young client (Wang Zhiwen), and her best friend (He Saifei). Adapted by the director and Ni Zhen from a novel by Su Tong. In Cantonese. (Quad Cinema.)



Cold Comfort Farm—John Schlesinger's eccentric rural comedy is based on a 1932 novel by Stella Gibbons. The bright, sophisticated young heroine, Flora Poste (Kate Beckinsale), goes to live with obscure relatives in Sussex, and, appalled by their ignorance and their dour inertia, sets out to change their stubborn ways; she's Jeeves in skirts, subverting the blind workings of Fate to her own ends. Beckinsale keeps her composure while veteran character actors—Eileen Atkins, Sheila Burrell, Stephen Fry, Freddie Jones, Joanna Lumley, and Ian McKellen—attempt to dazzle her, and us, with their virtuosity. Schlesinger, working from a script by Malcolm Bradbury, maintains a steady rhythm and a light, cheerful mood.—T.R. (5/13/96) (Lincoln Square and Village Theatre VII.)

Cold Fever—A comedy directed by Fridrik Thor Fridriksson, about the misadventures of a Japanese businessman (Masatoshi Nagase) in Iceland. With Lili Taylor and Fisher Stevens. Written by the director and Jim Stark. In English, Japanese, and Icelandic. (Angelika Film Center.)

Dead Man—A Western written and directed by Jim Jarmusch, in which Johnny Depp plays an accountant turned outlaw. With Gary Farmer as his shamanistic sidekick. (Angelika Film Center and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Desolation Angels—Writer-director Tim McCann's drama about a young New Yorker (Michael Rodrick) who becomes unhinged when he learns that his girlfriend (Jennifer Thomas) has been raped by a friend of his (Peter Bassett). (Quad Cinema.)

Dragonheart—A tenth-century knight (Dennis Quaid) and his fire-breathing sidekick (whose voice is provided by Sean Connery) fight an evil king (David Thewlis), in an adventure directed by Rob Cohen. Screenplay by Charles Edward Pogue. (Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 34th St. East, Waverly, and Ziegfeld.)

Eddie—A comedy directed by Steve Rash, in which Whoopi Goldberg plays a limousine driver who becomes the coach of the New York Knicks. With Frank Langella. (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema I, Embassy 3, Guild, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

Fargo—Everybody in Joel and Ethan Coen's movie talks with painful slowness, as if the icy Minnesota air were freezing their chops; the resulting mood is lugubrious and oddly winning. The story, about a hopeless businessman (William H. Macy) who hires a couple of crooks (Peter Stormare and Steve Buscemi) to kidnap his wife, offers the usual Coen compound of random daftness and concentrated violence. Frances McDormand has a high old time as the police chief of the town of Brainerd; decent and unhurried (her character is seven months pregnant), she brings order to the weirdness and warms it up.—A.L. (3/25/96) (Art Greenwich Twin, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.)

Flirting with Disaster—David O. Russell's farcical road movie sets a thirtyish New Yorker (Ben

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Stiller), adopted as a small child, on a cross-country search for his biological parents, accompanied by his wife (Patricia Arquette) and an adoption-agency official (Téa Leoni). Despite some expert performances—by George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore as the adoptive parents (nervous urban kvetches), and Alan Alda and Lily Tomlin as the biological ones (devious ex-hippies)—the picture remains as confused as its hero; unlike him, it never does find its identity.—T.R. (4/15/96) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and 68th St. Playhouse.)

Heavy—The story of an overweight pizza chef (Pruitt Taylor Vince) who falls in love with his new waitress (Liv Tyler). With Shelley Winters and Deborah Harry. Written and directed by James Mangold. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Film Forum; through June 18.)

The Horseman on the Roof—Jean-Paul Rappeneau's costume picture stars Olivier Martinez as Angelo, an Italian on the run in the Provence of the eighteen-thirties. The movie is like its hero: handsome, dashing, and almost completely devoid of interest. The grand plot turns on a cholera outbreak that devastates the region—"It's the greatest epidemic ever!" cries a doctor, as if he were helping with the publicity. Angelo has to leap, gallop, and rush from one disaster area to the next, doing good works while trying to evade the dastardly Austrians pursuing him. Finally he descends from a roof into the house of a woman so pale, mysterious, and desirable that she can, under French law, be played only by Juliette Binoche. The actress does a fine job of it, too, lending this rambling tale a still center. But the fact that the suffering couple are doomed never to consummate their passion—she's looking for her *husband*, of all people—says it all about the movie's weak nerve. In French.—A.L. (6/10/96) (Paris and Quad Cinema.)

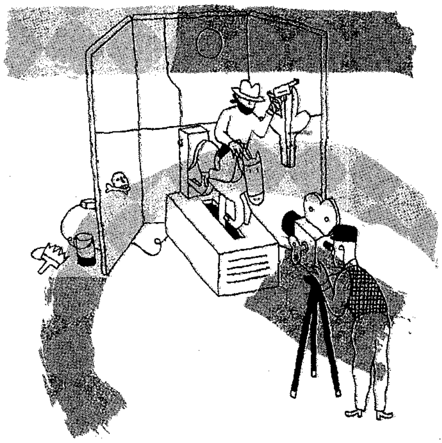
I Shot Andy Warhol—The story of Valerie Solanas (Lili Taylor), the deranged woman who, in 1968, ambushed Warhol at the Factory and nearly killed him. The director, Mary Harron, tries to depict Solanas as a complex, tragicomic figure, but the protagonist can't bear the weight that the film puts on her, and Taylor's monotonous performance doesn't do much to lighten the load. The languid-hysterical Factory atmosphere feels accurate, though, and so does Jared Harris's witty portrayal of Warhol. Also with Stephen Dorff (as Candy Darling), Michael Imperioli (Ondine), and Donovan Leitch (Gerard Malanga).—T.R. (5/13/96) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Jane Eyre—Franco Zeffirelli's adaptation of Charlotte Brontë's novel is more sedate than you might expect. The reason to see it is Charlotte Gainsbourg, who plays Jane with just the right combination of ethereality and guts. William Hurt makes a rather delicate but acceptable Rochester. With Anna Paquin as the young Jane, and Joan Plowright as Rochester's housekeeper, Mrs. Fairfax.—S.K. (Angelika Film Center and Eastside Playhouse.)

The Man by the Shore—An unusually powerful heartbreaker, set in Haiti in the early nineteen-sixties and told from the point of view of the eight-year-old Sarah (Jennifer Zubar). Her father, a captain in the military police, betrays a friend to the Tontons Macoutes; soon after, he is edged out of his post by a brutish new boss and forced to flee the country, and Sarah goes into hiding. The movie is about as fresh, as humane, and—with a few exceptions—as subtle as political allegory can get. Along the way it turns into a thriller as well. The cinematography, by Armand Marco, is strong, and so is Zubar: emotionally she's utterly pure, which makes Sarah much less predictable than the world-weary adults around her. Written and directed by Raoul Peck. In French and Creole.—S.K. (Quad Cinema.)

Ma Saison Préférée—André Téchiné's latest drama is a love story of a peculiar and thwarted kind: the central couple is a sister and brother in middle age. Émilie (Catherine Deneuve) and Antoine (Daniel Auteuil) bicker and snap and block each other out with the constancy of twin souls; when their mother takes ill, everything comes to a head, and the movie treads delicately along the borders of incest. What mars the picture is the high-flown talk that trickles on when none is required; the characters, like many of their predecessors in French cinema, spend much of the time speaking as if they've recently escaped from a maximum-security novel. In French.—A.L. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Mission: Impossible—This action blockbuster's obvious selling points are nostalgia for the long-running TV series and the presence of a big star, Tom Cruise (who is also one of the producers), but the real star here is the director, Brian De Palma. His elegant, baroque, multilayered style is so perfectly suited to the material that even the most blatant commercial strategies of David Koepp and Robert Towne's screenplay somehow wind up playing to his strengths. De Palma finds a current of bitter humor in the betrayals that set the plot in motion. And he uses the movie's up-to-date technology as a means of increasing the density and formal complexity of his imagery, with computer screens and video monitors splintering the action into near-Cubist rearrangements of visual data. The film is an exhilarating magic act: De Palma's hand is quicker than even the most alert spectator's eye. Also with Jon Voight, Emmanuelle Béart, Henry Czerny, Ving Rhames, Vanessa Redgrave, Kristin Scott-Thomas, and (unbilled) Emilio Estevez.—T.R. (6/3/96) (Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Metro Cinema, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, State, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)



LAURENT CILLUFFO

Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud—The latest demonstration of Parisian decorum from the French director Claude Sautet. Nelly (Emmanuelle Béart) leaves her marriage and goes to work for Arnaud (Michel Serrault), a former judge who is writing his memoirs. The two tiptoe toward love, then pull back. The movie is played (as you would expect) with watchful finesse, particularly by the morose and sardonic Serrault, but you sometimes long for a little wildness; Béart's character should be driving men crazy, but what does she do? She *interests* them. In French.—A.L. (4/22/96) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

The Phantom—Billy Zane is cast as the comic-strip hero in Simon Wincer's action adventure. With Treat Williams, Kristy Swanson, and Patrick McGoohan. Written by Jeffrey Boam. (Art Greenwich Twin, Astor Plaza, East 85th Street, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, 19th Street East 6, and 34th Street Showplace.)

The Rock—A thriller about terrorists on Alcatraz, featuring Sean Connery, Nicolas Cage, and Ed Harris. Directed by Michael Bay. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Embassy 1, Embassy 2, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Olympia, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas.)

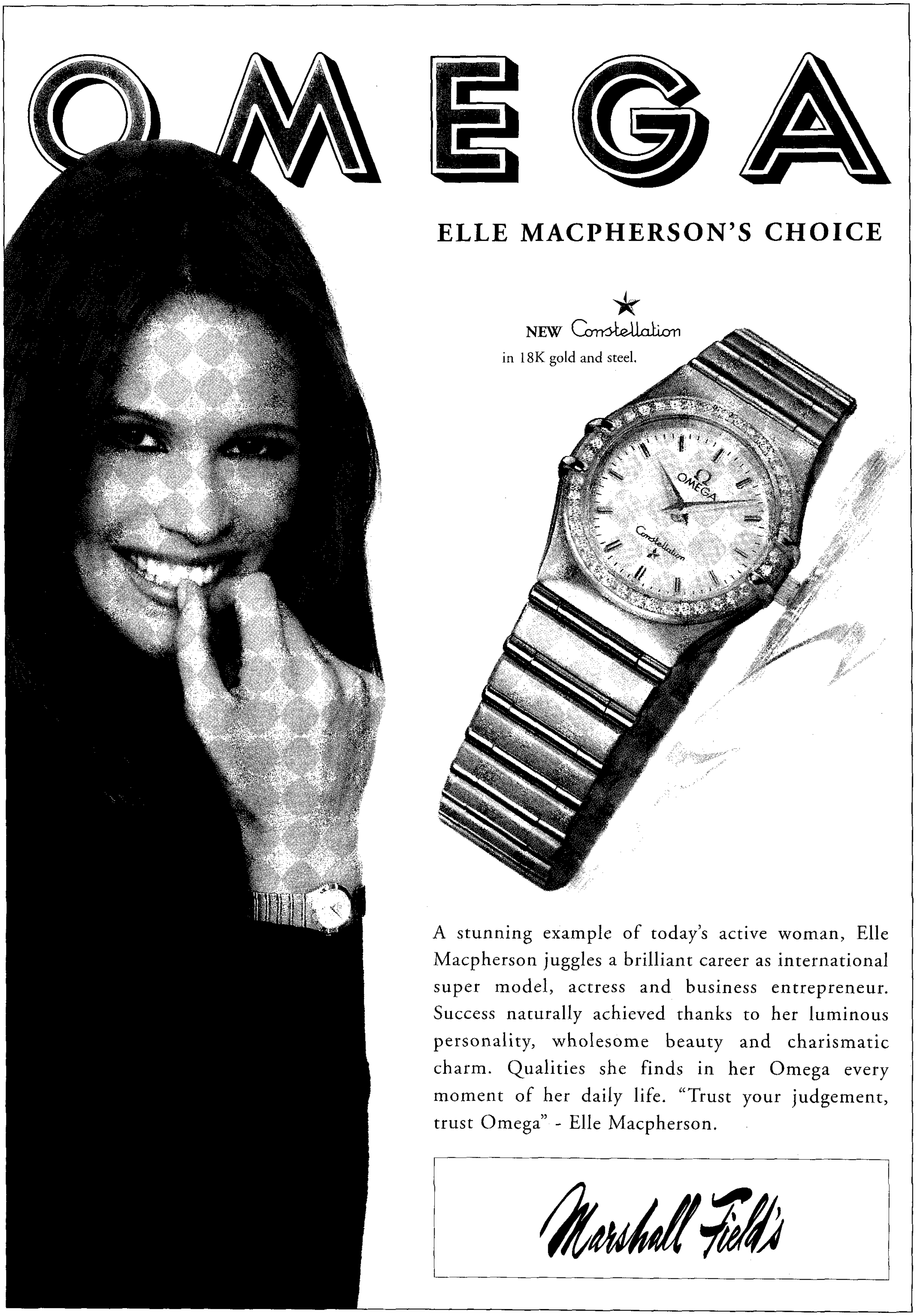
Spy Hard—Leslie Nielsen plays "Steele, Dick Steele," an idiotic Bond-like secret agent (code name WD-40) called in by the American government to stop a cackling, armless villain named General Rancor (Andy Griffith, his eyebrows combed out to look like Stalin's) from destroying the world. As usual, the best gag of all is Nielsen's suave, serious, almost pathologically unembarrassed way with nonsensical dialogue. The problem is that Bond films are so campy, excessive, and dated to begin with that the parody here quickly begins to seem second-hand. With an intelligently silly Nicollette Sheridan as the love interest, and Weird Al Yankovic, in a hilarious opening-credits sequence, singing the theme song underwater against a cartoon backdrop of obese aquatic nymphs. Directed by Rick Friedberg.—S.K. (86th Street East Twin, Embassy 4, Gotham Cinema, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Village East Cinemas.)

Stealing Beauty—Bernardo Bertolucci's new picture offers a number of beauties, and they are stolen in different ways. There is the grace of the Tuscan countryside around Siena, which Bertolucci rescues from lingering prettiness with some startling, impatient editing—when did a feature film last suggest new angles on photographing landscape? And there is the loveliness of Liv Tyler, who plays the teen-age heroine, Lucy; the moments when the action stops to let the camera study her face are not just the most reflective ones but also, in an odd way, the most dramatic. If only the story, a fable of lost innocence, were as strong. Lucy arrives at a villa full of languid expatriates—among them a sculptor (Donal McCann) and a dying playwright (Jeremy Irons)—where she will lose lose her virginity and find out who her real father is. Neither of these events is surprising, let along gripping, and the film slowly dwindles into a record of the rich at play—poolside Henry James. The screenplay, brittle and precious, is by Bertolucci and Susan Minot.—A.L. (6/10/96) (Angelika Film Center, Beekman, and Lincoln Square; starting June 14.)

The Truth About Cats and Dogs—Janeane Garofalo plays a radio veterinarian; one day a caller (Ben Chaplin) asks her out, but she feels insecure, so she gets her beautiful neighbor (Uma Thurman) to impersonate her and tags along pretending to be a friend. Garofalo has a certain barbed charm, but it's put to shallow use here, while Thurman is condemned to play yet another male trophy, a fantasy girl who scrunches her nose when she laughs and walks like a newborn fawn. Directed by Michael Lehmann.—S.K. (Art Greenwich Twin, Regency, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Beekman; through June 13.)

Twister—Another hectic thriller from Jan De Bont, who had a runaway hit with "Speed." The new movie is, if possible, even more content-free; all you get is a bunch of terrifying tornadoes, pursued with glee by a married pair of professional storm chasers, Bill (Bill Paxton) and Jo (Helen Hunt). These two are supposed to be getting a divorce, but you don't really care what happens to them, or to the unfortunate Melissa (Jami Gertz), who aims to take Jo's place—you're too busy having your mind blown by the houses, cars, and cows tumbling across the skies.—A.L. (5/20/96) (Criterion Center, Gemini, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Olympia, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Village East Cinemas.)

Welcome to the Dollhouse—Todd Solondz's low-budget independent movie pitilessly chronicles the indignities visited on an unpopular seventh grader by her vicious classmates and her grotesque family. The picture wallows in the details of her daily persecution without ever quite settling on a coherent attitude toward it. As the film grinds on, it grows steadily nastier and more hysterical: in one scene near the end, the filmmaker actually ridicules a mother's grief at the kidnapping of her youngest child.—T.R. (5/27/96) (Angelika Film Center, Cinema II, and Lincoln Square.)



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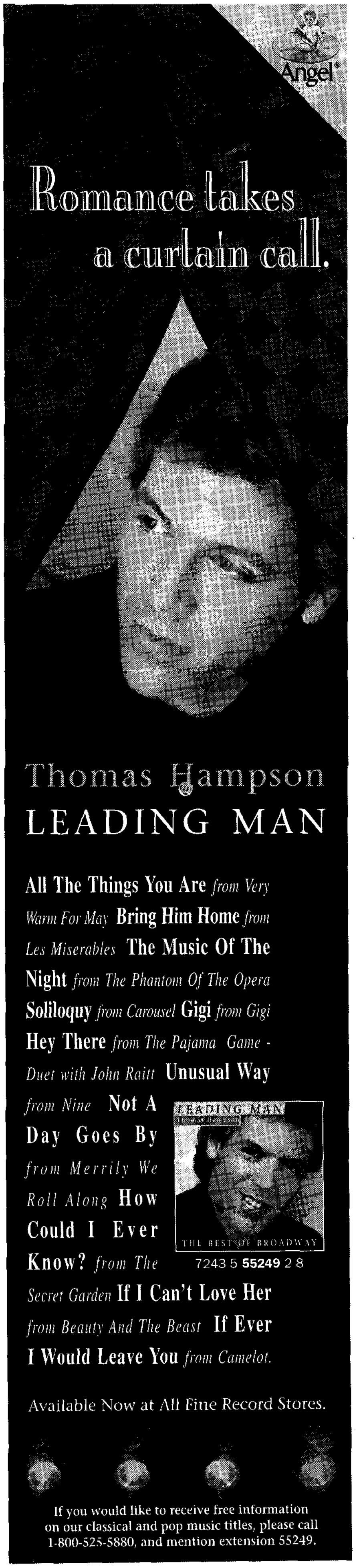

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ANGELS & INSECTS (reviewed in our issue of 1/29/96): Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **BEAUTIFUL GIRLS:** 59th Street East Cinema. . . . **BROKEN ARROW** (2/19/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE CRAFT:** Criterion Center and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . **DEAD MAN WALKING** (1/8/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **DIABOLIQUE** (4/1/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **EXECUTIVE DECISION:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **FLIPPER:** First & 62nd Cinemas, National Twin, Orpheum VII, Regency, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . **THE FLOWER OF MY SECRET** (3/25/96): Angelika Film Center. . . . **KASPAR HAUSER:** Cinema Village. . . . **LEAVING LAS VEGAS** (11/6/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **MIGHTY APHRODITE** (10/30/95): Cinema 3rd Avenue. . . . **MULHOLLAND FALLS:** Manhattan Twin. . . . **THE POSTMAN:** Carnegie Hall Cinemas. . . . **PRIMAL FEAR:** Murray Hill Cinemas, National Twin, and 72nd Street East. . . . **SENSE AND SENSIBILITY** (12/18/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **SGT. KABUKIMAN N.Y.P.D.:** Criterion Center. . . . **SOMEONE ELSE'S AMERICA:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **TOY STORY:** Manhattan Twin. . . . **TWO DEATHS:** Quad Cinema.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

ANGELIKA 57, 225 W. 57th St.
ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St.
ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at Broadway.
BARONET, Third Ave. at 59th St.
BEEKMAN, Second Ave. at 66th St.
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd St.
CINEMA I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
CINEMA II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, Third Ave. at 60th St.
CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th St.
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th St.
CORONET, Third Ave. at 59th St.
CRITERION CENTER, Broadway at 44th St.
EAST 85TH STREET, First Ave. at 85th St.
EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84TH STREET SIXPLEX, Broadway at 84th St.
86TH STREET EAST TWIN, Third Ave. at 86th St.
EMBASSY 1, Broadway at 46th St.
EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th St.
FILM FORUM, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd St.
GEMINI 1 AND 2, Second Ave. at 64th St.
GOTHAM CINEMA, Third Ave. at 58th St.
GUILD, 33 W. 50th St.
LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
LINCOLN SQUARE, Broadway at 68th St.
MANHATTAN TWIN, Third Ave. at 59th St.
METRO CINEMA 1 AND 2, Broadway at 99th St.
MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th St.
NATIONAL TWIN, Broadway at 44th St.
NEW YORK TWIN, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19TH STREET EAST 6, Broadway at 19th St.
OLYMPIA I AND II, Broadway at 107th St.
ORPHEUM VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
PARIS, 4 W. 58th St.
PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th St.
QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th St.
REGENCY, Broadway at 67th St.
62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd St.
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, Third Ave. at 68th St.
72ND STREET EAST, Third Ave. at 71st St.
STATE, Broadway at 45th St.
SUTTON 1 AND 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd St.
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th St.
34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th St.
VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, Second Ave. at 12th St.
VILLAGE THEATRE VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
WAVERLY 1 AND 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th St.

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE (1914)—D. W. Griffith was so extraordinarily fertile and imaginative that when he saw "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," in 1919, he could complain, with justice, that he had already tried and discarded that approach. And here's the evidence—a dream film, derived from Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart" and "Annabel Lee," in which inanimate objects are used in a hallucinatory way. With Henry B. Walthall, Mae Marsh, and Blanche Sweet. Silent.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; June 17.)

BLUME IN LOVE (1973)—Blume (George Segal), an L.A. divorce lawyer, is berserkly in love with his ex-wife, the stiff-jawed Nina (Susan Anspach). An inscrutably frustrated, humorless woman, she has taken up with Elmo (Kris Kristofferson), a roly-poly drifter-musician. The writer-director, Paul Mazursky, gets L.A. just right; he sees the pratfall folly of his educated, liberal characters who are up to their ears in social consciousness. This is his most messily romantic movie: he's "too close" to the subject—he's gummed up in it, and the chaos feels good. The scattier his characters are, the more happily he embraces them. They include Marsha Mason (in her film début) as a giggly, compliant woman who has an affair with Blume, and Shelley Winters as a legal client.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; June 18.)

BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE (1969)—The first feature directed by Paul Mazursky. The period is 1969, when the concept of legal marriage is being undermined and Southern California middle-class people are culturally uneasy about clinging to something square, and personally tantalized by thoughts of the sex possibilities they're missing; swinging is in the air. The film contrasts the marriage of Robert Culp, as a documentary filmmaker, and his wife, Natalie Wood, with the mismatch of Dyan Cannon and her lawyer husband, Elliott Gould—she's bored and he's bewildered. The scenes involving Gould and Cannon are small miracles of timing. You can feel something new in the comic spirit of this film—in the way Mazursky gets laughs by the rhythm of clichés, defenses, and little verbal aggressions.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; June 18.)

I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG (1932)—One of the best of the social-protest films—naïve, heavy, artless, but a straightforward, unadorned story with moments that haunted a generation, such as the hungry hero (Paul Muni) trying to pawn his Congressional Medal of Honor. And there is one of the great closing scenes in the history of film: the hero is asked how he lives and he answers, "I steal." Those involved in making the movie hoped it might help to ameliorate the condition of convicts, but it did more to ameliorate financial conditions at Warners and was a factor in making it the "socially conscious" studio.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; June 18.)

JUDITH OF BETHULIA (1913)—Seen now, this D. W. Griffith four-reeler (which was one of the first four-reel films made in America) appears to be a warmup for the splendors of his "Intolerance." "Judith of Bethulia" is not an altogether likable picture, but it has its heavy pseudo-Oriental charms. Blanche Sweet is the plump and pious Jewish widow who decks herself out as a courtesan and gains entrance to the camp of the Assyrian general Holofernes (Henry B. Walthall). Mae Marsh and Robert Harron are young lovers, and Lillian Gish, in a grand coup of unlikely casting, plays a young Jewish mother. Silent.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; June 14.)

THE LAST DETAIL (1974)—After fourteen years in the Navy, Buddusky (Jack Nicholson), the tattooed signalman, lives on ingrained resentment, quick anger, and booze. The screenwriter, Robert Towne, shaped the role to Nicholson's gift for extremes; some think it's the best part he's ever had. The movie is the record of the beer-soaked journey that Buddusky and a gunner's mate (Otis Young) take when they're assigned to escort a morose eighteen-year-old seaman (Randy Quaid) to a naval prison. The film is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by remarkably well-orchestrated profane dialogue. It's often very funny. It's programmed to wrench your heart, though—it's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; June 16-17.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman's heady, whirling sideshow of a movie, set in the early-seventies L.A. of the stoned sensibility. Philip Marlowe (Elliott Gould) is the gallant fool in a corrupt world—the innocent eye. Even the police know more about the case he's involved in than he does. Yet he's the only one who *cares*. Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" parodied the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," this picture is just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Altman tells a detective story all right, but he does it through a spree—a high-flying rap on Raymond Chandler and the movies and L.A. With Nina Van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, Mark Rydell, and Henry Gibson. Vilmos Zsigmond is responsible for the offhand visual pyrotechnics (the imagery has great vitality); John Williams's score is a witty series of variations on the title song; the script, adapted from Chandler's novel, is credited to Leigh Brackett, but when you hear the Altman-style improvisatory dialogue you know you can't take that too literally.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; June 12-13.)

Only Angels Have Wings (1939)—Howard Hawks's stirring tale of a fledgling airmail service that traverses the Andes from a strip in a South American banana port—the ultimate workplace dramedy. Hawks weaves brawny romance and humor and a man's-man sort of heartbreak into his tribute to the ideal of vocation; the risky job of lifting mail over and through the mountains becomes a crucible of character, group feeling, and sexual loyalty. Cary Grant delivers a robust, carnal performance as the flyboys' boss, and Jean Arthur is skittishly charming as an entertainer waiting for a boat out of town; Grant emits an electric charge when he starts to take her seriously. Hawks surrounds these two actors with a jaunty ensemble, including the impossibly pretty young Rita Hayworth, as Grant's prior flame, and the cagey Thomas Mitchell, as his best friend and right-hand man. As Hayworth's husband, a top aviator with a tainted past, Richard Barthelmess is haunted and moving. The script is by Jules Furthman, an ace in his own right.—M.S. (Symphony Space; June 18.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A restored print of Jacques Demy's stylized, unabashedly emotional story of lost love, in which all the dialogue is sung. Catherine Deneuve plays a restless provincial girl who rebels against her overprotective widowed mother (Anne Vernon) by stepping out with a handsome auto mechanic (Nino Castelnuovo). The movie's reputation as a sentimental crowd-pleasing novelty item seems as grossly unjust as the condescension that Deneuve's acting used to receive; it's as if both the movie and its star were being punished for the miraculous simplicity—the sheer obviousness—of their beauty. In French.—T.R. (4/15/96) (Film Forum.)

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2 and 3, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—**Theatre 2:** Films made in Hollywood between 1969 and 1975. June 12-13: "The Long Goodbye" (†). . . . June 14-15: "Easy Rider" (1969, Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson, and "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1971, Melvin Van Peebles). . . . June 16-17: "The Last Detail" (†) and "Fat City" (1972, John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges. . . . June 18: "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice" (†) and "Blume in Love" (†). . . . **Theatre 3:** "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" (†).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A series of films starring Blanche Sweet. June 13 at 2:30: A program of short films. . . . June 13 at 6 and June 14 at 2:30: "The Case of Becky" (1915, Frank Reicher; silent). . . . June 14 at 6: "Judith of Bethulia" (†). . . . June 14 at 8 and June 16 at 2: "The Secret Sin" (1915, Reicher; silent). . . . June 15 at 2: "The Warrens of Virginia" (1915, Cecil B. De Mille; silent). . . . June 15 at 5: "The Captive" (1915, De Mille; silent). . . . June 16 at 5: "The Evil Eye" (1917, George H. Melford; silent). . . . June 17 at 2:30: "The Avenging Conscience" (†). . . . June 17 at 6: "Diplomacy" (1926, Marshall Neilan; silent). . . . June 18 at 2:30: "Anna Christie" (1923, John Griffith Wray; silent). . . . June 18 at 6: "The Sporting Venus" (1925, Neilan; silent). . . . ¶ June 13 at 3 and 6: "Conversations Across the Bosphorus" (1995, Jeanne Finley). . . . ¶ June 14 at 3 and 6:30, June 15-16 at 5, and June 17 at 3: A program of some of the best television commercials produced in America in 1995 (according to the Association of Independent Commercial Producers). . . . ¶ June 14 at 8 and June 15 at 2: "100 Years of Polish Cinema" (1996, Pavel Lozinski; in Polish). . . . ¶ June 16 at 2:30: "Speaking Directly: Some American Notes" (1974, Jon Jost). . . . ¶ June 17 at 6: "The Battle of the Rails" (1946, René Clément; in French).

At MOMA, a Blanche Sweet retrospective.

PHOTOFEST

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—The Human Rights Watch International Film Festival. June 12 at 2 and June 14 at 9: "Amnesia" (1994, Gonzalo Justiniano; Chile). . . . June 12 at 4:15 and June 16 at 8:30: "Chilsu and Mansu" (1988, Park Kwang-Su; South Korea). . . . June 12 at 6:30, June 13 at 2, and June 14 at 6:30: "A Single Spark" (1995, Park; South Korea). . . . June 12 at 8:45 and June 14 at 4: "Yellow Wasps: Anatomy of a War Crime" (1995, Ilan Ziv; United States). . . . June 13 at 4 and June 16 at 6: "The Flor Contemplacion Story" (1995, Joel Lamangan; Philippines). . . . June 13 at 6:30 and June 15 at 2: "Struggles in Steel" (1995, Tony Buba and Ray Henderson; United States). . . . June 13 at 9 and June 17 at 2: "To the Starry Island" (1994, Park; South Korea). . . . June 14 at 2 and June 17 at 8:30: "Berlin Report" (1991, Park; South Korea). . . . June 15 at 4:30 and June 18 at 9: "Procedure 769" (1995, Jaap van Hoewijk; Netherlands). . . . June 15 at 6:30 and June 18 at 4:30: "Black Republic" (1990, Park; South Korea). . . . June 15 at 9: "Lost in Mississippi" (1996, Jim Chambers; United States). . . . June 16 at 2 and June 17 at 4: "Tale of the Three Jewels" (1994, Michel Khleifi; United Kingdom, Belgium, and Palestine). . . . June 16 at 4 and June 17 at 6:15: "How the Hell Did They Survive?" (1993, Trix Betlam; Netherlands). . . . June 18 at 2: "On the Edge of Peace" (1995, Ziv; Israel and Palestine). . . . June 18 at 6:30: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (†).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On June 16 at 7, the feature will be "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (1972, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—June 18 at 7: "Only Angels Have Wings" (†). . . . June 18 at 9:15: "The Wages of Fear" (1953, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—Films made in Hollywood by Alfred Hitchcock and Fritz Lang. June 15 at 2: "The Birds" (1963, Hitchcock), with Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy, Suzanne Pleshette, and Tippi Hedren. . . . June 15 at 4: "Human Desire" (1954, Lang), with Glenn Ford and Gloria Grahame. . . . June 16 at 2: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956, Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day. . . . June 16 at 4:30: "Ministry of Fear" (1944, Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette Ave. (260-2400)—The Eighth Annual New York Lesbian and Gay Film Festival, showing a hundred and sixty-four films and videos from around the world, unspools in the Little Theatre and the Newman Theatre through June 16.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—June 18 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Salut Victor" (1989, Anne-Claire Poirier; in French), with Jean-Louis Roux and Jacques Godin.

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—June 14 at 8: A program of films by Marie Menken. . . . June 14 at 9:30: Films by Stom Sogo and Jeremy Rendina. . . . June 15 at 2: "Les Vampires, Part I" (1916, Louis Feuillade; French intertitles, spoken in English). . . . June 16 at 2: "Les Vampires, Part II" (1916, Feuillade; French intertitles, spoken in English). . . . June 16 at 7:30: "Les Vampires, Part III" (1916, Feuillade; French intertitles, spoken in English).

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—A program of African films. June 18 at 3: "Camp de Thiaroye" (1987, Ousmane Sembène; Senegal). . . . June 18 at 6:30: "Guelwaar" (1990, Sembène; Senegal).

Forever young. You've made it to the top of the game. But the cheering can't last a lifetime. The body plays by its own rules. You lose a step or two. The arm stiffens. The endorsements tail off. You know the pattern. So you've worked hard in the off-season preparing for the game after the game. You earned a law degree. Started a foundation. Managed your own finances. So when these championship years are little more than memories locked in a trophy case, you'll still be calling the signals. Working on another MVP year. Only on a different playing field. **Steve Young first got his hands on a copy of Forbes as a finance major at BYU in 1982.**

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

STRAW VOTE: KNITS VS. VELVETS

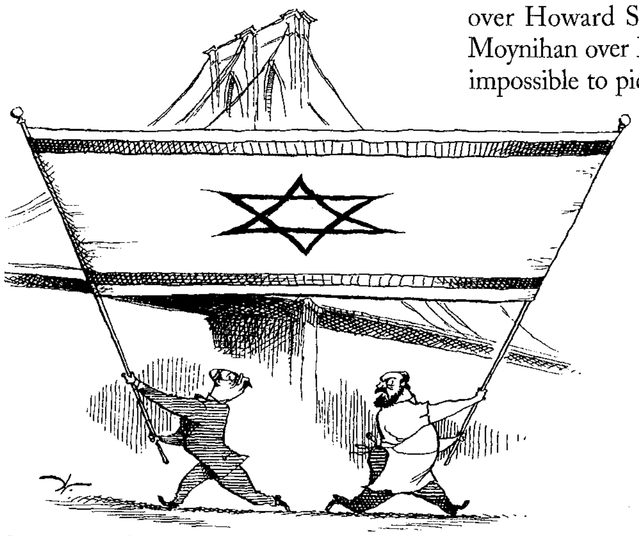
JEWS earn like Episcopalians and vote like Puerto Ricans. For decades, this was a traditional and iron law of New York politics (and, lest the joke police be suiting up, it was a remark known best of all among Jews). But for some time now it has been clear that Jews have been getting more conservative—or, at least, more inconsistent—in their voting patterns. And though there are no polls to prove it, it is possible that Benjamin Netanyahu could have won among the Jews in the metropolitan area by about the same slim margin as he did in Israel.

"I think it's pretty clear," said Allan Nadler, director of research at the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research. "It would have broken along the same lines as Giuliani-Dinkins." That is, Nadler explained, Netanyahu would have had the support of the outer boroughs (especially in the Orthodox and Hasidic communities), and Shimon Peres would have taken Manhattan.

That split could be seen in action on election night, when a Jewish scholar from Manhattan (knit yarmulke) went to Kosher Delight, a restaurant in midtown, for a hamburger. The Hasidic counterman from Brooklyn (*payes*, black velvet yarmulke) was listening to the election results on his Walkman. The minute Netanyahu took a slight lead, he let out a squeal of delight. Thereupon an argument ensued, with the Manhattan contingent speaking up for Peres and the Brooklyn people for Netanyahu.

"I was getting pretty mad," the scholar recalled, "and at one point I asked, 'How is it that you, as an Orthodox Jew, can support for Prime Minister a confessed adulterer?' " (In 1993, Netanyahu, who has been married three times, went on television to admit to having an affair.) " 'I mean, adultery is in the top ten, right? The Ten Commandments? Doesn't that matter?' The Brooklyn guy just smiled and shrugged. The truth is, they seemed to think that as long as Netanyahu makes good on his promise to close a non-kosher McDonald's or two then it's all right."

The New York "vote" is tremendously important in Israel, in terms of financial, moral, and, in more than a few cases, electoral support. (Scores of ultra-Orthodox Jews who hold dual citizenship flew to Israel for the elections, almost all to vote for Netanyahu.) But there is some irony and a great deal of complexity in the support for Netanyahu among the Hasidim and the ultra-Orthodox. Some of the leading Orthodox rabbis in Israel, like Eliezer Schach, the founder of the United Torah Judaism Party, have been liberal on security issues, even speaking out against a key Netanyahu plank, the annexation of the Golan Heights. Some experts, like Nadler, who studies the various Orthodox communities, say that Netanyahu won Orthodox support mainly for religious, not security, reasons.



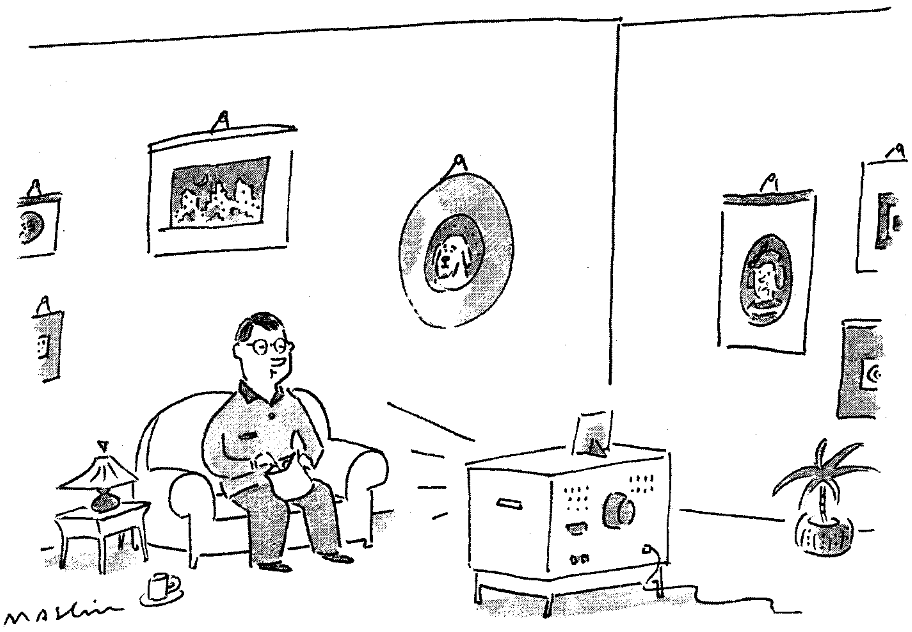
Letty Cottin Pogrebin, the former president of Americans for Peace Now, said that while she remains a liberal ("Our wing is devastated by this loss"), the New York Jewish community as a whole has got more conservative: "We belong to the American dream now, and when that happens you become personally protectionist."

Malcolm Hoenlein, the executive vice-chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, pointed out that in recent years Jews have voted for Clinton over Bush, Hugh Carey over Howard Samuels, Daniel Patrick Moynihan over Bella Abzug. "It's almost impossible to pick out a pattern," Hoenlein said. "Jews don't vote party or label anymore—they vote for the individual."

Kenneth Bialkin, the chairman of the America-Israel Friendship League, said that the pace of the Oslo peace process had split New York Jews as much as it had Israelis. "This came to a head in November, when Rabin was assassinated and there was to be a memorial at Madison Square Garden," he said. "Some wanted to pitch the memorial as a demonstration in favor of the peace process. The right didn't. In the event, the words 'peace process' were dropped. But even then they couldn't get the Zionist Organization of America to participate. So you can see the division."

Bialkin went on, "Notice how the Israelis themselves voted. When you take out of the question the Israeli Arabs, the vote

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL WITTE



"Hello, and welcome to another edition of 'Sweatshops of the Rich and Famous.' "

• •

was overwhelmingly in favor of Netanyahu. I would say the opinion of New York would parallel the opinion in Israel."

A PERSON WHO KNEADS PEOPLE

"FRANTIC and informal," Stephen Pizzella says. "That's my market." He lopes down the hall of Macromedia, the San Francisco-based software company whose Shockwave animation and audio are juicing up the look of the World Wide Web. Pizzella, a soft-spoken, mustachioed man with the swept-back hair and insouciant good looks of a forties movie villain, works as an at-desk masseur specializing in high-tech companies. Once a week, he visits the "cubes" of Macromedia's mostly Gen X engineers who are working on deadline and charges them each fifteen dollars for fifteen minutes of kneading, rubbing, and stroking.

Down the hall, past the reception desk and a playground slide that leads to the warren of the video engineers, Pizzella pulls a collapsible stool out of his black bag and places it beside the desk of Carl Rivas, a software quality-assurance engineer. "You can tell when they're beta-testing a new product," Pizzella says. "There's a lot of muscle tension in the necks."

Macromedia is currently testing half a dozen tools that it claims will, very soon, bring CD-quality audio and "astonishing" video capability to the Web. The company, which serves multimedia developers, Web designers, and consumers, boasts that there will be ten to twenty million Shockwave-enabled browsers by the end of 1996.

Not, however, without tension. "I sit in my cube all day, looking at animations that people have created using our tools," Rivas says. "My job is to try to come up with scenarios where that little dancing figure wouldn't work correctly." He gestures toward his computer screen, where a circle is spinning, and then drops his head forward. "Ah," he says to Pizzella. "Is that tight or what?"

"You've been worse," Pizzella tells him, delivering a series of soft chops to the back of his neck.

"Macromedia's in expansion mode," explains Pizzella, who's been cracking the backs of high-tech geeks since 1983. "It's high octane, kind of like Apple in 1984, back in the old days, only not so much of a cult. Apple's deal was they'd buy you juices and masseuses, you'd work a hundred hours a week, and you'd have to listen to Steve Jobs scream at you and tell you your code was shit."

Pizzella lifts up Rivas's limp arm and smiles. "I learned to take people who were jumping out of their skins and barking and calm them down," he says. "I can make a werewolf relax."

Pizzella regards the Web with skepticism. "It's fascinating, but kind of boring at the same time," he says. "For those of us who don't know what's humming underneath, it's not terribly different from TV." Still, he maintains clients at Apple as well as at Claris, Symantec, and other Silicon Valley stress factories, so the whole medium offers him a lot of opportunity.

"I manipulate the people who manipulate the information," Pizzella says. He gestures at the rows of windowless cubes, carpeted in gray, filled with computers wired to millions of other computers and blinking silently. "There are all these people surrounded by machines," he says, "and I come in to touch their bodies."

PROFESSOR AT LARGE

LEONARD JEFFRIES, the former chairman of the Black Studies Department at City College, who is obsessed with the power of the Jews and the effects of melanin on the human personality, has been keeping a low profile of late. Yet he's still wreaking havoc. This past March, as part of what C.C.N.Y. said was an austerity move, it diminished Jeffries' standing by reducing Black Studies and three other ethnic departments to the status of "programs." Jeffries thus became a tenured professor without a department—and a NIMBY problem in human form. None of the faculty seemed to want him in their back yard, though they wouldn't say so openly. When, in mid-April, the nine tenured professors of ethnic studies were distributed around the college, the Political Science Department learned that it had won the Jeffries lottery. The faculty was "appalled and enraged," according to Professor Marshall Berman. So began an intense stop-Jeffries campaign.

City College faculty and administrators have long viewed Jeffries as a millstone. "He's dragged down the level of discourse for years and years," Berman says. But Dr. J., as his students call him, was rarely challenged, since he mostly confined his bullying tactics and his outrageous theories to his own department, Black Studies. In 1992, not long after he gave a notorious speech expounding his views, the college finally removed him as chairman, though he was later returned to his position by court order.

Now Political Science was supposed to welcome him as a colleague, along with

Sherrie Baver, a professor of Latin-American and Hispanic Caribbean Studies, and Moyibi Amoda, a Jeffries loyalist who became the chairman of Black Studies when Jeffries stepped down last year. Baver, who is white, had taught courses in the Political Science Department in the past, and Amoda's own courses at least resembled political science; Jeffries, however, had taught only introductory black studies in recent years, and even that seemed less an academic exercise than a tour of his preoccupations. Thus, in the Political Science faculty's drive to keep Jeffries out, according to the department chair, Diana Gordon, "we didn't have to rest our decision solely on the fact that this is a bigot who hasn't written anything or taught anything constructive in a long time." The department's executive committee agreed to accept Amoda and Baver and reject Jeffries. But they soon feared that this decision might arouse Jeffries' backers. So, in order to avoid the impression that the department was simply trying to exclude Jeffries, the faculty ultimately decided to reject all three professors.

On May 15th, Gordon sent a memo to the college president, Yolanda Moses, explaining the department's decision. It still wasn't clear how Moses was supposed to solve the NIMBY problem. As a college spokesman notes, Jeffries had earned his Ph.D. in political science and had taught a course in the field at City College, in 1969. The department was notified that it would have to make room for him, as well as for Baver and Amoda. Berman expects the appointment to be a "disaster for the department and for the college," and fears that Jeffries will now try to "put across whatever he does as political science."

Diana Gordon blames university politics, saying, "The president, who has been strong in many ways, is a disappointment in that she sees her constituency as the Chancellor and the Chancellor's lieutenants rather than the faculty and the staff of City College." Moses declined to comment. But, unlike her predecessors, Moses has already risked the ire of militants by agreeing to reduce the ethnic departments. The simple truth was that Jeffries had to go somewhere. Had some of these scholars spoken out during the years when Jeffries was mucking up his own back yard, they might not have him in theirs now.

GOING TO GREAT LENGTHS

"All those wonderful limbs!" exclaims Sean Lavery, assistant to the ballet master in chief of the New York City Ballet. Lavery is talking about nineteen-year-old Maria Kowroski, a member of the corps who was recently chosen to perform principal roles. He is about to rehearse Kowroski and Igor Zelensky in the adagio of Balanchine's "Symphony in C" in a studio of Lincoln Center's Rose Building. Kowroski, who grew up in Grand Rapids, Michigan, sits curled up on the floor, wrapping each toe in masking tape, then stuffing paper towels into her pink toe shoes; she slips them on, ties the ribbons around her ankles, and, in a flash, she's standing in first position, legs turned out and heels forward, flush to the floor. She slowly rises from five feet eight and a half inches to about six feet on pointe, then adds another inch, thanks to that ballet dancer's imaginary pulley, which stretches the body up through the toes, legs, stomach, and neck to above the crown of the head. She is no longer human.

Maria Kowroski

As the pianist plays the sinuous Bizet score, Zelensky and Kowroski try to work out the intricate partnering. "Lean on him more—you won't fall," a soothing Lavery suggests. During a series of supported turns, each ending in a kicked-out pointed foot, Kowroski, human again, repeatedly stops, sticks out her tongue in disgust at herself, and walks in a small circle, head bent, muttering, "Shoot, shoot." Lavery graciously moves on to a different passage, and Zelensky tries to loosen her up with a few jokes. But Kowroski just barely makes it through the hour-long rehearsal before tears roll down her face.

Kowroski is blessed with what the School of American Ballet's executive director, Nathalie Gleboff, calls "a wonderful endowment." Her body, more than her technical virtuosity, has placed her in the limelight, as Suzanne Farrell's did thirty-three years ago, because it is the apotheosis of so many Balanchinean physical virtues: preposterously long, narrow arms and legs; big exclamation-point feet; a pedestal neck; and, above all, a high waist and seeming lack of muscles.

The next day in rehearsal, Nilas Martins cradles Kowroski at the start of their "Agon" pas de deux, a competition-as-seduction, with the woman the clear winner. Kowroski has been studying tapes of Diana Adams, on whom Balanchine choreographed the role in 1957, and the ghost of Adams hovers in the way she attacks, the way she whips her leg around Martins. During the complex entrance combination—set to rhythmically impossible music—Richard Tanner, a former member of the corps who is rehearsing them, asks, "Are you counting, Kowroski?" She shakes her head no. "That's terrific—you're right on the beat," he says. Her musicality is also evident in the roles of Terpsichore in "Apollo" (for which she watched tapes of Farrell) and of the Siren in "Prodigal Son." This week, she will dance a solo role in "Chaconne" and leads in "Ancient Airs and Dances" and in "Swan Lake." Kowroski may not become another Adams or Farrell, but, with any luck, balletgoers will get to watch her become herself.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SMELLING ERNEST

At Avery Fisher Hall last week, during the 24th Annual Fifi Awards—the Oscars of the fragrance industry—flashbulbs sputtered like popcorn, set off by the likes of Christie Brinkley, Iman, Priscilla Presley, Jean-Paul Gaultier, Rupert Everett, and . . . Ernest Borgnine? When someone asked Borgnine, who currently plays the doorman in TV's "The Single Guy," what perfume he was wearing, the actor whipped open his tuxedo jacket to release his personal fragrance. "How's that?" he beamed. "Smell good? I've worn this for years, something I picked up down in Mexico. It's called . . . It's called . . ." He turned to his wife, Tova. "What the hell's it called?" They conferred. After a moment, he announced triumphantly, "Flor de Naranja." Orange-flower water. A small crowd lined up to catch a whiff, and Borgnine was implored to open his jacket again, which he did, amiably. ♦

"Straw Vote: Knits vs. Velvets," David Remnick; "A Person Who Kneads People," Sara Miles; "Professor at Large," James Traub; "Going to Great Lengths," Diane Rafferty; "The Importance of Smelling Ernest," Liesl Schillinger.

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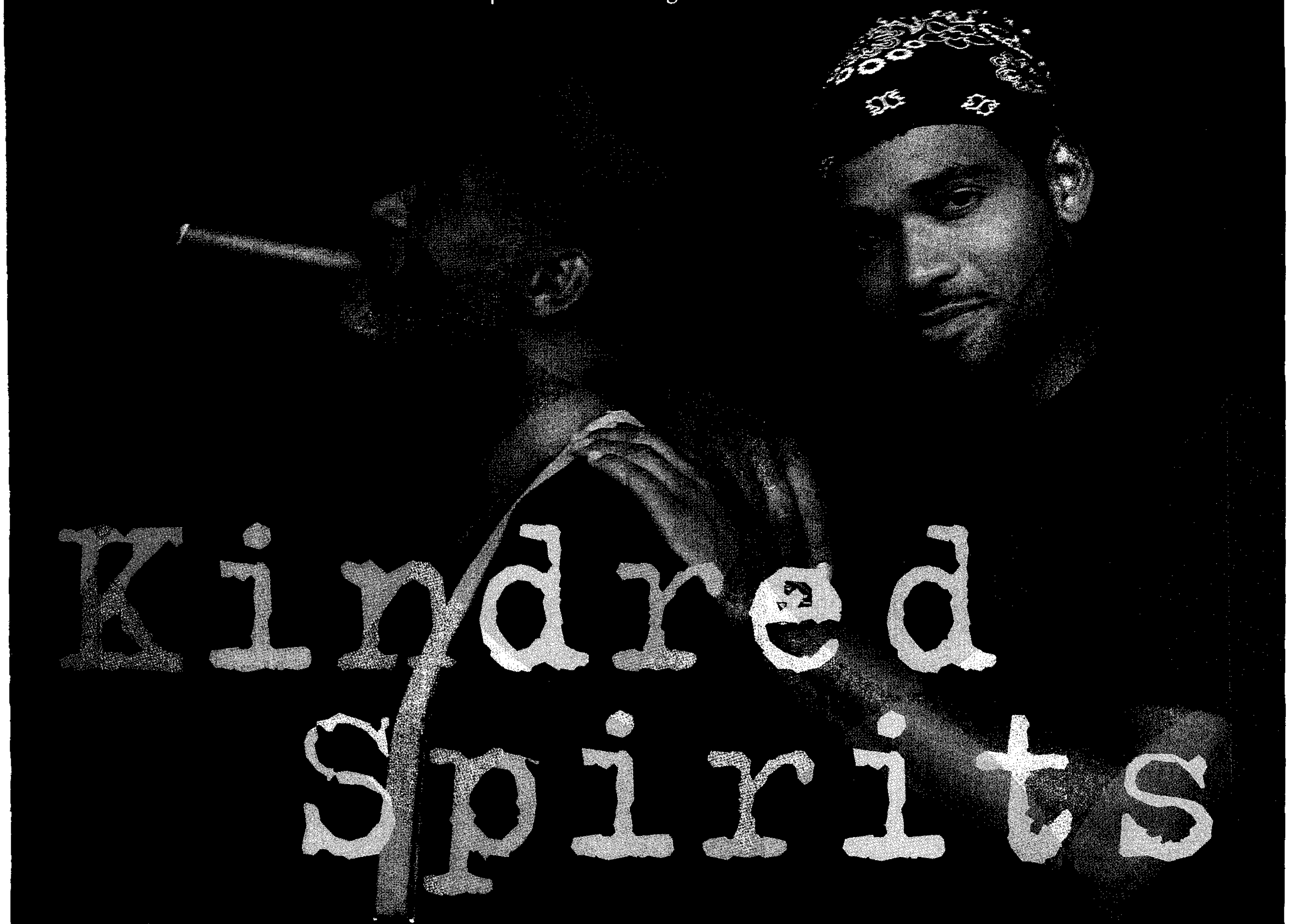

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Fathers & Sons

by Ralph DiGennaro

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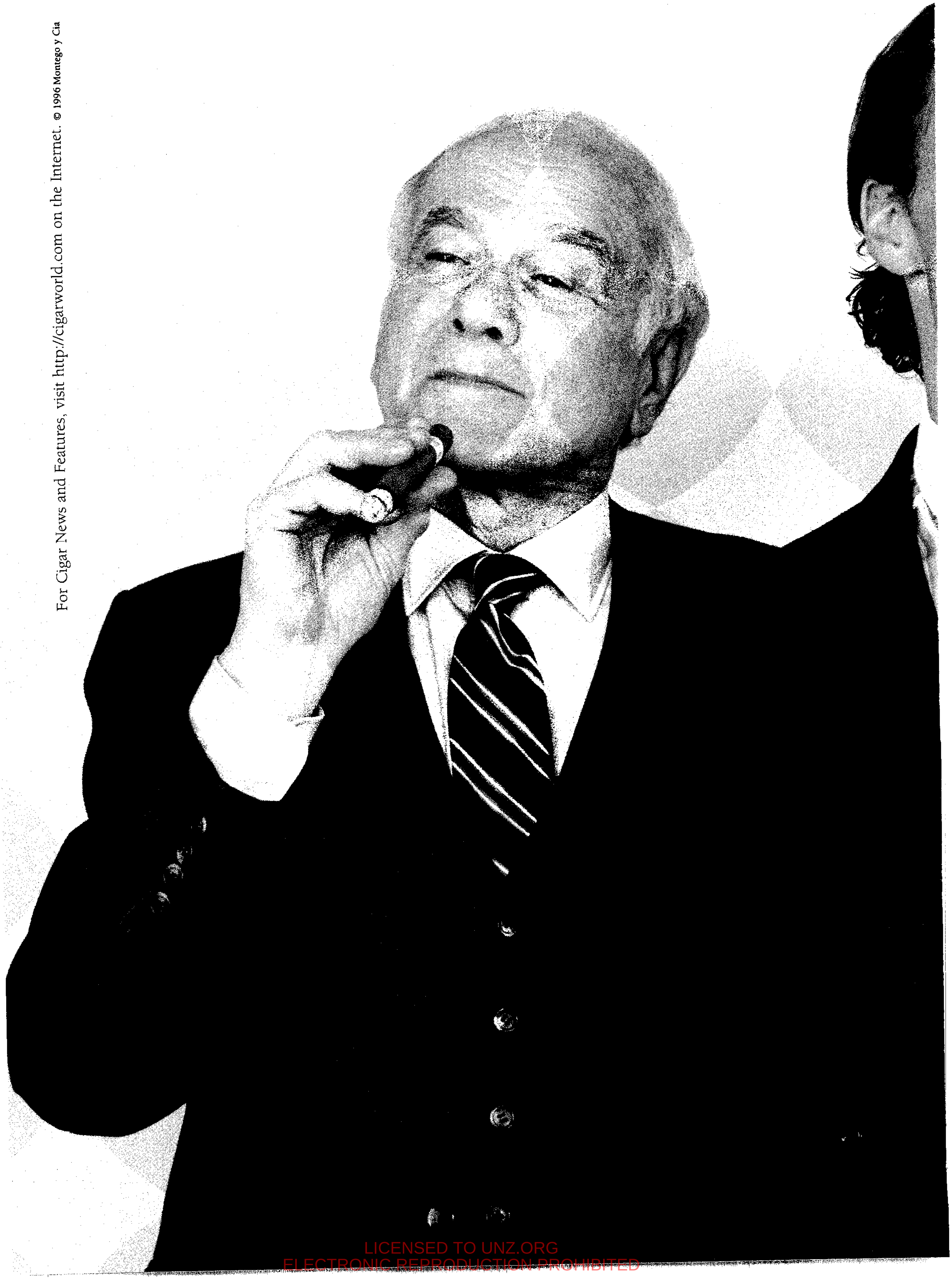
Melvin and Mario Van Peebles

Talent and versatility appear to run in the Van Peebles family, of which Melvin has been given a lion's share, virtues he thoughtfully handed down to son Mario. Consider Melvin: Singer, songwriter, playwright, reporter, novelist, actor, director, occasional Wall Street bond trader. Mario: Fashion model, actor, director, screenwriter, soundtrack producer. Kindred spirits indeed, father and son have worked in three successive movies together thus far. Says Mario, who stars in the action film *Solo* due out this summer: "I love working with my Dad. It's a constant learning experience. But as I get older, he seems to be getting smarter. Go figure." As for Melvin, he will reprise the Scatman Crothers title role in the remake of *The Shining* set for late 1996 release, just one of many projects the Tony, Emmy, and Grammy Award winner is juggling.



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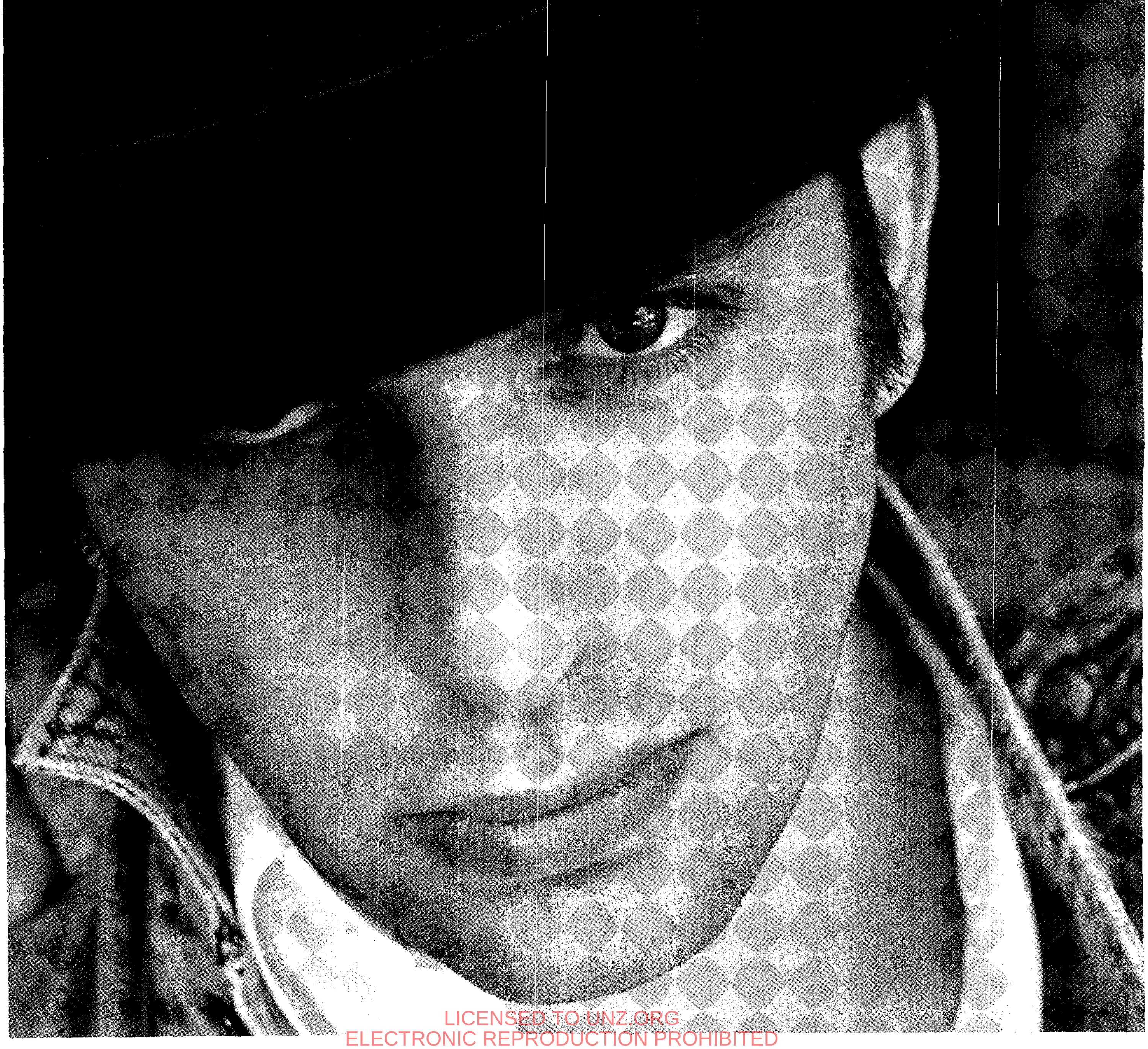
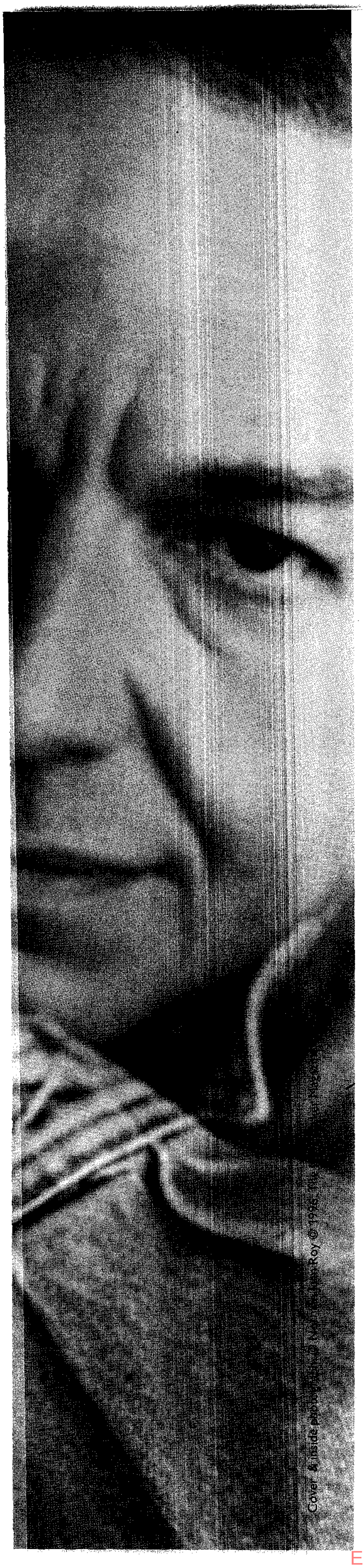
The beauty of decay has never been lost on John Saladino, whose fondness for corroded surfaces and the odd juxtaposition of old and new spawned the neo-classical movement in interior design. A gifted landscape designer and prolific gardener as well, Saladino may soon "reinvent himself" as he considers relocating from New York to his hillside Santa Barbara home overlooking the Pacific, leaving his New York-based design firm in the hands of son Graham, 24, who confesses to being a chip off the old Ionic column block. "We're a perfect combination," says Graham. "He has these insights and great vision for the here and now. I'm more concerned with what's down the road for the next 10 to 20 years." Counters John: "He does tend to have the larger picture in view. And I'm emotional, he's calculating. But he did go through a testosterone period of rebellion flying from the nest...only it wasn't as a robin but more like an eagle."





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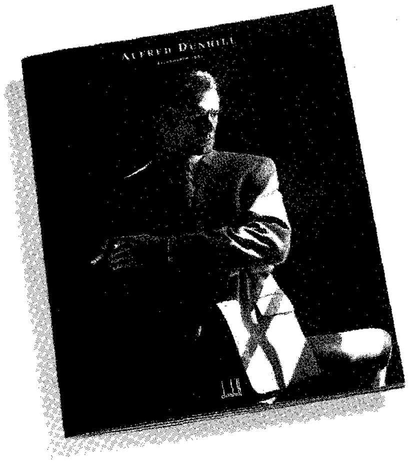
Catalogue cover photo by Rodney Smith.

ALFRED DUNHILL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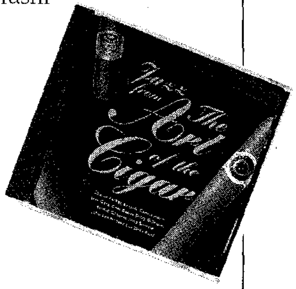
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Sirio, Mario, Marco and Mauro Maccioni

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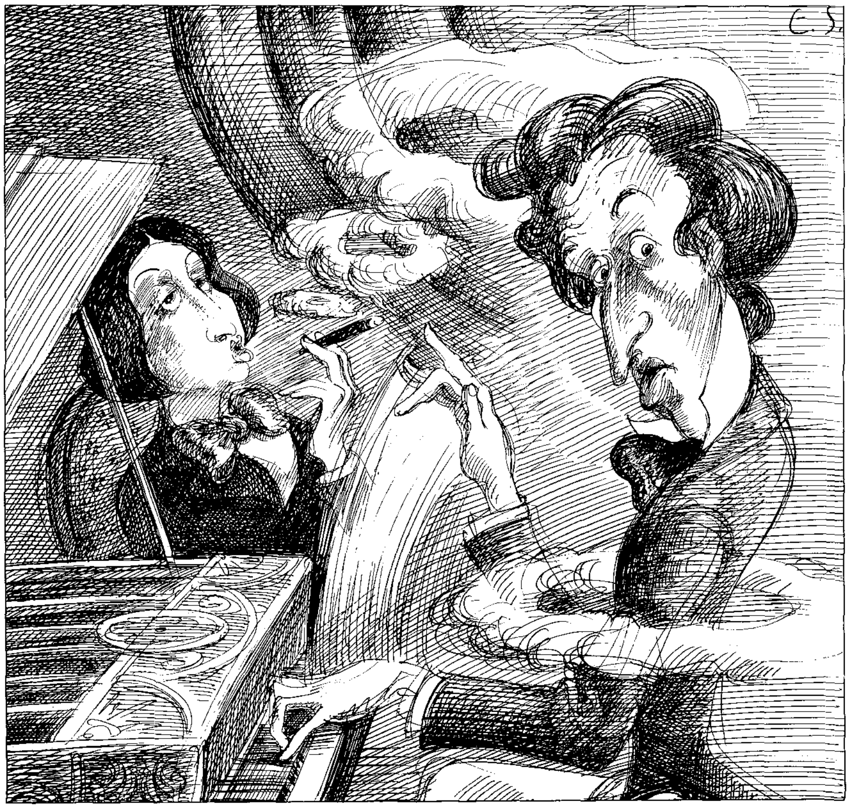
© Henny Garfunkel



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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THIS YEAR'S MODEL

Does Bill Clinton mean what he says, or is he just saying what it takes to win?

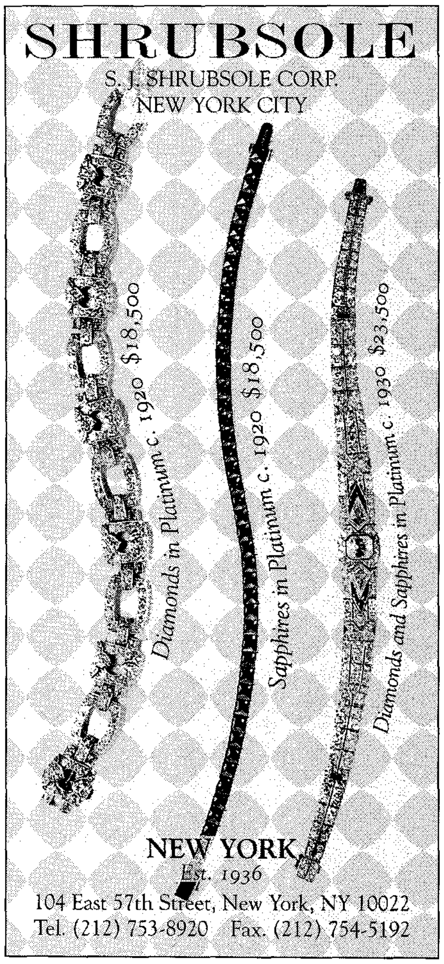
BY MICHAEL KELLY

BILL CLINTON won the 1992 election by conflating in his New Democratic self the brilliant, vague, tenuous promise of both traditional "liberal" Democratic populism, which is rooted in issues of class in the economic sense, and modern "conservative" Republican populism, which is rooted in issues of class in the social sense. During his first year in office, the President presented a deficit-slimming budget that pleased the bond market and ginned up the economy, but did so by abandoning his promise of a middle-class tax cut, increasing the gasoline tax, and raising taxes on upper incomes. Simultaneously, he put forward a sixteen-billion-dollar spending program that was greeted by conservative critics as classic old Democrat vote-buying and by liberal critics as a miserly failure to deliver on his campaign promises of big-money, big-government activism. He walked away from his commitment to national welfare reform, and put the Administration's energies, instead, behind an elaborate plan to have the government manage and guarantee the private delivery of medical care—a plan that failed to pass Congress. Somewhat reluctantly, he backed the open admission of homosexuals in the armed forces, and then, under fire, retreated from the idea. He forsook his commitment to cleanse politics and government of the corrupting influences of business interests and pressure groups, and presided over a Democratic Party that achieved new records in raising soft money and over an Administration that at least matched the previous recordholder, the Bush Administration, in ambassador-peddling. He named to high positions a number of people—Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders and Assistant Secretary for Fair Housing and Equal Opportunity Roberta Achtenberg were two of the most notable—who seemed at times to appreciate government service largely for the opportunities it afforded to shock the bourgeoisie. In short, Clinton did everything he could to lose the support of those who based their vote for him on their pocketbooks *and* of those who based their vote for him on their cultural values.

This remarkable performance ushered in the elections of 1994, in which voters across the country repudiated the Democrats, and, by extension, the Democratic President. In the aftermath of that disaster, Clinton turned away from the electoral team that had helped him win in 1992—the strategists James Carville and Paul Begala, the ad-maker Mandy Grunwald, and the pollster Stan Greenberg—and elevated a new crew, under the direction of the politically am-

TOM BACHTELL

Clinton: Currently in tune with the working stiff.



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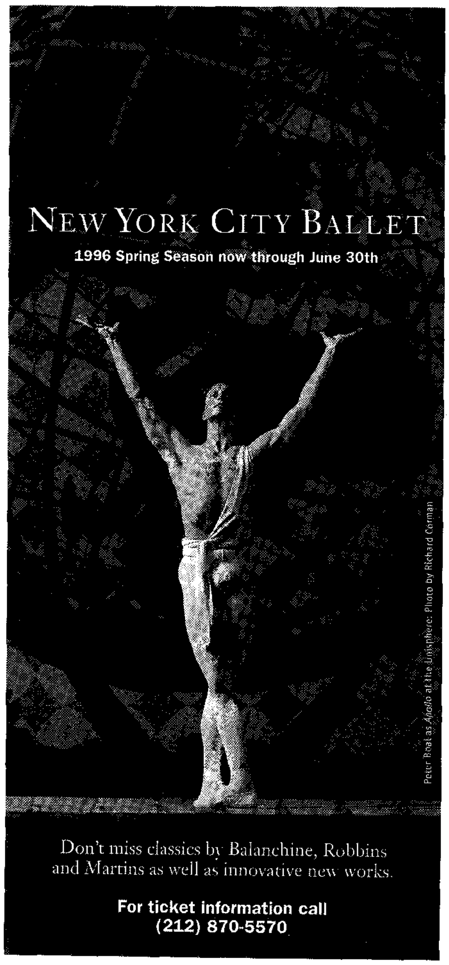

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bidextrous Dick Morris. Morris, who had helped resurrect Clinton after the other inglorious defeat of his career—in the 1980 Arkansas gubernatorial race—set out to refashion him along the lines that had proved winning in 1992, combining again in the person of politics' most talented salesman the pitches of both economic populism and social populism. This strategy has by now been taken to breathtaking lengths.

In the past year, the President as economic populist has defeated Republican budget-balancing proposals and savaged the Republican Congress with demagogic charges that the G.O.P. was seeking to destroy Medicare; strong-armed the now demoralized House into passing an increase in the minimum wage; promised to repeal his 1993 gasoline tax; beat back a Republican attack on his earned-income tax credit for working-poor families; supported a Republican proposal to grant families annual tax credits of five hundred dollars per child; extended government payments to Vietnam veterans who suffer from prostate cancer or a rare nerve disease that many of the veterans believe results from their exposure to the chemical defoliant Agent Orange, in southeast Asia; revived an old Bush proposal to grant college scholarships to top academic performers among high-school seniors; asked Congress to pass a law granting an annual ten-thousand-dollar federal tax deduction per household for money spent on post-high-school education; and, last week, at Morris's urging and against the counsel of his economic advisers, expanded that proposal to include granting tax credits of fifteen hundred dollars annually toward two years of college tuition.

In the last six months, the President as social populist has promulgated a "one strike and you're out" rule for people who have committed a violent or drug-related crime while living in public housing; praised the imposition of nighttime curfews on minors in big cities; supported a proposal to require public-school students to wear uniforms; signed a law restricting the habeas-corpus rights of prisoners, particularly the rights of death-row inmates to file appeals; signed a law allowing the government to deport suspected terrorists and illegal aliens without judicial review; hauled Hollywood and New York entertainment moguls to Washington for a lecture on violence and family values; signed a law requiring a "V chip" system that will allow parents to block out television shows that are too violent or too sexy; indicated that he would give federal approval to a plan by the Republican governor of Wisconsin, Tommy G. Thompson, to end welfare as an entitlement in that state; suggested (through the White House spokesman Michael McCurry) that he might request the resignation of the liberal New York federal judge Harold Baer, Jr., after Baer's unpopular decision to throw out an open-and-shut cocaine-distribution case on a search-and-seizure technicality; signed a law requiring states to notify communities when paroled or released sex offenders move into the neighborhood; claimed authorship of a plan to subject welfare recipients to random drug testing; promised to sign a bill that would allow a state not to recognize homosexual marriages performed in another state and that would deny federal marriage benefits to homosexual couples even in states where such marriages are recognized; put forward a plan that Administration officials have said would impose sharp restrictions on federal affirmative-action programs in awarding government contracts; launched a splashy White House anti-drug campaign after three years of inaction on the subject; and, most famously, declared to Congress and to the nation that "the era of big government is over."

On an immediate political level, the Clinton-Morris strategy is undeniably clever. It allows the President to deploy the wedge issues of economic populism against the Republicans while blunting the Republicans' ability to use the wedge issues of social populism against him. This is the mirror image of the strategy that Ronald Reagan and the late Lee Atwater crafted to reshape the G.O.P. into a majority party—the party of the working stiff—and there is no reason it cannot work for a Democrat, too. Just as the Democrats found it impossible to successfully portray the tax-cutting Reagan as the economic enemy of the working classes, so now Republicans are finding it a tough sell to portray Clinton as the cultural enemy of the working classes. In 1988, George Bush defeated Michael Dukakis with a strategy that successfully depicted Dukakis as a reflexive liberal whose cultural values were out of line with those of the majority of voters. In wedge-issue shorthand, this was expressed in the Republicans' exposure of the fact that Dukakis, as governor of Massachusetts, had supported a system that allowed first-degree murderers serving sentences of life without parole to leave prison for unguarded weekend furloughs. One such prisoner, Willie Horton, used his furlough to escape to Maryland, where he committed a horrific assault on a young couple, repeatedly raping the woman and beating the man over a period of hours. The Dukakis reaction was to dismiss the Willie Horton issue as mere pandering—divisive and illegitimate. This was, to understate the case, ineffective.

In 1992, Bill Clinton was careful to avoid Dukakis's mistake, to the point of interrupting his Presidential campaign, only weeks before the New Hampshire primary, in order to fly home to Arkansas and preside over the execution of a murderer who was mentally retarded. But Clinton's early White House performance led Dole and his advisers to hope that the President had forgotten the lessons of the past. As the Republicans entered the 1996 campaign, anticipating a replay of 1988, they planned to wedge-issue Clinton on four principal fronts: crime, welfare, affirmative action, and family values. But Clinton and his Morris-led political team had another scenario in mind. "They want to replay 1988 over and over, but we're not going to play," Ann Lewis, Clinton's deputy campaign manager, told me last week. "They think they're Lucy with the football, and we're going to be Charlie Brown. But, contrary to myth, Democrats can learn."

Clinton's political advisers decided that they would run their candidate not as Dukakis in '88 but as Reagan in '84, which Lewis calls "the model for how to reëlect a President"—a campaign based in part on an offensive effort to keep the opposition from making effective use of its traditional wedge issues. For Reagan, the accomplishment of this goal meant coöpting the Democrats' economic populism—a feat he pulled off through a sunny "Morning in America" campaign, which made Democratic charges that Reagan's economic policies were widening class differences seem small and sour-mouthed. For Clinton, the trick will be to do the same, only in reverse: to coöpt the Republicans' social populism by out-wedge-issuing them—or at least by throwing up enough chaff to confuse things—in the four chosen areas of crime, welfare, affirmative action, and family values.

One Clinton strategist uses a historical reference to explain what the President is trying to do. Democratic populism, he says, is rooted in William Jennings Bryan's anti-Wall Street "Cross of Gold" speech at the 1896 Democratic National Convention, and Republican populism is rooted in the cultural struggle epitomized by the 1925 trial of the Tennessee biology teacher John Thomas Scopes, who was prosecuted (by Bryan, as a matter of odd circumstance) for teaching evolution theory. "Historically, we have always run the 'Cross of Gold' against the Republicans, and they have always run the Scopes trial against us," the Clinton strategist observes. "What we are trying to do now is not a question of trading 'Cross' for Scopes but adding Scopes to 'Cross.' For the last twenty-five years, we Democrats treated the Scopes-trial issues as land mines to avoid. We never wanted to deal with them. We refused to acknowledge the degree to which the policies were broken. The posture we adopted was to denigrate what people wanted, and we were wrong about that, and the political costs of that were huge to Democrats. Our strategy now is to engage on these issues, to come out of denial, to look at such potentially divisive issues as school prayer, welfare, and affirmative action and ask how in tune our policies are with the people's values."

So far, the Administration official boasts, the Clinton campaign strategy has succeeded in neutralizing the Republican attack. "They're running crime, judges, welfare, and gays at us, and they're not going anywhere, because we're not running away from these things the way we used to. Those are the issues we've engaged on. Even welfare hasn't made a blip so far," he says. "And there isn't any Willie Horton out there so long as we continue to engage." The strategy pays an extra dividend, he adds, one that the Republicans have known about for a long time: it's cheap. "If you're making the Scopes argument, all you have to do is tell people you agree with them; you don't have to do anything for them," he says. "If you're making the 'Cross of Gold' argument, you have to actually do something for them."

IN theory, at least, Clinton's approach is legitimate, even laudable. It can be reasonably argued that the President is simply trying to restore liberalism to its New Deal position as the nation's mainstream political philosophy. Moreover, the Clinton approach is, again in theory, not only good politics but also good government: a sensible majoritarianism that acknowledges the excesses of social engineering while guarding against conservatism's tendency to abandon the state's role in protecting its citizens from the depradations of mercantilism and the vicissitudes of fate.

The question is whether Clinton means what he says or is merely adapting his rhetoric to fit the fashion of the times. Barring some ground-shifting event—the indictment of either of the Clintons or of senior aides on Whitewater or Travelgate-related offenses, the collapse of the American peacekeeping effort in Bosnia—the 1996 election will be decided on this question. Clinton, who on social issues such as crime and welfare is running as a fairly conservative Republican—to the left of Pat Buchanan but to the right of, say, George Bush—is betting that he can convince a sufficient number of swing voters that he honestly subscribes to this position. Dole is hoping that he can persuade a sufficient number of swing voters that Clinton's cultural conservatism is a passing electoral fancy, and that the President will revert to 1993 form once he no longer faces the prospect of having to run for reëlection.

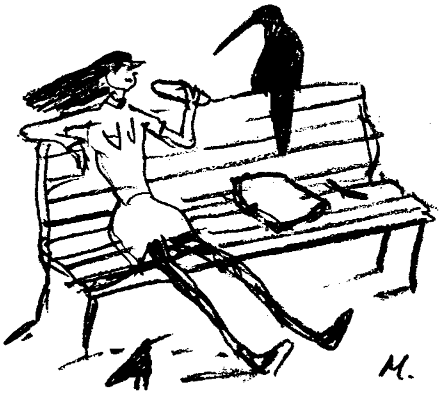
What is the truth? The Clinton people argue that their man has been a model of principled consistency, and point to a history of Clinton statements supporting his current positions on such issues as welfare reform and crime. But the problem with Clinton is that he is, in this regard, Biblical. You can find, in the vast record of his utterances, a quote to support almost anything, it sometimes seems. The real issue, however, is not so much consistency in rhetoric but consistency between rhetoric and action. Republicans like to say that the President talks right and governs left, but this is an inadequate description. It would be more precise to say that he sometimes talks right and governs left, sometimes talks right and governs right, sometimes talks left and governs right, and very occasionally even talks left and governs left. There are two ways of looking at this. One possibility is that Clinton is a visionary. The other possibility is that his positioning on any issue depends on a fine calculation involving a number of factors: what the polls say the voters want, what the core Democratic interest groups say they want, what the differences are between the two, and whether, in a particular case, it makes more sense to elide these differences or to exploit them. Dole hopes to convince voters of the latter idea, and he has some evidence to work with.

Consider the Clinton record in the battleground areas of crime and welfare reform. On crime, Clinton was unequivocally hard-nosed throughout his 1992 campaign. And today, with the crime rate in decline, he can boast of accomplishments that are commensurate with what he promised. He can boast, as he did in a recent speech in New Orleans, of pushing through a 1994 crime bill "to put one hundred thousand police officers on the streets," and of taking on the gun lobby with a law that banned nineteen types of assault weapons and with the Brady Bill, which requires a waiting period and background checks for those who wish to buy handguns.

But there is less here than meets the ear. Take the "hundred thousand police officers on the streets" brag, of which Clinton never tires. Several weeks ago, Republicans pointed out that the 1994 crime bill had failed to put anything close to a hundred thousand cops in uniform. In response, the White House conceded that the hundred-thousand figure was not accurate. The Presidential adviser George Stephanopoulos said that shortly there would be forty-three thousand officers funded and on the streets. Then Attorney General Janet Reno said that forty-three thousand positions had actually been funded but only seventeen thousand officers had been hired and deployed. But these embarrassing admissions haven't stopped Clinton from continuing to use the "hundred thousand" figure. He delivered the New Orleans speech some two weeks after Reno's correction of the record.

How does Clinton finesse the discrepancy between what he seems to be claiming and the more modest truth? One of the President's singular talents as an orator is to cloak the lawyerly within the preacherly, to hide within language of great sweep and promise statements of fact that serve as mitigating clauses. For instance, in the New Orleans speech, Clinton talked about how he had "worked so hard to pass the crime bill, to put one hundred thousand police officers on the streets." The ear tends to hear that the President has put a hundred thousand police officers on the streets. But the sentence does not say this; it says only that the President worked to pass a bill that called for this to happen. Several sentences later, Clinton returned to the subject, saying, "I am committed to keeping on until we have every one of those one hundred thousand police officers in a uniform walking the street, getting the crime rate down, making people feel safe." This sentence is really an escape hatch, a concealed admission that Clinton has, in fact, *not* put a hundred thousand police officers in uniform. He is simply "committed to keeping on" until he achieves this goal.

ON the issue of welfare, a similar pattern can be seen. On May 18th, three days before Bob Dole was scheduled to travel to Wisconsin and embrace the radical welfare-reform plan proposed by Governor Thompson, Clinton devoted his weekly radio speech to the subject. He reminded listeners that in 1992 he had "challenged America to end welfare as we know it," and he went on to say that during the last three years his Administration had encouraged thirty-eight states to reform their welfare programs, bringing "work and responsibility back to the lives of seventy-five per cent of the Americans on welfare"—a claim so grandiose as to be meaningless. Thanks to the "quiet revolution" his Administration had spurred, Clinton said, the welfare rolls had been trimmed by one million three hundred thousand people. The President went on to praise the Wisconsin plan and pledged to "work with Wisconsin to make an effective transition to a new vision of welfare based on work, that protects children and does right by working people and their families."



Again, sorting out the truth requires a careful parsing of rhetoric and history. Clinton's recollection of his 1992 challenge to America "to end welfare as we know it" implied that he had intended to leave the job of reforming welfare to the governors and legislatures of the states. In fact, the thrust of Clinton's 1992 campaign promises was that his Administration would change the entire national system of welfare. Campaign officials were given to tossing about the Draconian phrase "two years and you're off." But, as David T. Ellwood, an academic specialist on welfare reform whom Clinton appointed in 1993 as an Assistant Secretary of Health and Human Services, writes in the current issue of *The American Prospect*, Clinton never really intended to impose such a sharp cutoff of welfare entitlements. "The problem, of course, is that 'two years and you're off' seems to imply no help at all after two years," Ellwood writes. "That is never what was intended." Indeed, in the Administration's first two years, Ellwood notes, "only a tiny handful of people in the White House really cared deeply about the issue," and the White House sent no welfare-reform bill to Capitol Hill. When a Clinton welfare bill finally reached Congress, in the summer of 1994, Ellwood recalls, there was "relatively little fanfare," and the measure died.

Not once in his radio address did the President mention this ambiguous history. Nor did he mention that he has vetoed two congressional welfare-reform bills in the last two years, in one case having first endorsed the measure. Nor, in boasting of his record of granting welfare-reform waivers to states, did Clinton mention that the Administration had often delayed granting such waivers (Republican governors claim that the average delay took two hundred and ten days), and in a number of cases had granted them only after forcing states to back away from some of their more ambitious proposals.

Finally, the President's endorsement of the Wisconsin plan wasn't really an endorsement. Nowhere did Clinton say that he would actually approve a waiver for the plan. He pledged merely to "work with" Wisconsin toward a new welfare system that, among other things, "protects children"—a phrase that could turn out to be an escape clause if the President ultimately refuses Wisconsin a waiver. Within hours of the speech, White House officials were telling reporters that there remained "issues" to be negotiated before the Administration could approve the Wisconsin plan, and as of late last week Wisconsin officials were still awaiting word from the White House that their waiver would be granted.

But in other areas where public opinion is passionately one-sided, Clinton deviates from the talk-right-govern-left tactic. On issues of criminal rights and liberties—what might be called Willie Horton issues—the President has, in recent months, gone so far to the right that he has been willing to back measures of dubious constitutionality. He made a big White House show of signing the federal version of Megan's Law, which orders states to inform communities when child molesters released from prison move in, and similarly staged a signing ceremony for the recently passed Republican crime bill, which contains antiterrorist measures and restrictions on the habeas-corpus rights of death-row prisoners that some civil libertarians have denounced. Last fall, when the Republican Congress rejected the United States Sentencing Commission's recommendation that guidelines be changed to eliminate the disparity in sentences for drug offenses involving crack cocaine and those involving powder cocaine, Clinton sided with the Republicans. The White House is currently considering backing a Republican bill for a "victims' rights" amendment to the Constitution.

Increasingly, civil libertarians have come to believe that Clinton is deliberately trying to goad them into denouncing him. The director of the legislative office of the American Civil Liberties Union, Laura W. Murphy, says that the President is engaged in "a disastrous manipulation of civil-liberties issues," and that the Presidential adviser Rahm Emanuel as much as admitted to her the Administration's strategy. "I ran into Rahm at Ron Brown's funeral, and I said, 'Rahm, why are you beating up on the A.C.L.U. just like George Bush did?' " Murphy told me. "And he said, and I quote, 'Go ahead and get angry at us. That's good. Fight back publicly. That's good for us.' " Emanuel says that his conversation with Murphy was limited to a brief exchange on the White House's support of the antiterrorist measures.

David Mixner, a gay-rights activist and former Clinton Administration fund-raiser, calls the President's rush to promise to sign the Defense of Marriage Act—which would effectively deny legal recognition of homosexual marriages across the country—"an ugly, vicious act" and "one of the most immoral things I've ever seen him do." But Mixner says that he still plans to vote for Clinton in the fall, and admits that this proves that "politically he did the right thing. They made a correct calculation that they could do this to us and get away with it."

Mixner's nose-holding decision suggests what may be the beauty of Clinton's '96 strategy. In the end, it may be that the President won't have to fool most of the people most of the time, or even any of the people any of the time. Everybody knows what he is up to, and it is perhaps because of this that some will vote for him. You vote for Dole, and you get what you get. You vote for Clinton, and who knows what you'll get? Maybe he'll turn again—back your way. A Clinton adviser, speaking of the President's promise to ban gay marriages, offers a quiet acknowledgment of the true lure of Clintonism. "Maybe if everybody was on sodium pentothal around here, he would say to gays that gay marriage was something they will get in ten years, fifteen years. But the answer today is no."

For an ever-changing President in an ever-changing time, "the answer today" isn't just a phrase. It's a philosophy. ◆

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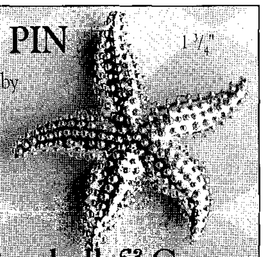

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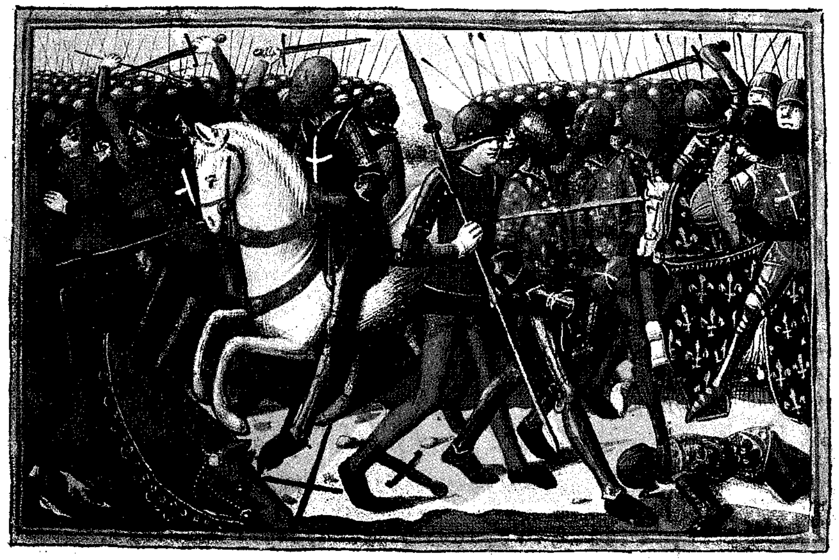
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

TAKE NO PRISONERS

How would Henry V have fared at the war-crimes tribunal in The Hague?

BY LAWRENCE WESCHLER

AT the climax of the legendary victory that King Henry V's hopelessly outnumbered English troops wrested from their French counterparts on the fields of Agincourt, in 1415, there occurred an atrocity on a scale and of a horror almost unimaginable, even by contemporary standards. When Shakespeare came around to treating the famous triumph in "Henry V," composed almost two centuries after the fact, he did not shy away from confronting the scene; indeed, it may constitute the defining moment of his staging of the battle. But just as, in the centuries since, the incident itself gradually receded from public consciousness—as the name "Agincourt" grew increasingly synonymous with an unalloyed sense of national pride—so Shakespeare's treatment of the scene began to fall out of productions of the play. Neither Laurence Olivier nor Kenneth Branagh, for instance, included the slightest allusion to it in their film versions, of 1944 and 1989, respectively: perhaps it seemed too starkly upending of the generally rising tone of celebration and pageantry—the sickening thud you might momentarily experience while on a breezy midnight drive through country lanes. (What was *that*? A branch? A deer? Something worse? Never mind, it's late, nothing to be done, just keep going and try not to think about it.)



Agincourt: As patriotism eclipsed atrocity, Shakespeare's crucial scene was dropped.

BRIDGEMAN/ART RESOURCE, NY

The director Douglas Hughes and his star, André Braugher, however, have decided to put the incident, with its relevant adjacent scenes, back into the middle of their coming production of "Henry V," previewing next week as this summer's first installment of the New York Shakespeare Festival's Central Park season. I recently sat in on some rehearsals.

"MY own first experience of the play was with the Olivier and Branagh films," Braugher commented the other morning, as the production's company was gradually filing into their rehearsal space downtown at the Public Theatre. At thirty-three, Braugher is a powerful presence—a forceful, uncannily poised man, given to expansive self-mockery. "But the more Douglas and I burrowed into the play and its literature, the more I realized that it's not just a national anthem in five acts, and Henry's not some oversize grad with a giant 'H' on his chest—the conquering frat boy," he went on. "The play's rather about the journey taken by this prideful, strutting boy, at

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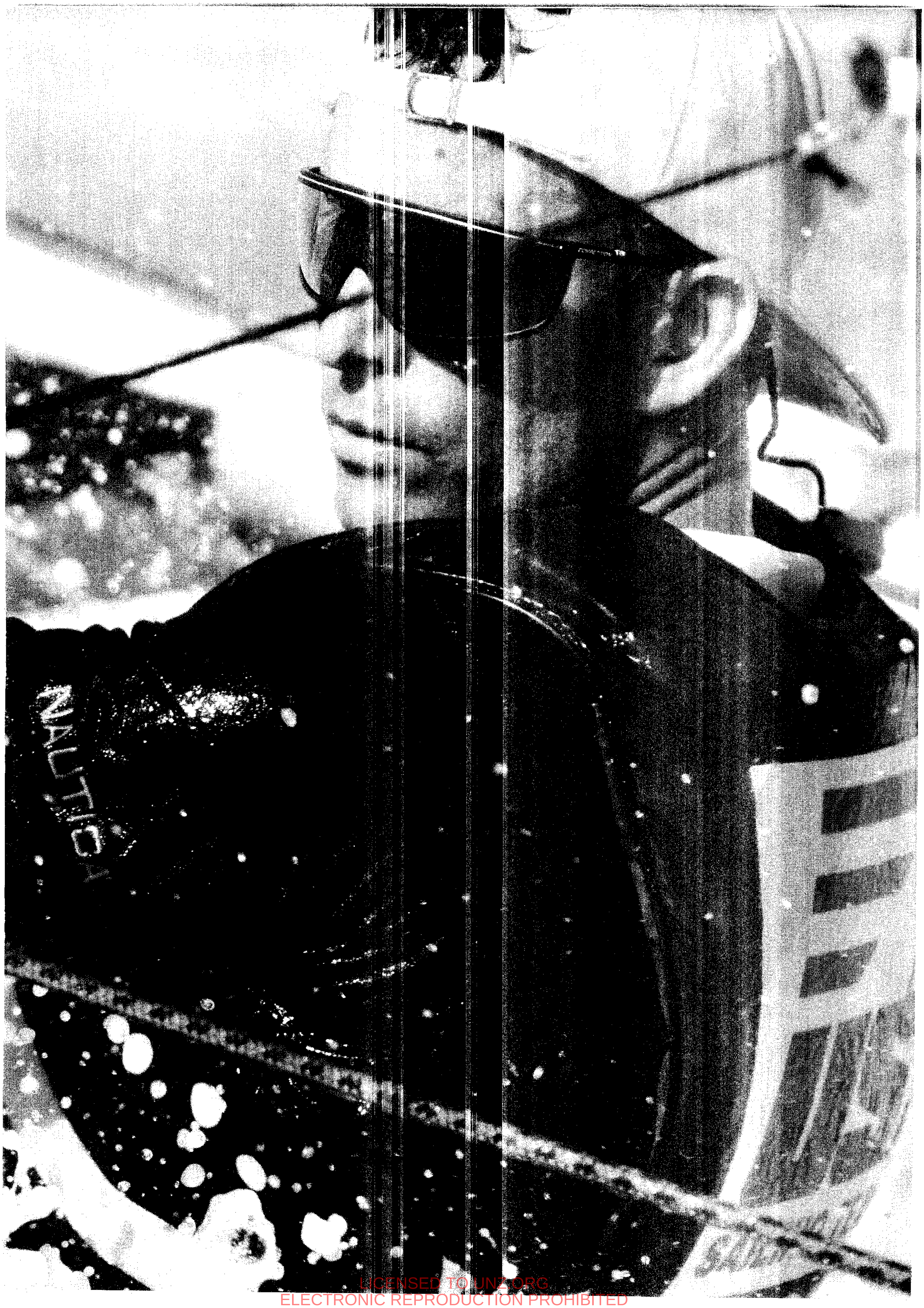
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the outset playacting at being the King, with all that title's lavish trappings, till at the end he's a humbled man who *is* King and knows he will one day—and, in fact, as it happens, quite soon—be meeting his Maker, armed only with his self." Most renditions of the play have tended to assume that whatever growing is to be done has already occurred in the two prior plays, when the determinedly delinquent Prince Harry, or Hal, as he's affectionately known to his rascally sidekicks—Falstaff and Pistol and Bardolph and all the rest—renounces that life in assuming his father's mantle at the conclusion of "Henry IV, Part II." Braugher said, "But that's nonsense. If the journey had ended there, there'd have been no play here."

"We didn't want a Henry who was some kind of military superman," Hughes concurred as he came over to join us. Braugher excused himself and went to consult with the fight choreographer. "The Henry in the text is, rather, somebody who's by no means completely sure of himself. And, in fact, the whole middle portion of the play—the scenes within France leading up to and through the battle—are for him like some extended performance-anxiety nightmare. He's riddled with doubts: Am I worthy? What am I doing here? Far from being certain of his claim to the crown of France, he's not even sure of his right to the crown of England."

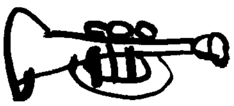
It occurred to me, as Hughes said this, that with this production he and Braugher are at similarly hinge moments in their own rapidly vaulting careers.

"It was clear there was a lot more going on under the surface of the play than is sometimes thought," Hughes went on. "But the deeper one dug into it, the more confusing it seemed to become—in part because of the density of fairly arcane historical reference. Which is where your Professor Meron's book proved so extravagantly helpful."

Professor Theodor Meron, that is, of the N.Y.U. School of Law—a leading scholar of international humanitarian law and, specifically, the evolution and application of the laws of war. And *my* Professor Meron because, as it happened, it was through him that I'd heard about this production in the first place.

I'd come to know Ted Meron over the last year, while I was covering the Yugoslav War Crimes Tribunal, in The Hague, where he has been advising the chief prosecutor. He had been inordinately helpful to me in providing background on some of the finer points of jurisdiction and proper procedure as they pertained to the work currently under way there, but what he *really* liked to talk about was Shakespeare—a relatively recent rapture in his extended career, and the subject of his 1993 book, "Henry's Wars and Shakespeare's Laws: Perspectives on the Law of War in the Later Middle Ages" (Oxford University Press), which Hughes in turn first heard about through his lawyer girlfriend.

I SUPPOSE that to the extent I had thought about it at all it hadn't particularly occurred to me that there was *any* law of war in the later Middle Ages. What with the various Hague and Geneva conventions, the Nuremberg proscription of crimes against humanity, and the subsequent conventions against genocide, torture, and the like, I figured that such attempts to limit human violence by imposing a system of legal accountability, halting though they may be, were a relatively recent achievement in human history, and, conversely, that anything before, say, the mid-nineteenth century must have been pure, unmediated mayhem. This last, in particular, was a notion that Meron used to enjoy disabusing me of during breaks at the tribunal in The Hague.



"Actually, during the Middle Ages there was an extremely rich normative system of military law, enforced across boundaries and often honored far more than anything we have today," he told me. Meron, at sixty-six, is a survivor of the Holocaust whose daily work now forces him to spend hours gazing upon some of the most vile manifestations of the human spirit. Yet he could become positively spry as he turned his mind to things medieval. He went on to enumerate the whole range of conventions that nowadays fall under the general rubric of the chivalric codes. These rules were customary, which is to say that they were largely unwritten, but they were occasionally enshrined in official ordinances, such as the ones that Henry himself decreed during the French campaigns. They articulated, for the most part, what constituted fair and honorable combat between Christian knights; indeed, they involved obligations incurred between individuals rather than between armies or states—both between combatants, that is, and between vassals and their lords. Not that such strictures were always observed—far from it—but they were there as guideposts, and the question of honor was taken very seriously. There were, for instance, strict protocols dealing with the granting of quarter—how one knight was to accept the surrender, when offered, of another; and how the surrendering knight could expect, and even demand, decent treatment and protection, while the vanquishing knight could, in turn, expect a substantial ransom. In fact, elaborate conventions on ransom-giving and -taking were at the heart of the whole system, much more so, probably, than any qualms of mercy.

Gradually, however, the system began to break down—for two principal reasons, according to Meron. First, because of technological advances—initially, as at Agincourt, archery, but later artillery and gunfire—that led to a decline in face-to-face combat, and, with it, a decline in the possibility of capture and ransom. And then because of the breakup of the unified Christian culture in Europe; the same knights had completely ignored such rules on the Crusades, for example, during their often quite brutal engagements with the infidel Arabs, and when they began seeing one another as infidels, in the wake of the Reformation, they began ignoring those rules in their own internecine religious conflicts as well.

But all the while these chivalric codes were generating quite a remarkable literature of supple, scholarly commentary. In fact, the more the observance of the chivalric norms seemed to fall away, the richer the literature about them seemed to become, almost as if in desperation. "And it's against that backdrop that Shakespeare himself enters the scene, in the late fifteen-hundreds and early sixteen-hundreds," Meron now said. "If you happen to approach him from the point of view of a historian of international law, you find that he can provide a quite unparalleled optic.

"For example, in 'Henry V' Shakespeare affords a vast retrospective panorama of attitudes toward chivalric norms—among the various characters, but especially within the character of the King himself, whom Shakespeare portrays as an ambivalent and very complex personality. For instance, in one scene you have him concur in the hanging of one of his own soldiers—and not just any soldier but his old tavern companion Bardolph, from back in his days with Falstaff—for the crime of stealing a small ritual box from a church. Whereupon he makes that hanging an example in the speech to his soldiers that follows."

> We would have all such offenders so cut off; and we give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compell'd from the villages; nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided or abus'd in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

As Meron pointed out, this speech, which he had clearly committed to memory, could be uttered *in so many words* at just about any contemporary military academy: "That's the rationale professional soldiers urge on one another whenever they try to inculcate humanitarian norms.

"And yet, in another scene—Henry before the walls of Harfleur, near the end of that town's terrible siege—Shakespeare has the same King mouth a series of threats that read like— Well, I mean, listen." Meron pulled a tattered copy of the play out of his coat pocket and flipped to the passage. "He is warning the town's elders, gathered on the ramparts above, to surrender now—while, as he puts it, he still retains control of his seething troops."

> If not—why, in a moment look to see
> The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
> Defile the locks of your shrill-shriking daughters;
> Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
> And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
> Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
> Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
> Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
> At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
> What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid?
> Or guilty in defense, be thus destroy'd?

"I mean, this reads like a veritable catalogue of egregious war crimes, the sorts of horrors we're having to cope with every day here at the tribunal—none of which, as it happened, Henry had to carry through on, since in the event Harfleur's leaders surrendered their town at the very prospect."

Meron paused for a moment. "However," he noted, "later in the play, there is that bloodcurdling incident at the climax of the Battle of Agincourt—and that threat he *did* carry through on."

It was this scene that Hughes and Braugher and their company were getting set to rehearse that morning. Which is why I had come, and why Meron, now likewise back in New York, would soon be here as well.

When the professor arrived, Hughes immediately engaged him in a fresh piece of interpretative speculation. "I've been thinking some more about that terrifying speech Henry gives at the walls of Harfleur," Hughes said. (Clearly, the two men had been in touch with each other for some time now.) "And the more I think about it, the more it seems to me a kind of bluff on Henry's part. I mean, the siege has proved a fiasco. The English forces are stranded in the pestilential marshes outside the town, on hostile territory. Everything's going wrong. He's faking it."

When Meron said that he agreed as to the Englishmen's dire plight, Hughes amplified his point: "But that casts a whole new light on the rest of the campaign, because after Harfleur it's as if Henry lost his stomach for more fighting. He just wants to get the hell out of there. He can't simply return to England: that would be too humiliating. So he launches out on a sort of aggressive retreat. Instead of marching east, toward Paris, he heads north, toward the English outpost at Calais, after which he figures he'll be able to sail home, having at least traversed a respectable swath of his newly claimed territory. And it's in that context that Henry and his men stumble into the French trap at Agincourt."

When Hughes now went off to confer with members of his troupe, Meron elaborated on his analysis: "Of course that backdrop is essential for understanding the shape of the battle—both the miracle and the horror of what ensued. For the roughly five thousand Englishmen who then straggled into the valley field at Agincourt were vastly outnumbered by the much better equipped, rested, armored, and mounted French force"—something like five to one. "Ludicrous, virtually insurmountable odds."

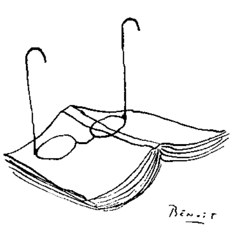
John Keegan, one of the battle's more recent chroniclers, provides a masterly evocation of what then happened in his 1976 book "The Face of Battle," the outlines of which Branagh followed in his

film: how Henry had his men set up a hedgerow of spikes, sharpened at both ends and planted diagonally, across the pastures running the breadth of the valley. The archers stood among the spikes as they let loose their volleys, so that as the heavily armored French knights made their charge any horses that managed to get through the arrow storm impaled themselves on the spikes. The French advantage in numbers thereupon provoked a nightmarish jam-up as further waves of horsemen surged up from behind. With astonishing swiftness, the English not only routed the French but managed to capture thousands of their fighters as well, for the most part in keeping with the requisite chivalric norms: the request for and granting of safe quarter in exchange for the promise of a hefty ransom.

A few of the retreating French veered off, probably in a panic, behind the English lines and, along with local villagers, entered the King's camp, killed some of the attendants, and made off with a certain amount of plunder. Meanwhile, Henry suddenly noticed how some of the other retreating French forces seemed to be gathering for a renewed assault. His own forces were so depleted—or so it would subsequently be argued in his defense—and his lines were so thin that he felt he couldn't afford to keep diverting any of his men to the rear of the field to guard the prisoners. Furthermore, he worried that the vast mass of prisoners might somehow retrieve their weapons and open an assault from his rear.

"So, in blatant contravention of all basic chivalric norms, he ordered his men to kill their prisoners," Meron recounted. "The men couldn't believe their ears—honor and avarice froze them in their tracks. Again he ordered them, this time on pain of death, to kill their prisoners—and, still, apparently, they hesitated. In the end, he had to call in a band of two hundred archers—yeomen, not bound by the chivalric code—to do the job. He turned toward the utterly appalled regathering French forces and sent a herald to inform them that if they didn't give up the field not only would he continue the massacre of their confederates but he would treat them the same way in the coming battle—no quarter granted. This threat did the trick: the French dispersed in short order, and the battle was won."

Over the next few hundred years, commentators regularly debated the validity of Henry's order. Some excused it on the ground of the King's proper outrage over the raid on his camp—although, as other commentators pointed out, even if that raid had constituted a violation of the rules of war—a debatable proposition—wreaking communal vengeance on members of the same army who happened to be prisoners and were hence hors de combat could hardly be justified. More commonly, the King was excused on the ground of military necessity, but that, too, seemed to some—as it does to Meron—highly questionable. The captured French knights were still in their heavy armor—upward of sixty or seventy pounds' worth—for only their helmets and their weapons had been removed. Dismounted, defenseless, dazed, and demoralized, squatting in the mud and barely able to move, they could hardly be regarded as constituting any sort of threat to the English troops.



"It was like killing turtles," Meron now insisted passionately. "One should at least try to visualize what was involved in carrying out that order. Look at Holinshed's version." Meron pulled out a copy of the sixteenth-century chronicler's famous account of the battle and speared the relevant passage.

> Contrarie to his accustomed gentlenes, [the King] commanded by sound of trumpet, that everie man (upon paine of death) should incontinently slaie his prisoner. When this dolorous decree, and pitifull proclamation was pronounced, pitie it was to see how some Frenchmen were suddenlie sticked with daggers, some were brained with pollaxes, some slaine with malls, other had their throats cut, and some their bellies panched, so that in effect, having respect to the great number, few prisoners were saved.
>
> When this lamentable slaughter had ended . . .

And so forth, as Meron now summarized; on through the triumph and subsequent campaigns—Shakespeare compresses events significantly here—leading to the Treaty of Troyes, in 1420, with which the play concludes: Henry's achievement of the French King's daughter in marriage, and his being named heir to the French throne, for whatever that was going to be worth. For as Shakespeare himself notes in his epilogue, Henry would be dead within a few years, and his son's regents would quickly lose everything he'd gained in France (after Joan of Arc rallied the French in 1429) and would presently be plunging their own country into that terrible civil war of succession, the Wars of the Roses.

"O.K., gentlemen," Hughes said. He had now ambled back to us to deliver the morning's order of battle. "We're going to be working on two scenes this morning, and we'll begin with Act IV, Scene 4, the one with Pistol and his prisoner—the one that sets up the killing of the prisoners two scenes later." He pointed out that this scene was regularly left out of most productions, and noted, "That's especially striking because it's the only scene in the entire text in which Shakespeare actually has a Frenchman and an Englishman onstage fighting each other. I mean, in other scenes there are all sorts of accounts of such action offstage, and every director has felt free to scatter his own wordless, mimed swordplay choreography throughout. But in Shakespeare's actual text this scene *is* the Battle of Agincourt."

It is indeed—and with an audacity that perhaps Shakespeare alone, of all writers, would have dared to muster, it's played for a romp. At this most dramatic and tension-fraught moment in the play (for the outcome of the battle is still far from assured), Shakespeare turns to bald farce.

Pistol, who was Prince Hal's and Falstaff's mock-ruffian sidekick in earlier plays, bursts onto the stage, flanked by the considerably more sensible boy attendant, in mad pursuit of a French knight who has already lost his sword. In no time, Pistol has the knight pinioned to the ground, his sword wedged into the hollow of the poor fellow's throat—"Yield, cur!"—and the knight is blubbering away desperately: "*Je pense que vous êtes l gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*" Desperately, but to little avail, for Pistol understands barely a word of French: "Qualtitie! Calen o custure me!" Pistol barks back, grabbing the man's leg and sliding his blade menacingly along the knight's femoral artery: "Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? Discuss." In other words, are you worth anything? Can I get a ransom for you, or should I just up and off you right here and now? (Pistol, incidentally, is a mere ensign. No knight, he's nevertheless happy to be mistaken for one if it qualifies him for knightly ransom in the

Frenchman's eyes.) "*O, Seigneur Dieu!*" the frantic Frenchman implores God. "Signieur Dew," Pistol repeats, figuring that he has ascertained the fellow's name, and he proceeds to lay out for Mr. Dew the facts of his situation—how he'd better be prepared to pay up or else.

Through all this, Hughes was being wonderfully well served by his players. Jeff Weiss was a grizzled, coarse, would-be terrifying Pistol, and David Costabile was a baby-faced Pillsbury Doughboy of a knight, all bubbly with frantic Gallic charm: a winsome and utterly winning clown. When Pistol calls on his French-speaking boy, played with preternatural calm by Torquil Campbell, to translate, the boy quickly establishes that the Frenchman's actual name is Monsieur le Fer. "Master Fer?" Pistol says. "I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him! Discuss the same in French unto him." Across much linguistic confusion, the boy gives Master Fer to understand that short of some hefty ransom, his friend here is prepared to cut his throat—"*couper votre gorge.*" Pistol, who can barely contain his excitement, chimes in menacingly, "Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy," at which point the knight throws himself on Pistol's mercy and promises a ransom of two hundred crowns. Pistol can barely believe his good fortune: a salacious grin momentarily flashes across his face until he regains his composure. An agreement between the warriors is quickly struck, by way of the boy, and the Frenchman bounds gratefully into Pistol's arms—a veritable human puppy. They exit arm in arm, full of merry bonhomie.

Throughout several run-throughs of the scene, Hughes kept pushing his players to goose the comedy higher and higher, broader and broader: he laughed loudly and encouragingly at each jape and pratfall—as a one-man stand-in for the entire eventual audience.

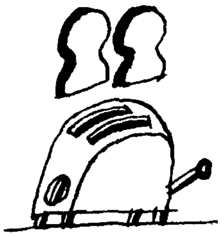
Satisfied with the final run-through, Hughes called a break while his assistants prepared for the next scene, and came over to talk with us. "It's wonderful the way Shakespeare with this scene so perfectly humanizes and individualizes both the French knight and the boy," he said, "thereby setting up the massacre of the former in the upcoming killing-the-prisoners scene and of the latter in the scene immediately thereafter, for, as you know, the boy will prove to be one of the attendants killed by the French troops marauding through the King's camp—a revelation that will to some degree undercut the stark shamefulness of the King's order."

"Not really," Meron disagreed, saying, "One of the things that are so striking is how Shakespeare refuses to mitigate the King's responsibility in issuing that order to kill the prisoners. Interestingly, the actual, historical Henry's own court chronicler, an eyewitness to the battle, tried to do just that: in his account of Agincourt the English knights almost seem to start slaying their prisoners of their own accord, with no order from the king whatsoever. Mistakes were made. In other Shakespeare plays, his kings regularly try to evade blame through resort to a kind of deniability. In 'Richard II,' Henry's own father Henry IV distinctly gives one of his courtiers, Exton, the impression that he'd like to see his predecessor dead, but then, when Exton goes ahead and murders Richard, Henry IV insists that he'd never meant anything of the kind. Something similar happens in 'King John.' This strategy of deniability seems uncannily modern. Think, for instance, of Milosevic in Belgrade. But Shakespeare's Henry V does nothing of the sort."

Hughes, as if on cue, laid his script of the King's speech from the scene he was about to direct on the table before us:

But hark, what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men.
Then every soldier kill his prisoners,
Give the word through.

"See?" Meron continued. "No subterfuge, no deniability. The order, hideous though it is, is admirably clear and direct."



When Hughes went back to huddle with Braugher and the other players, Meron related a new theory of his, about the way this specific issue must have been very much on Shakespeare's mind. "I realized this just a few weeks ago, while I was on vacation with my wife Monique," he told me. "As we were exploring the cliffs of County Clare, in western Ireland, every once in a while we'd come upon signposts indicating the connection with the Spanish Armada. In September, 1588, several vessels of the Spanish Armada were wrecked off the Clare coast. The surviving Catholic sailors were massacred by Irish supporters of the Protestant cause: no quarter, no ransom, no mercy. And all this was just a little over a decade before Shakespeare composed his 'Henry V.' In a sense, his implied criticism of Henry's behavior can be read as a sort of rear-guard defense of the kinds of chivalric norms that were already fast receding."

As Meron spoke, it occurred to me that Shakespeare was like a man trying to pitch his tent along a steep incline—that, even as he wrote, history was falling away into the unmediated horror of the wars of religion and all the wars that were to follow in the fog-choked valley below. In this sense, Meron and his colleagues at the Tribunal had pitched their camps on the equally precarious slopes of the far side of that valley, where Geneva and The Hague and Nuremberg rose up tentatively out of the mayhem below. Maybe that was why Meron, gazing out across that foggy sea, so readily recognized a fellow-spirit in Shakespeare, clinging there on the far slope.

Meron smiled somewhat indulgently at my flight of fancy, but he did note that initial attempts in modern times to reintroduce some sort of internationally recognized law of war—provoked in part by horror at the scale of death in the American Civil War, and, at about the same time in Europe, at the Battle of Solferino, when the Franco-Piedmontese and Austrian armies, between them, managed to kill or wound some thirty-nine thousand soldiers in the space of a day on June 24, 1859—did quite self-consciously hark back to chivalric principles. Thus the continuing rampages of technology, which had done so much to undercut the face-to-face basis of chivalry in the first place, now ironically played a role in its resurgence. "And, in fact, many of the earliest initiatives, in the mid- and late nineteenth century, had to do with this very issue of the proper treatment of prisoners of war," Meron said. "Subsequently, there has been an attempt to widen the parameters of chivalric rules—to apply them universally not just within but between tribes, religions, and ethnicities. This is where the notion of crimes against humanity comes in. And the furtherance of that kind of jurisprudence is precisely what is at stake today, for instance, at the Yugoslav Tribunal."

Victoria Roberts

"Jessica Jo's white, Tucker's black, Tag's white, Pepper's red, Peekay is gray, Junie is gray, Jamie's brown—and, by the way, Jessica Jo is gifted."

• •

HUGHES now gathered Braugher and the rest of his players around him before they tried once more to scale a scene that Hughes had earlier described to me as the single most daunting in the play. Addressing his players, he noted that "Time and again, the audience is forced to wonder, urgently, What will the King do *now*? And, time and again, Henry rises to the challenge with decisions that audiences will marvel at or else, as in this instance, decisions that will leave them shaken and appalled. As you know, Shakespeare's language here is very spare and direct, and in earlier run-throughs we've tended to race through the sentences. But this time I want to push the resistance to his order—the shock and hesitation.

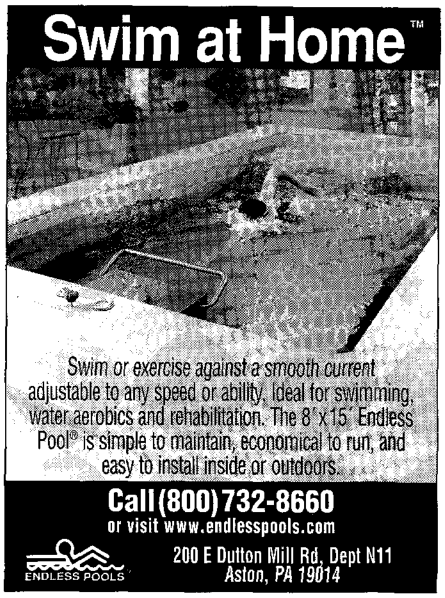
"Now, as before, André, you'll enter from up center, flanked by four sets of Englishmen and their prisoners, with Pistol and his prize among them. Suddenly, in the middle of the scene, the trumpets will sound. As we agreed earlier, you'll look up in frank alarm, as if momentarily overwhelmed: *But hark, what new alarum is this same*? *The French have reinforced their scatter'd men!* Almost a moment of panic there, but quickly you steady yourself, you size up the situation, and your resolve is almost immediate: *Then every soldier kill his prisoners!* And that's where I want to see the hesitation. The knights freeze, thunderstruck; they stare at one another, dumbfounded. Five, maybe ten seconds. André, you're already rushing ahead, seeing to the next things, when you come to realize that the order hasn't been carried out. Let's maybe even ad-lib a little here—have you repeat the order: *Then every soldier kill his prisoners!* Still nothing. Your eyes lock on your senior commander on the field, Warwick: *Give . . . the . . . word . . . through*. And still more hesitation, until, finally, Warwick slays his charge and—one . . . two . . . three—the others do so as well and the prisoners start collapsing to the ground, with last, and obviously most powerful of all, Pistol: '*Coup' la gorge!*' "

"*Coup' la gorge!*" If this whole scene often fails to find its way into modern productions of "Henry V," Pistol's final exclamation is hardly ever included. The phrase "couple gorge," attributed to Pistol, was included in the first so-called "bad" Quarto, a quickie edition printed in 1600, only a year after the plays' first production, probably based on actors' notes and recollections, and containing only sixteen hundred lines, compared with the more authoritative 1623 First Folio's close to three thousand lines, among which, however, Pistol's exclamation had notably dropped out. Almost all modern editions of the play follow the Folio's lead, and the scene ends with the King's "Give the word through." Andrew Gurr, the editor of the New Cambridge edition, typically dismisses the Pistol interpolation with a tart footnote: "Pistol's added 'Couple gorge' in [the Quarto] is a comic catchphrase [from the prior scene] which would lose all its comedy if immediately enacted with blood on stage." Perhaps. But the Oxford edition, edited by Gary Taylor, includes Pistol's scene-ending "*Coup' la gorge!*" in optional brackets, and Hughes is trying to figure out some way to include it.

The cast ran through the scene two or three times, each time with more prolonged and excruciating hesitations, most excruciating of all being Pistol's, as he registers with pained disbelief the sudden slipping away of his momentary good fortune.

But something was still not quite right. Hughes paced for a few moments and then lit on a fresh solution. Tentatively at first but with growing conviction, he suggested, "Instead of having Pistol's '*Coup' la gorge*' as the last of the series, why not have it be first? Warwick, a knight, can't bring himself to do it, locked in Henry's angry gaze though he is. But then Ensign Pistol steps forward, as if trying to recapture his old friend's attention one last time: *I'll do it! I'll fucking do it.* He sees a chance to reconnect. In fact, maybe he even cries out 'Henry!'—or, rather, 'Harry!'—or, no, '*Hal!*' What are they going to do, throw us in Shakespeare Jail if we slip in that single word 'Hal'? '*Hal!*' he cries, and then '*Coup' la gorge!*' Him, a lowly ensign, issuing orders. And then the blood lust rises. Maybe he even goes over and slashes the throat of Warwick's prisoner as well. And now the others follow suit: one, two, three. And we're out of here, onto the next scene. Let's try it that way."

They do, and, yes, it does work, almost too unnervingly. "Hal!" Pistol cries, and then, "*Coup' la gorge!*" He slashes Master Fer's throat, and the clown staggers forward, disbelieving, a look of astonishment spread across his draining face as he crumples to the floor with a sickening thud. A whole world is ending. ♦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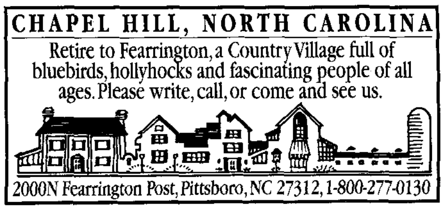
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LETTER FROM BAGHDAD

SADDAM WINS AGAIN

What do you have to do to force your people to proclaim every defeat a victory?

BY T. D. ALLMAN

PERIODICALLY, Iraqis dance in the streets. They hoist aloft portraits of Saddam Hussein, and sing and gyrate their bodies to Baghdad's perpetual No. 1 hit: "*Naam, naam, naam!*"—Yes, yes, yes!—"*Saddam Hussein!*" In Iraq, future and past are subsumed by an eternal present, in which the omnipotent, benevolent, and everlasting President and Field Marshal Saddam Hussein keeps confounding his foes, scattering all traitors and enemies of humanity like swine and dust.

Not long ago, there was more dancing in Baghdad. After much posturing, Saddam had promised to comply with United Nations Resolution 986, which permits a limited and provisional resumption of Iraq's oil exports for the first time since a near-total trade embargo was imposed on Iraq in 1990, following the invasion of Kuwait; under the terms of an agreement signed in New York on May 20th, Iraq can start exporting oil again by the end of June.

But the United Nations conditions virtually strip Iraq of its economic sovereignty. Now foreigners will control how much oil Saddam sells, and to whom. International supervisors will decide who gets the profits, and how they are spent. Unlike in the past, Iraq's oil earnings cannot be devoted to the enrichment of Saddam's family, which is known to have private holdings, chiefly in Swiss bank accounts, amounting to at least several billion dollars. Nor can the money be spent on Saddam's ongoing acquisition and development of weapons of mass destruction, including nerve gas and nuclear devices. What money Saddam does get from oil sales will have to be spent on food and medicine for the Iraqi people and on war reparations. If Saddam violates this agreement, as he has earlier pledges to dismantle his germ-warfare and nuclear-weapons programs, the United Nations can withhold the money.

Saddam's economic surrender is a mirror of his 1991 military surrender to American-led U.N. forces only a hundred hours after the ground assault of Operation Desert Storm, and its consequences are theoretically as dire. As the French daily *Libération* put it when the deal was announced, Saddam's acceptance of Resolution 986 "practically puts the country under tutelage." That's why Saddam resisted Resolution 986 for so long, even when his own government claimed that millions of Iraqis, including pregnant women and nursing mothers and babies, were dying as a result of the embargo. "We cannot accept this insult to our sovereignty," Tariq Aziz, Saddam's longtime emissary to the outside world as Foreign Minister and Deputy Prime Minister, told me recently in Baghdad, in the course of a three-hour conversation.

So why the dancing in the streets now that the insult has been accepted? After a while, a visitor in Iraq realizes that he has jumped into a psychopolitical black hole. One discovers that for Saddam Hussein defeat is victory. An Eastern European diplomat explained, "Victory here has a precise meaning. Victory is when the ruler stays in power, no matter how many people he kills, no matter how much the country is ravaged."

BY that criterion, not only did Saddam emerge victorious from his "defeat" in the Gulf War but he keeps going from strength to strength. Less than a year ago, for example, many experts confidently stated that Saddam was losing his grip on power; they asserted that he would soon be overthrown as a result of family divisions created by the psychotic behavior of his favorite son, Uday, who first became notorious for beating to death one of his father's food tasters.

Meanwhile, arms-control experts went on assuring everyone that Saddam's weapons of mass destruction were being eliminated under competent international supervision; Iraq no longer posed a threat to the civilian populations of its neighbors, they said. It was a given that Saddam would never accept Resolution 986. The international community, including the United States, would have to soften its conditions; otherwise, the logic ran, we—not Saddam—would be responsible for the malnutrition and death of countless Iraqis.

In recent months, Saddam has proved those nostrums false. Today, everyone agrees that Saddam's grip on power remains total. And that his son Uday must be counted as the key moderating influence on him. Iraqis say it was Uday who privately urged his father to concentrate more on medicine, less on nerve gas. As for those weapons of mass destruction—supposedly defanged by international supervision—it now seems likely that Saddam has ballistic missiles capable of causing mass destruction in Israel, Jordan, Iran, and Saudi Arabia. Six missiles or sixteen missiles? A few million or only a few thousand civilian deaths? Those are once more real questions.

At Baghdad's Saddam Hussein Museum. Since the Gulf War, every corner of Iraq has built new monuments to his success.

MAHER ATTAR/SYGMA

FIVE years after he was driven out of Kuwait, Saddam Hussein is having a very good year—his best, according to his apologists and propagandists, since the Gulf War. In discussing who won that war, Tariq Aziz set me straight during our interview, which was conducted in his suite of offices in the Foreign Ministry Building, overlooking the Tigris River.

"Of course we were victorious," he said as he took off his shoes and massaged his feet. He added, genially, "When I met Mr. James Baker, your former Secretary of State, in Geneva, just before you launched your aggression, he told me that if we did not capitulate to the George Bush conspiracy to take advantage of the collapse of the Soviet Union by seizing control of the world's oil reserves Iraq would be reduced to a preindustrial wasteland and Iraq's destiny taken out of our hands. So you see," he concluded, "we defeated you! Iraq has not been reduced to primitiveness, and we're still in control. Bush and Baker are out of power now."

I asked Tariq Aziz how long Saddam—and the other members of the Baath leadership who have survived Saddam's periodic purges, Aziz included—intended to stay in control.

"Forever," he responded.

Five years ago, Saddam's acceptance of the U.N.'s ceasefire conditions saved his regime and perhaps his life. The ceasefire allowed him to turn his remaining weapons against his own people, massacring thousands of Shiites as he crushed popular uprisings in Najaf and Karbala, the Shiite holy cities, right after the Gulf War. The newly authorized imports of food and medicine destroy any remaining Western fantasy that the Iraqi people are capable of overthrowing Saddam Hussein. For nearly forty years, Iraqis have lived under more or less permanent political terror; for more than fifteen years, they have known almost nothing but war and its consequences. Now they will be able to buy things like aspirin and spaghetti once more. As they do this, they will thank and praise Saddam Hussein, creator of Iraq as it is today. For didn't Saddam himself declare, "Our struggle against the embargo is a holy war"? And now, by abandoning that struggle, hasn't Saddam defeated his enemies yet again?

IT'S a curiosity of Iraq under Saddam Hussein that a regime purportedly incapable of feeding or medicating its people, because of the embargo, never lacked for steel girders, reinforced concrete, marble, and gilt. For example, I found that Tikrit, a primitive village near which Saddam was born, fifty-nine years ago, is steadily being transformed into a living mausoleum, marbled over in monuments that simultaneously celebrate Saddam's piety and eradicate every trace of his early career as an assassin.

Since the Kuwait war, every corner of Iraq has witnessed a similar building frenzy of monuments to Saddam's success. I didn't have to leave my hotel room, in Baghdad's Al-Rashid, to see one of the most imposing of Saddam's monuments to himself. My view of the Baghdad skyline, which evoked startling memories of that time, five years ago, when hundreds of millions of people, for weeks, did little except watch CNN, was dominated by a structure that didn't even exist then: Saddam Tower. Built, Iraqis told me, to celebrate Saddam's victory over the United States in the Kuwait war, Saddam Tower is tall and tapering, with a bulbous top housing a luxury restaurant.

Yet, according to an article in *Bagdad* magazine (a copy conveniently lay in my hotel room), it was in the war against Iran that the Iraqi people "achieved the greatest victory of their history." Saddam launched the war against Iran in September of 1980, and it continued until August, 1988, longer than either World War; perhaps a third of Iraq's male population between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five was killed or wounded. Iraq was reduced from a rich, oil-producing country, with immense foreign-reserve holdings and enormous agricultural and human potential, to a pauper nation. The war was a disaster comparable to the 1258 invasion by the Mongol horde, who, after sacking Baghdad, made a pyramid from the skulls of the city's poets, scientists, theologians, and philosophers, and also destroyed the country's irrigation system.

But, people in Baghdad told me, Saddam has changed his spots. As evidence, they pointed out that the tile portrait of a sneering, evil President Bush on the floor of the entrance to the Al-Rashid has been covered with a carpet. Baghdad sources also told me that Saddam is now prepared to forgive the United States for its aggression, "provided certain conditions are met." As one observer put it, "The U.S. must resume supporting him. In return, the current trend toward pluralism and toleration inside Iraq will continue." When I asked about nuclear bombs and poison gas, this analyst told me, "Saddam's sensitive. You don't want to push him too far."

BEFORE arriving in Iraq, I had assumed that the embargo was causing great suffering, and that I would find evidence of this as I travelled throughout the country. But while I found that many Iraqis were indeed suffering, and some dying, under the embargo, I found no evidence that they were suffering and dying because of the embargo.

Last September, the World Food Program, a United Nations agency, issued a report that said, "Alarming food shortages are causing irreparable damage to an entire generation of Iraqi children." It asserted that "more than four million people, a fifth of Iraq's population, [are] at severe nutritional risk." Similar reports have been issued by visitors ranging from the Americans Ramsey Clark and Louis Farrakhan to members of France's ultra-right National Front and Russia's Vladimir Zhirinovsky. But an economist from a developing nation told me, "There was no problem. The embargo provides wide scope for humanitarian assistance. So we worked up a program for the import of food and medicine." He continued, "Neither Saddam Hussein nor Tariq Aziz bothered to answer."

All over Iraq, I made impromptu visits to hospitals and dispensaries. I talked with hundreds of Iraqis about the embargo. No one mentioned the rampant malnutrition and disease that was so widely reported. Instead, I kept getting responses so weird that neither Borges nor Beckett—the two writers who came to mind most often in Iraq—could have invented them.

"The embargo must be lifted so we can get Pampers," one Iraqi expert said. His wife had recently given birth to triplets, and the lack of disposable diapers was making his life a hell on earth. Another Iraqi expert on the embargo's effects told me, "The embargo is depriving us of tranquillizers."

"Why do you need tranquillizers?" I asked.

"The embargo gets people very upset," he replied.

"Surely the Iran and Kuwait wars also upset people," I suggested.

"That was different."

"What kind of tranquillizers?" I asked.

"Tegretol," he answered.

When I visited the Saddam Hospital in Tikrit, I was told, "Our greatest need is Valium."

Though Baghdad's sweetshops were closed, because Saddam has decreed the death penalty for selling candy in public (part of his jihad—holy war—against the embargo), fresh fruit and vegetables were available everywhere. Every night there were traffic jams in front of Baghdad's most popular restaurants, as the *jeunesse dorée* flocked to them in their Nissans and Mercedeses. One also couldn't help noticing that there was no shortage of imported cigarettes or whiskey. Aspen, a Canadian filter tip, and Johnnie Walker Black seemed the most popular brands.

Under the new arrangements, access to food and medicine will remain a political, not a humanitarian, matter. Saddam and his enforcers will decide who eats and who gets antibiotics.

ON August 8, 1995, the anniversary of Saddam's "greatest victory" over Iran, events got out of hand at a family celebration. Saddam's son Uday shot his uncle Watban Ibrahim al-Hassan in the leg during a dawn revel, and though his uncle survived, Uday killed several dancing girls and a male guest. It was after this shoot-out that two of Saddam's sons-in-law, along with their wives, fled to Jordan. Following their flight, Saddam ordained that, after twenty-seven years of rule by decree, Iraqis would vote for him as their leader in a national referendum, which took place last fall,

"Love the bag, Stell! Very career."

and then choose a new parliament of his selection a few months later.

When I asked Tariq Aziz about these events inside the ruling family, he insisted that there was no ruling family in Iraq. "We do have a ruler," he continued. "And he does have a family. But no ruling family in the sense of Charles and Diana." He went on, discussing the leave-taking of the sons-in-law: "I will not conceal from you that the President was very hurt by this latest of so many betrayals. I will not also deny these developments raised the question of what to do next, especially since"—here Tariq Aziz directed at me a particularly ingratiating smile—"we knew the Zionist-internationalist press and other agents of the anti-Iraq conspiracy would do their utmost to cast these developments in an unflattering light. So you see, a combination of factors led us to move from revolutionary legitimacy to constitutional legitimacy at this time."

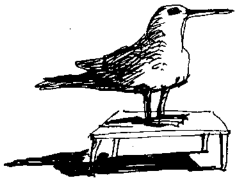
While in Iraq, I discovered that all its religious leaders were also a hundred per cent behind Saddam Hussein. Along with their Sunni and Shiite confrères, the Christian clergy paraded on TV, chanting *"Naam, naam, naam! Saddam Hussein!"* I was particularly struck by the video image of Patriarch Raphael Bidawid, Iraq's highest-ranking Catholic, in his crimson regalia, urging a Saddam vote.

I called on the Patriarch at his residence, in Baghdad. A large photograph of Saddam hung in the reception room, where a crystal chandelier was suspended over an ersatz Louis XV coffee table, which had a little sign on it that said, in Arabic and English, "Thank you for not smoking." Behind the Patriarch's desk a photograph of Pope John Paul II sat on a shelf next to a much larger photograph of Saddam Hussein. When I asked the Patriarch about Saddam, his response was quick. "A gentleman!" he said. "And a gentle man! If you can communicate that nuance to the American people, you will have succeeded in your mission.

"Iraq is more democratic than America," the Patriarch continued. "You have divorce. You have abortion. But, thanks to President Saddam Hussein, Iraqi Christians are forbidden to have abortions or to divorce. So I enjoy all my rights—much more than in so-called democratic countries."

Does no one oppose Saddam Hussein? On referendum day, as if to answer that question, a slip of paper found its way into my hand. It read, "If you vote no you are transferred to a faraway province, water and electricity cut off. Our children are ostracized, and we really cannot vote no."

Saddam made no public appearances during the campaign; afterward, in a Baghdad stadium, he allowed a few well-orchestrated groups to pass before him while he sat dourly on a podium, accepting their adulation. Watching these productions on Baghdad TV, one gained a sense of the tedium in being the object of a personality cult; one also gained a sense of how much Saddam loathes contact with the Iraqi people. I was reminded of those Hollywood B films in which tight-framed closeups of dozens fleeing for their lives have to suffice for a cast of thousands when the giant grasshoppers overrun civilization. In spite of the cameraman's best efforts, you could see that the Baghdad stadium was dark and empty except for a dozen brightly lit rows of Saddam enthusiasts.



Foreigners speculate endlessly about what goes through Saddam's mind during these public appearances—or even if it really is Saddam and not one of his doubles up there on the podium. While watching Saddam on TV, a foreign-correspondent friend delivered a judgment that soon proved prescient. "The son of a bitch is figuring out how to lure the sons-in-law back," he said. "He's figuring out how to fool them and kill them." As it turned out, the sons-in-law were lured back across the desert six months after their departure, travelling in the same convoy of Mercedes-Benzes. Soon after their arrival, they were dead.

JUST as in reaching the 1991 Kuwait ceasefire Saddam had to promise to give up the capacity to start a major war, now, to get the embargo lifted, he has promised to use his new petrodollars to feed the hungry and nurse the sick.

Before my visit, I had imagined that, in spite of Iraqi foot-dragging, the United Nations Special Commission, or UNSCOM, the organization charged with monitoring Iraqi compliance with the ceasefire conditions, had supervised the destruction of most of Saddam's weapons of mass destruction and had documentary proof of the elimination of others. A few weapons were destroyed, and then Saddam simply announced that he had got rid of the rest—without providing any proof. Then, less than two weeks after the defection of Saddam's sons-in-law, Iraqi authorities invited the chairman of UNSCOM, Rolf Ekeus, of Sweden, to inspect what an official described to me as "a locked chicken house" on the farm of one defecting son-in-law, former Lieutenant-General Hussein Kamel.

Once the chicken house was opened, Ekeus discovered documents revealing that, following the Gulf War, in violation of its commitments, the Iraqi government had pursued a conspiracy to conceal the knowledge of past and present nuclear, chemical, and biological programs from UNSCOM inspectors. As Ekeus's report conceded, Iraq for years had been successfully "misleading the Commission" about Saddam's secret "chemical missile warhead flight tests and work on the development of a missile for the delivery of a nuclear device." The report also confirmed that Iraq still has biological weapons, possibly including "the advanced nerve agent VX."

Was it all to spite the son-in-law and preëmpt his revelations? What was the correct response to these events? "You should give us the benefit of the doubt," Tariq Aziz said in our interview. "I assure you."

TRAVELLING in Iraq isn't like visiting the killing fields of Cambodia or the mass graves of Bosnia. What Saddam has done to Iraq creeps up on you. For example, along the Shatt al-Arab, the waterway dividing Iraq from Iran, in the southern part of the country, the visitor would never guess, were it not for the miles of decapitated date palms, that civilization had once thrived there. Whole towns have disappeared, leaving no trace.

This once flourishing region, along with nearby Basra, southern Iraq's largest city, was devastated during the Iran and Kuwait wars, but that doesn't explain why, five years later, it remains a scene of desolation. On the other side of the waterway, where the devastation was just as great, the Iranians have rebuilt their towns and cities.

It is Saddam's boast that every bridge, highway, and public edifice, down to the humblest telephone kiosk, destroyed by the smart bombs during Operation Desert Storm has been replaced. Yet in southern Iraq—the part of the country hurt most by Saddam's wars—people were forbidden to rebuild their own homes.

I discovered why when I visited Basra, which was once the queen city of Iraq, just as Baghdad is its king. From antiquity, Basra was a city where the peoples and wares of Europe and the Mediterranean mingled with those of India and the Orient. In modern times, Basra, at the head of the Persian Gulf, became the processing and distribution center for stupendous oil reserves. Basra today might be an emerging world-class city; instead it's a fetid backwater.

"Basra traditionally is the largest Shiite metropolis in Iraq," a foreign observer explained. "As Saddam sees it, allowing Basra to emerge as an alternative to Baghdad would enhance the strength of the Shiite majority, and threaten him and his Sunni minority." A diplomatic source in Baghdad told me, "Though the government denies it, there is a policy of dispersing traditional Shiite communities and making dislocated people resettle far from their homes."

In Basra, I spoke with a doctor and her husband, a geologist. They had reasons to despise Saddam, apart from having lived in Basra through his two wars. The husband was a member of the Shiite majority, who, under Saddam, remain a subjugated people in their own country. She was a Kurd, against whose people Saddam had used poison gas, killing hundreds of thousands, and destroying more than four thousand villages.

"But you don't understand," he said. "We love Saddam Hussein." When I asked why, she said, "Because of all he has done for us."

"What has he done for you?"

She could not answer, so he said, "Whatever our leader tells us, we do."

"What if he tells you to jump off a bridge?"

"Yes!" he answered, exchanging knowing smiles with his wife. "We already jumped, several times."

In Basra, I saw Saddam's most impressive victory monument. It extends for a full kilometre along the Shatt al-Arab and consists of a hundred larger-than-life statues of soldiers killed during the Iran war. Each statue portrays an actual person. Every one of them—arm extended—points an accusing finger at his victim, across the waterway. It's your fault we attacked you, the statues say.

The corruption of Iraq can also be expressed statistically. India became a food-surplus country a generation ago; even Bangladesh grows enough rice now. But under Saddam Iraq's food production has been declining in both war and peace, with or without an embargo. Today, it produces just thirty per cent of what it needs to eat, even though it is the only Arab land blessed with an abundance of water and oil.

The reason for Iraq's food crisis is Saddam's willful destructiveness, which I came face to face with again after leaving Basra. I made an excursion to the fabled Marshes, made famous by Wilfred Thesiger's "The Marsh Arabs," which is widely considered the most vivid account of travel in Iraq of modern times. What I saw was the caked, cracked desert that is created when water has been drained out of the land, and the life in the land left to roast and die.

A few miles farther into what once had been the Marshes, in the village of Turaba, I stopped at a big *mudhif*, one of the graceful reed pavilions that were the architectural glory of the Marsh Arabs. I had seen pictures of the pavilions, but what was impossible to appreciate until I was actually inside one was how superbly in tune with both the environment and the needs of human beings these structures were. The reeds used to construct a *mudhif* grew—or had grown—abundantly in the Marshes; though it was blistering hot outside, the reed latticework provided insulation from the heat.

"We don't build these anymore," the sheikh who owned the *mudhif* told me. "Now we use air-conditioning." When I asked why, he replied, "In the era of President Saddam Hussein, may God protect him, the decision was taken to make these Marshes flat and dry." Hence there were no more reeds; in fact, all the components of the civilization of the Marshes had been destroyed, with ecological consequences for the entire Mesopotamian Basin.

On the way back to Basra, we stopped to talk to a man I saw standing alone in the blinding new desert. "Everything is better, thanks to President Saddam Hussein, since the Marshes were drained," he said as he surveyed the desolation around him. He sensed that more was required of him. "What problems we have are caused by the embargo," he added.

I asked him how things had changed. He said, "Before, we had everything. We had fish and birds. Reeds grew everywhere. Then they died."

When I asked him why, he looked at me as though I were exceptionally stupid, even for a foreigner. "Because of the water," he said. "There was no more water, so naturally the birds went away. The reeds and fish died. Our life disappeared."

That moment was for me what unlocking the chicken-house door was for the U.N. inspectors—the key to it all. "Eradicating the Marshes wasn't some development project gone mad," a diplomat told me when I got back to Baghdad. "Saddam destroyed the lives of two million people for control purposes." He went on, "What a movie Eisenstein would

DYNASTY

Family voices: you still can hear them,
ever so dimly, there in your own voice:
your father's voice, even your mother's voice.

The older we get,
the more you'll hear them,
though no one else does.

Just as you still can see them, all over
your body, though, of course, no one else must:
family scars and family kisses.

—Robert Mazzocco

have made of it! The soldiers deserting the Iran front for the Marshes. There they are free! There they have escaped Saddam! In this desert land, freedom is water." Only first in a trickle, then in a torrent, the water disappeared. He continued, "When you are Saddam, all sources of escape must be destroyed."

ON my way north toward the city of Mosul, an Iraqi said, "If you do one thing—only one thing!—they kill you." A foreigner added, "There's no great mystery in the lack of resistance to Saddam. For nearly thirty years, one by one, everyone who resists has been killed."

On the other hand, as Saddam once pointed out, "The clock chimes away for time to keep record of men and women, some leaving behind the mark of great and lofty souls, while others leave naught but worm-eaten bones." I thought of Saddam's words just as I was about to leave Iraq and the Ambassador from a Muslim country gave me lunch and advice: "Well, make sure you visit the Devil-worshippers before you go. Remember, before they became Christians and Muslims, Iraqis worshipped the Devil." The Ambassador handed me a piece of paper, upon which was written the name of a village—Bashekar. "You'll find lots of them there," he continued, warning me to call them not Devil-worshippers but Yezidis, their preferred name. "Otherwise, they might kill you."

Bashekar, I discovered, had three places of worship. One of them was a mosque, another was a church, and the third was a marble crypt, whose spire was pointed out to me soon after I arrived. When my escort, a government employee, and I crawled down into the crypt, I found that the most conspicuous object of veneration there was a large framed color photograph of President Saddam Hussein.

"Under President Saddam Hussein, we enjoy the same rights as Christians and Muslims," a Yezidi notable said. "Our religion is more than three thousand years old."

This man eyed my government escort and went on, "It is a lie we worship Satan. We revere Malek, leader of the good angels. Like all good Iraqis, we adore the one true God."

"He's lying," the escort muttered. "They truly worship the One Whose Name I Cannot Mention."

My government escort was a Grateful Dead freak. As I heard "What a long, strange trip it's been" on the car stereo, I thought about my conversation with the Ambassador who'd sent me to Bashekar. "Goodness is all well and good, but evil tends to be the more powerful force in our lives," he'd said. "Your Christian God is an improvement on last year's model, more like a benevolent grandfather than a baleful warlord. But your God also sometimes takes the form of this nice working-class reformer from Nazareth. Other times, He turns into a bird who shoots out laser beams of goodness. This leads us Muslims to suspect that you people are polytheists in disguise."

He went on, "Our Allah dispenses with these all-too-human contradictions. He is utterly, ineffably, totally perfect. He's so amazingly, ineradicably, unhumanly good that we can't even draw a picture of him. And"—here the Ambassador's brow furrowed as he considered the tragedy of Iraq, and the outside world's intermittent attempts to understand and cope with it—"that's the problem.

"How can such a Perfect Being possibly be expected to concern Himself with petty human depravities such as those characterizing the chief of state of the government to whom I am accredited? Poison gas, atomic bombs? To ask Him to involve Himself in such inconsequential barbarisms would be like asking Michelangelo to interrupt painting the Sistine Chapel in order to teach ethics to gnats. They wouldn't get it, even if he did.

"Yet that's what we want from religion, isn't it?" he continued. "You naturally want to find someone you can propitiate, to ward off all this terrible evil that has come into your life. Yet, to reiterate, Allah in His sublimeness is Allah. He's not Dear Abby."

At which point the Ambassador inquired, rhetorically, "What to do?"

"Damned if I know," I said.

"Pay the Devil his due!" the Ambassador exclaimed, his voice rising. "After all, he's to blame for these problems, not God. So propitiate him. Pay him protection money. You hold a referendum. You worship him."

Here the Ambassador raised his glass and offered a toast: *"Naam, naam, naam! Saddam Hussein!"*

He added, "Thanks to Saddam Hussein, all Iraqis are Devil-worshippers now." ◆

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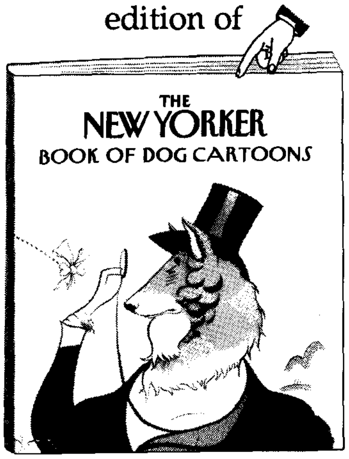

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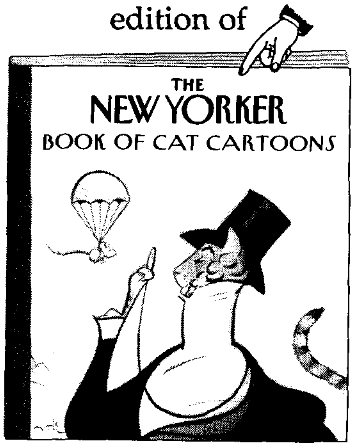

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LIFE AND LETTERS

WHITE LIKE ME

Anatole Broyard wanted to be a writer, not a black writer. So he chose to live a lie rather than be trapped by the truth.

BY HENRY LOUIS GATES, JR.

IN 1982, an investment banker named Richard Grand-Jean took a summer's lease on an eighteenth-century farmhouse in Fairfield, Connecticut; its owner, Anatole Broyard, spent his summers in Martha's Vineyard. The house was handsomely furnished with period antiques, and the surrounding acreage included a swimming pool and a pond. But the property had another attraction, too. Grand-Jean, a managing director of Salomon Brothers, was an avid reader, and he took satisfaction in renting from so illustrious a figure. Anatole Broyard had by then been a daily book reviewer for the *Times* for more than a decade, and that meant that he was one of literary America's foremost gatekeepers. Grand-Jean might turn to the business pages of the *Times* first, out of professional obligation, but he turned to the book page next, out of a sense of self. In his Walter Mittyish moments, he sometimes imagined what it might be like to be someone who read and wrote about books for a living—someone to whom millions of readers looked for guidance.

Broyard's columns were suffused with both worldliness and high culture. Wry, mandarin, even self-amused at times, he wrote like a man about town, but one who just happened to have all of Western literature at his fingertips. Always, he radiated an air of soigné self-confidence: he could be amiable in his opinions or waspish, but he never betrayed a flicker of doubt about what he thought. This was a man who knew that his judgment would never falter and his sentences never fail him.

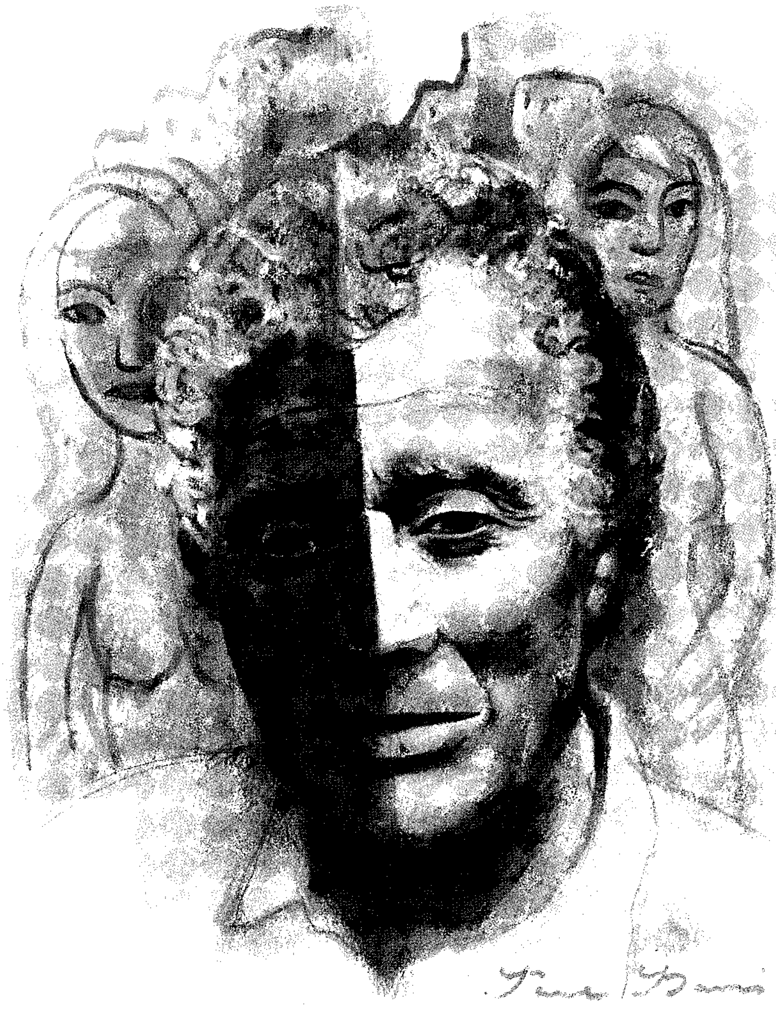
Grand-Jean knew little about Broyard's earlier career, but as he rummaged through Broyard's bookshelves he came across old copies of intellectual journals like *Partisan Review* and *Commentary*, to which Broyard had contributed a few pieces in the late forties and early fifties. One day, Grand-Jean found himself leafing through a magazine that contained an early article by Broyard. What caught his eye, though, was the contributor's note for the article—or, rather, its absence. It had been neatly cut out, as if with a razor.

A few years later, Grand-Jean happened on another copy of that magazine, and decided to look up the Broyard article again. This time, the note on the contributor was intact. It offered a few humdrum details—that Broyard was born in New Orleans, attended Brooklyn College and the New School for Social Research, and taught at New York University's Division of General Education. It also offered a less humdrum one: the situation of the American Negro, the note asserted, was a subject that the author "knows at first hand." It was an elliptical formulation, to be sure, but for Anatole Broyard it may not have been elliptical enough.

BROYARD was born black and became white, and his story is compounded of equal parts pragmatism and principle. He knew that the world was filled with such snippets and scraps of paper, all conspiring to reduce him to an identity that other people had invented and he had no say in. Broyard responded with X-Acto knives and evasions, with distance and denials and half denials and cunning half-truths. Over the years, he became a virtuoso of ambiguity and equivocation. Some of his acquaintances knew the truth; many more had heard rumors about "distant" black ancestry (wasn't there a grandfather who was black? a great-grandfather?). But most were entirely unaware, and that was as he preferred it. He kept the truth even from his own children. Society had decreed race to be a matter of natural law, but he wanted race to be an elective affinity, and it was never going to be a fair fight. A penalty was exacted. He shed a past and an identity to become a writer—a writer who wrote endlessly about the act of shedding a past and an identity.

Anatole Paul Broyard was born on July 16, 1920, in New Orleans to Paul Broyard and Edna Miller. His father was a carpenter and worked as a builder, along with his brothers; neither parent had graduated from elementary school. Anatole spent his early years in a modest house on St. Ann Street, in a colored neighborhood in the French Quarter. Documents in the Louisiana state archives show all Anatole's ancestors, on both sides, to have been Negroes, at least since the late eighteenth century. The rumor about a distant black ancestor was, in a sense, the reverse of the truth: he may have had one distant white ancestor. Of course, the conventions of color stratification within black America—nowhere more pronounced than in New Orleans—meant that light-skinned blacks often intermarried with other light-skinned blacks, and this was the case with Paul and his "high yellow" wife, Edna. Anatole was the second of three children; he and his sister Lorraine, two years older, were light-skinned, while Shirley, two years younger, was not so light-skinned. (The inheritance of melanin is an uneven business.) In any event, the family was identified as Negro, and identified itself as Negro. It was not the most interesting thing about them. But in America it was not a negligible social fact. The year before Anatole's birth, for example, close to a hundred blacks were lynched in the South and anti-black race riots claimed the lives of hundreds more.

While Anatole was still a child, the family moved to the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn, thus joining the great migration that took hundreds of thousands of Southern blacks to Northern cities during the twenties. In the French Quarter, Paul Broyard had been a legendary dancer, beau, and *galant;* in the French Quarter, the Broyards—Paul was one of ten siblings—were known for their craftsmanship. Brooklyn was a less welcoming environment. "He should never have left New Orleans, but my mother nagged him into it," Broyard recalled years later. Though Paul Broyard arrived there a master carpenter, he soon discovered that the carpenters' union was not favorably inclined toward colored applicants. A stranger in a strange city, Paul decided to pass as white in order to join the union and get work. It was strictly a professional decision, which affected his work and nothing else.



Broyard *"was black when he got into the subway in Brooklyn, but as soon as he got out at West Fourth Street he became white," W. F. Lucas says.*

PAUL DAVIS, BASED ON A PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL KREMENTZ

For Paul, being colored was a banal fact of life, which might be disguised when convenient; it was not a creed or something to take pride in. Paul did take pride in his craft, and he liked to boast of rescuing projects from know-nothing architects. He filled his home with furniture he had made himself—flawlessly professional, if a little too sturdily built to be stylish. He also took pride in his long legs and his dance-hall agility (an agility Anatole would share). It was a challenge to be a Brooklyn *galant*, but he did his best.

"Family life was very congenial, it was nice and warm and cozy, but we just didn't have any sort of cultural or intellectual nourishment at home," Shirley, who was the only member of the family to graduate from college, recalls. "My parents had no idea even what the New York *Times* was, let alone being able to imagine that Anatole might write for it." She says, "Anatole was different from the beginning." There was a sense, early on, that Anatole Broyard—or Buddy, as he was called then—was not entirely comfortable being a Broyard.

Shirley has a photograph, taken when Anatole was around four or five, of a family visit back to New Orleans. In it you can see Edna and her two daughters, and you can make out Anatole, down the street, facing in the opposite direction. The configuration was, Shirley says, pretty representative.

After graduating from Boys High School, in the late thirties, he enrolled in Brooklyn College. Already, he had a passion for modern culture—for European cinema and European literature. The idea that meaning could operate on several levels seemed to appeal to him. Shirley recalls exasperating conversations along those lines: "He'd ask me about a Kafka story I'd read or a French film I'd seen and say, 'Well, you see that on more than one level, don't you?' I felt like saying 'Oh, get off it.' Brothers don't say that to their sisters."

Just after the war began, he got married, to a black Puerto Rican woman, Aida, and they soon had a daughter. (He named her Gala, after Salvador Dali's wife.) Shirley recalls, "He got married and had a child on purpose—the purpose being to stay out of the Army. Then Anatole goes in the Army anyway, in spite of this child." And his wife and child moved in with the Broyard family.

Though his military records were apparently destroyed in a fire, some people who knew him at this time say that he entered the segregated Army as a white man. If so, he must have relished the irony that after attending officers' training school he was made the captain of an all-black stevedore battalion. Even then, his thoughts were not far from the new life he envisioned for himself. He said that he joined the Army with a copy of Wallace Stevens in his back pocket; now he was sending money home to his wife and asking her to save it so that he could open a bookstore in the Village when he got back. "She had other ideas," Shirley notes. "She wanted him to get a nice job, nine to five."

Between Aida and the allure of a literary life there was not much competition. Soon after his discharge from the Army, at war's end, he found an apartment in the Village, and he took advantage of the G.I. Bill to attend evening classes at the New School for Social Research, on Twelfth Street. His new life had no room for Aida and Gala. (Aida, with the child, later moved to California and remarried.) He left other things behind, too. The black scholar and dramatist W. F. Lucas, who knew Buddy Broyard from Bed-Stuy, says, "He was black when he got into the subway in Brooklyn, but as soon as he got out at West Fourth Street he became white."

He told his sister Lorraine that he

had resolved to pass so that he could be a writer, rather than a Negro writer. His darker-skinned younger sister, Shirley, represented a possible snag, of course, but then he and Shirley had never been particularly close, and anyway she was busy with her own life and her own friends. (Shirley graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Hunter College, and went on to marry Franklin Williams, who helped organize the Peace Corps and served as Ambassador to Ghana.) They had drifted apart: it was just a matter of drifting farther apart. Besides, wasn't that why everybody came to New York—to run away from the confines of family, from places where people thought they knew who and what you were? Whose family *wasn't* in some way unsuitable? In a *Times* column in 1979 Broyard wrote, "My mother and father were too folksy for me, too colorful. . . . Eventually, I ran away to Greenwich Village, where no one had been born of a mother and father, where the people I met had sprung from their own brows, or from the pages of a bad novel. . . . Orphans of the avant-garde, we outdistanced our history and our humanity." Like so much of what he wrote in this vein, it meant more than it said; like the modernist culture he loved, it had levels.

Broyard with Anne Bernays in the fifties. The salient thing about him wasn't that he was black but that he was beautiful, charming, and erudite.

IN the Village, where Broyard started a bookstore on Cornelia Street, the salient thing about him wasn't that he was black but that he was beautiful, charming, and erudite. In those days, the Village was crowded with ambitious and talented young writers and artists, and Broyard—known for calling men "Sport" and girls "Slim"—was never more at home. He could hang out at the San Remo bar with Dwight Macdonald and Delmore Schwartz, and with a younger set who yearned to be the next Macdonalds and the next Schwartzes. Vincent Livelli, a friend of Broyard's since Brooklyn College days, recalls, "Everybody was so brilliant around us—we kept duelling with each other. But he was the guy that set the pace in the Village." His conversation sparkled—everybody said so. The sentences came out perfectly formed, festooned with the most apposite literary allusions. His high-beam charm could inspire worship but also resentment. Livelli says, "Anatole had a sort of dancing attitude toward life—he'd dance away from you. He had people understand that he was brilliant and therefore you couldn't hold him if you weren't worthy of his attention."

The novelist and editor Gordon Lish says, "Photographs don't suggest in any wise the enormous power he had in person. No part of him was ever for a moment at rest." He adds, "I adored him as a man. I mean, he was really in a league with Neal Cassady as a kind of presence." But there was, he says, a fundamental difference between Broyard and Kerouac's inspiration and muse: "Unlike Cassady, who was out of control, Anatole was *exorbitantly* in control. He was fastidious about managing things."

Except, perhaps, the sorts of things you're supposed to manage. His bookstore provided him with entrée to Village intellectuals—and them with entrée to Anatole—yet it was not run as a business, exactly. Its offerings were few but choice: Céline, Kafka, other hard-to-find translations. The critic Richard Gilman, who was one of its patrons, recalls that Broyard had a hard time parting with the inventory: "He had these books on the shelf, and someone would want to buy one, and he would snatch it back."

Around 1948, Broyard started to attract notice not merely for his charm, his looks, and his conversation but for his published writings. The early pieces, as often as not, were about a subject to which he had privileged access: blacks and black culture. *Commentary*, in his third appearance in its pages, dubbed him an "anatomist of the Negro personality in a white world." But was he merely an anthropologist or was he a native informant? It wasn't an ambiguity that he was in any hurry to resolve. Still, if all criticism is a form of autobiography (as Oscar Wilde would have it), one might look to these pieces for clues to his preoccupations at the time. In a 1950 *Commentary* article entitled "Portrait of the Inauthentic Negro," he wrote that the Negro's embarrassment over blackness should be banished by the realization that "thousands of Negroes with 'typical' features are accepted as whites merely because of light complexion." He continued:

> The inauthentic Negro is not only estranged from whites—he is also estranged from his own group and from himself. Since his companions are a mirror in which he sees himself as ugly, he must reject them; and since his own self is mainly a tension between an accusation and a denial, he can hardly find it, much less live in it. . . . He is adrift without a role in a world predicated on roles.

A year later, in "Keep Cool, Man:

VOSBURGH LYONS, M.D.

The Negro Rejection of Jazz," he wrote, just as despairingly, that the Negro's

> contact with white society has opened new vistas, new ideals in his imagination, and these he defends by repression, freezing up against the desire to be white, to have normal social intercourse with whites, to behave like them. . . . But in coolness he evades the issue . . . he becomes a pacifist in the struggle between social groups—not a conscientious objector, but a draft-dodger.

These are words that could be read as self-indictment, if anybody chose to do so. Certainly they reveal a ticklish sense of the perplexities he found himself in, and a degree of self-interrogation (as opposed to self-examination) he seldom displayed again.

In 1950, in a bar near Sheridan Square, Broyard met Anne Bernays, a Barnard junior and the daughter of Edward L. Bernays, who is considered the father of public relations. "There was this guy who was the handsomest man I have ever seen in my life, and I fell madly in love with him," Bernays, who is best known for such novels as "Growing Up Rich" and "Professor Romeo," recalls. "He was physically irresistible, and he had this dominating personality, and I guess I needed to be dominated. His hair was so short that you couldn't tell whether it was curly or straight. He had high cheekbones and very smooth skin." She knew that he was black, through a mutual friend, the poet and Blake scholar Milton Klonsky. (Years later, in a sort of epiphany, she recognized Anatole's loping walk as an African-American cultural style: "It was almost as if this were inside him dying to get out and express itself, but he felt he couldn't do it.")

After graduation, she got a job as an editor at the literary semiannual *Discovery*. She persuaded Broyard to submit his work, and in 1954 the magazine ran a short story entitled "What the Cystoscope Said"—an extraordinary account of his father's terminal illness:

> I didn't recognize him at first, he was so bad. His mouth was open and his breathing was hungry. They had removed his false teeth, and his cheeks were so thin that his mouth looked like a keyhole. I leaned over his bed and brought my face before his eyes. "Hello darlin'," he whispered, and he smiled. His voice, faint as it was, was full of love, and it bristled the hairs on the nape of my neck and raised goose flesh on my forearms. I couldn't speak, so I kissed him. His cheek smelled like wax.

Overnight, Broyard's renown was raised to a higher level. "Broyard knocked people flat with 'What the Cystoscope Said,' " Lish recalls. One of those people was Burt Britton, a bookseller who later co-founded Books & Co. In the fifties, he says, he read the works of young American writers religiously: "Now, if writing were a horse race, which God knows it's not, I would have gone out and put my two bucks down on Broyard." In "Advertisements for Myself," Norman Mailer wrote that he'd buy a novel by Broyard the day it appeared. Indeed, Bernays recalls, on the basis of that story the Atlantic Monthly Press offered Broyard a twenty-thousand-dollar advance—then a staggeringly large sum for a literary work by an unknown—for a novel of which "Cystoscope" would be a chapter. "The whole literary world was waiting with bated breath for this great novelist who was about to arrive," Michael Vincent Miller, a friend of Broyard's since the late fifties, recalls. "Some feelings of expectation lasted for years."

Rumor surrounded Broyard like a gentle murmur, and sometimes it became a din. Being an orphan of the avant-garde was hard work. Among the black literati, certainly, his ancestry was a topic of speculation, and when a picture of Broyard accompanied a 1958 *Time* review of a Beat anthology it was closely scrutinized. Arna Bontemps wrote to Langston Hughes, "His picture . . . makes him look Negroid. If so, he is the only spade among the Beat Generation." Charlie Parker spied Broyard in Washington Square Park one day and told a companion, "He's one of us, but he doesn't want to admit he's one of us." Richard Gilman recalls an awkwardness that ensued when he stumbled across Anatole with his dark-skinned wife and child: "I just happened to come upon them in a restaurant that was not near our usual stomping grounds. He introduced me, and it was fine, but my sense was that he would rather not have had anyone he knew meet them." He adds, "I remember thinking at the time that he had the look of an octoroon or a quadroon, one of those—which he strenuously denied. He got into very great disputes with people."

One of those disputes was with Chandler Brossard, who had been a close friend: Broyard was the best man at Brossard's wedding. There was a falling out, and Brossard produced an unflattering portrait of Broyard as the hustler and opportunist Henry Porter in his 1952 novel, "Who Walk in Darkness." Brossard knew just where Broyard was most vulnerable, and he pushed hard. His novel originally began, "People said Henry Porter was a Negro," and the version published in France still does. Apparently fearing legal action, however, Brossard's American publisher, New Directions, sent it to Broyard in galley form before it was published.

Anne Bernays was with Broyard when the galleys arrived. Broyard explained to her, "They asked me to read it because they are afraid I am going to sue." But why would he sue, she wanted to know. "Because it says I'm a Negro," he replied grimly. "Then," Bernays recalls, "I said, 'What are you going to do?' He said, 'I am going to make them change it.' And he did."

The novel went on to be celebrated as a groundbreaking chronicle of Village hipsters; it also—as a result of the legal redactions—reads rather oddly in places. Henry Porter, the Broyard character, is rumored to be not a Negro but merely "an illegitimate":

> I suspect [the rumor] was supposed to explain the difference between the way he behaved and the way the rest of us behaved. Porter did not show that he knew people were talking about him this way. I must give him credit for maintaining a front of indifference that was really remarkable.
>
> Someone both Porter and I knew quite well once told me the next time he saw Porter he was going to ask him if he was or was not an illegitimate. He said it was the only way to clear the air. Maybe so. But I said I would not think of doing it. . . . I felt that if Porter ever wanted the stories about himself cleared up, publicly, he would one day do so. I was willing to wait.

And that, after all, is the nature of such secrets: they are not what cannot be known but what cannot be acknowledged.

Another trip wire seems to have landed Broyard in one of the masterpieces of twentieth-century American fiction, William Gaddis's "The Recognitions." Livelli explains, "Now, around 1947 or '48, William Gaddis and Anatole were in love with the same gal, Sheri Martinelli. They were rivals, almost at each other's throats. And Willie

"I've decided to outsource my emotional needs."

• •

was such a sweetheart that he had a mild approach to everything, and Anatole was sort of a stabber: he injected words like poison into conversations." When "The Recognitions" came out, in 1955, "Anatole caught on to it right away, and he was kind of angry over it." The Broyard character is named Max, and Gaddis wrote that he "always looked the same, always the same age, his hair always the same short length," seemingly "a parody on the moment, as his clothes caricatured a past at eastern colleges where he had never been." Worse is his "unconscionable smile," which intimates "that the wearer knew all of the dismal secrets of some evil jungle whence he had just come."

Broyard's own account of these years—published in 1993 as "Kafka Was the Rage"—is fuelled by the intertwined themes of writing and women. Gaddis says, "His eyes were these great pools—soft, gentle pools. It was girls, girls, girls: a kind of intoxication of its own. I always thought, frankly, that that's where his career went, his creative energies."

Anne Bernays maintains, "If you leave the sex part out, you're only telling half the story. With women, he was just like an alcoholic with booze." She stopped seeing him in 1952, at her therapist's urging. "It was like going cold turkey off a drug," she says, remembering how crushing the experience was, and she adds, "I think most women have an Anatole in their lives."

Indeed, not a few of them had Anatole. "He was a pussy gangster, really," Lucas, a former professor of comparative literature, says with Bed-Stuy bluntness. Gilman recalls being in Bergdorf Goodman and coming across Broyard putting the moves on a salesgirl. "I hid behind a pillar—otherwise he'd know that I'd seen him—and watched him go through every stage of seduction: 'What do you think? Can I put this against you? Oh, it looks great against your skin. You have the most wonderful skin.' And then he quoted Baudelaire."

Quoting Baudelaire turns out to be key. Broyard's great friend Ernest van den Haag recalls trolling the Village with Broyard in those days: "We obviously quite often compared our modus operandi, and what I observed about Anatole is that when he liked a girl he could speak to her brilliantly about all kinds of things which the girl didn't in the least understand, because Anatole was really vastly erudite. The girl had no idea what he was talking about, but she loved it, because she was under the impression, rightly so, that she was listening to something very interesting and important. His was a solipsistic discourse, in some ways." Indeed, the narrator of "What the Cystoscope Said" tells of seducing his ailing father's young and ingenuous nurse in a similar manner:

> "Listen," I said, borrowing a tone of urgency from another source, "I want to give you a book. A book that was written for you, a book that belongs to you as much as your diary, that's dedicated to you like your nurse's certificate." . . . My apartment was four blocks away, so I bridged the distance with talk, raving about *Journey to the End of the Night*, the book she needed like she needed a hole in her head.

Broyard recognized that seduction was a matter not only of talking but of listening, too, and he knew how to pay attention with an engulfing level of concentration. The writer Ellen Schwamm, who met Broyard in the late fifties, says, "You show me a man who talks, and I'll show you a thousand women who hurl themselves at his feet. I don't mean just talk, I mean dialogues. He *listened*, and he was willing to speak of things that most men are not interested in: literature and its effect on life." But she also saw another side to Broyard's relentless need to seduce. She invokes a formulation made by her husband, the late Harold Brodkey: "Harold used to say that a lot of men steal from women. They steal bits of their souls, bits of their personalities, to construct an emotional life, which many men don't have. And I think that Anatole needed something of that sort."

It's an image of self-assemblage which is very much in keeping with Broyard's own accounts of himself. Starting in 1946, and continuing at intervals for the rest of his life, he underwent analysis. Yet the word "analysis" is misleading: what he wanted was to be refashioned—or, as he told his first analyst, to be *transfigured*. "When I came out with the word, I was like someone who sneezes into a handkerchief and finds it full of blood," he wrote in the 1993 memoir. "I wanted to discuss my life with him not as a patient talking to an analyst but as if we were two literary critics discussing a novel. . . . I had a literature rather than a personality, a set of fictions about myself." He lived a lie because he didn't want to live a larger lie: and Anatole Broyard, Negro writer, was that larger lie.

Alexandra Nelson, known as Sandy, met Broyard in January of 1961. Broyard was forty, teaching the odd course at the New School and supporting himself by freelancing: promotional copy for publishers, liner notes for Columbia jazz records, blurbs for the Book-of-the-Month Club. Sandy was twenty-three and a dancer, and Broyard had always loved dancers. Of Norwegian descent, she was strikingly beautiful, and strikingly intelligent. Michael Miller recalls, "She represented a certain kind of blonde, a certain kind of sophisticated carriage and a way of moving through the world with a sense of the good things. They both had marvellous taste."

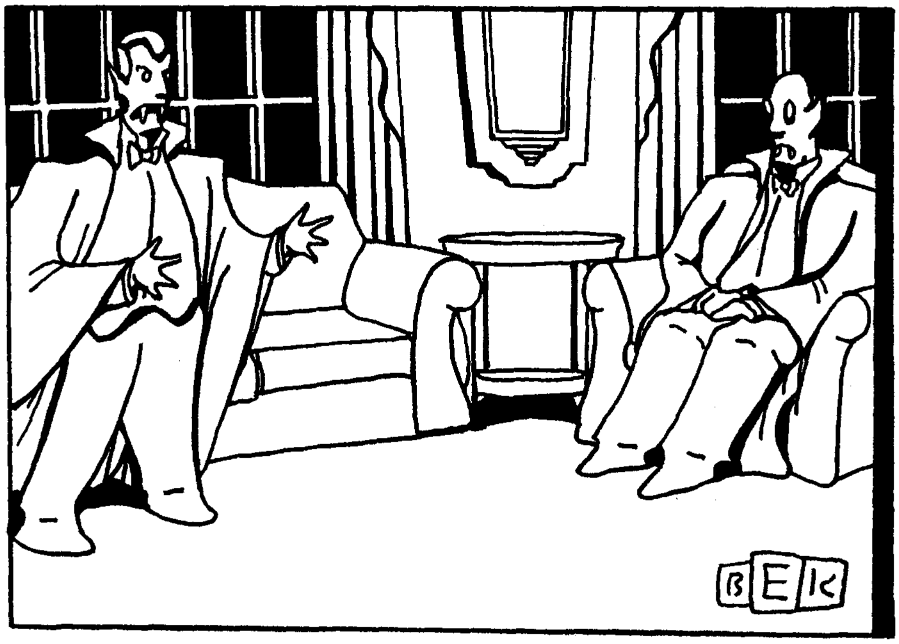
It was as if a sorcerer had made a list of everything Broyard loved and had given it life. At long last, the conqueror was conquered: in less than a year, Broyard and Sandy were married. Sandy remembers his aura in those days: "Anatole was very hip. It wasn't a pose—it was in his sinew, in his bones. And, when he was talking to you, you just felt that you were receiving all this radiance from him." (Van den Haag says, "I do think it's not without significance that Anatole married a blonde, and about as white as you can get. He may have feared a little bit that the children might turn out black. He must have been pleased that they didn't.")

While they were still dating, two of Broyard's friends told Sandy that he was black, in what seemed to be a clumsy attempt to scare her off. "I think they really weren't happy to lose him, to see him get into a serious relationship," she says. "They were losing a playmate, in a way." Whatever the cultural sanctions, she was unfazed. But she says that when she asked Broyard about it he proved evasive: "He claimed that he wasn't black, but he talked about 'island influences,' or said that he had a grandmother who used to live in a tree on some island in the Caribbean. Anatole was like that—he was very slippery." Sandy didn't force the issue, and the succeeding years only fortified his sense of reserve. "Anatole was very strong," she says. "And he said about certain things, 'Just keep out. This is the deal if you get mixed up with me.' " The life that Broyard chose to live meant that the children did not meet their Aunt Shirley until after his death—nor, except for a couple of brief visits in the sixties, was there any contact even with Broyard's light-skinned mother and older sister. It was a matter of respecting the ground rules. "I would try to poke in those areas, but the message was very direct and strong," Sandy explains. "Oh, when I got angry at him, you know, one always pushes the tender points. But over time you grow up about these things and realize you do what you can do and there are certain things you can't."

In 1963, just before their first child, Todd, was born, Anatole shocked his friends by another big move—to Connecticut. Not only was he moving to Connecticut but he was going to be commuting to work: for the first time in his life, he would be a company man. "I think one of his claims to fame was that he hadn't had an office job—somehow, he'd escaped that," Sandy says. "There had been no real need for him to grow up." But after Todd was born—a daughter, Bliss, followed in 1966—Anatole spent seven years working full-time as a copywriter at the Manhattan advertising agency Wunderman Ricotta & Kline.

Over the next quarter century, the family lived in a series of eighteenth-century houses, sometimes bought on impulse, in places like Fairfield, Redding, Greens Farms, and Southport. Here, in a land of leaf-blowers and lawnmowers, Bed-Stuy must have seemed almost comically remote. Many of Broyard's intimates from the late forties knew about his family; the intimates he acquired in the sixties did not, or else had heard only rumors. Each year, the number of people who knew Buddy from Bed-Stuy dwindled; each year, the rumors grew more nebulous; each year, he left his past further behind. Miller says, "Anatole was a master at what Erving Goffman calls 'impression management.' " The writer Evelyn Toynton says, "I remember once going to a party with Sandy and him in Connecticut. There were these rather dull people there, stockbrokers and the usual sorts of people, and Anatole just knocked himself out to charm every single person in the room. I said to him, 'Anatole, can't you ever *not* be charming?' " Miller observes, "He was a wonderful host. He could take people from different walks of life—the president of Stanley Tools or a vice-president of Merrill Lynch, say, and some bohemian type from the Village—and keep the whole scene flowing beautifully. He had perfect pitch for the social encounter, like Jay Gatsby."

It was as if, wedded to an ideal of American self-fashioning, he sought to put himself to the ultimate test. It was one thing to be accepted in the Village, amid the Beats and hipsters and émigrés, but to gain acceptance in

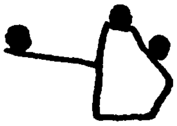


"Look, we're three thousand years old. No one's going to hire us."

Cheever territory was an achievement of a higher order. "Anatole, when he left the Village and went to Connecticut, was able not only to pass but even to be a kind of influential presence in that world of rich white Wasps," Miller says. "Maybe that was a shallower part of the passing—to be accepted by Connecticut gentry."

Broyard's feat raised eyebrows among some of his literary admirers: something borrowed, something new. Daphne Merkin, another longtime friend, detected "a 'country-squire' tendency—a complicated tendency to want to establish a sort of safety through bourgeoisness. It was like a Galsworthy quality."

Even in Arcadia, however, there could be no relaxation of vigilance: in his most intimate relationships, there were guardrails. Broyard once wrote that Michael Miller was one of the people he liked best in the world, and Miller is candid about Broyard's profound influence on him. Today, Miller is a psychotherapist, based in Cambridge, and the author, most recently, of "Intimate Terrorism." From the time they met until his death, Broyard read to him the first draft of almost every piece he wrote. Yet a thirty-year friendship of unusual intimacy was circumscribed by a subject that they never discussed. "First of all, I didn't *know*," Miller says. "I just had intuitions and had heard intimations. It was some years before I'd even put together some intuition and little rumblings—nothing ever emerged clearly. There was a certain tacit understanding between us to accept certain pathways as our best selves, and not challenge that too much." It was perhaps, he says a little sadly, a limitation on the relationship.



In the late sixties, Broyard wrote several front-page reviews for the *Times Book Review*. "They were brilliant, absolutely sensational," the novelist Charles Simmons, who was then an assistant editor there, says. In 1971, the *Times* was casting about for a new daily reviewer, and Simmons was among those who suggested Anatole Broyard. It wasn't a tough sell. Arthur Gelb, at the time the paper's cultural editor, recalls, "Anatole was among the first critics I brought to the paper. He was very funny, and he also had that special knack for penetrating hypocrisy. I don't think he was capable of uttering a boring sentence."

You could say that his arrival was a sign of the times. Imagine: Anatole Broyard, downtown flaneur and apostle of sex and high modernism, ensconced in what was, literarily speaking, the ultimate establishment perch. "There had been an awful lot of very tame, very conventional people at the *Times*, and Broyard came in as a sort of ambassador from the Village and Village sophistication," Alfred Kazin recalls. Broyard had a highly developed appreciation of the paper's institutional power, and he even managed to use it to avenge wrongs done him in his Village days. Just before he started his job at the daily, he published a review in the *Times Book Review* of a new novel by one Chandler Brossard. The review began, "Here's a book so transcendently bad it makes us fear not only for the condition of the novel in this country, but for the country itself."

Broyard's reviews were published in alternation with those of Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, who has now been a daily reviewer at the *Times* for more than a quarter century, and who readily admits that Broyard's appointment did not gladden his heart. They hadn't got along particularly well when Lehmann-Haupt was an editor at the *Times Book Review*, nor did Lehmann-Haupt entirely approve of Broyard's status as a fabled libertine. So when A. M. Rosenthal, the paper's managing editor, was considering hiring him, Lehmann-Haupt expressed reservations. He recalls, "Rosenthal was saying, 'Give me five reasons why not.' And I thoughtlessly blurted out, 'Well, first of all, he is the biggest ass man in town.' And Rosenthal rose up from his desk and said, 'If that were a disqualification for working for the New York *Times*'—and he waved—'this place would be empty!' "

Broyard got off to an impressive start. Lehmann-Haupt says, "He had a wonderful way of setting a tone, and a wonderful way of talking himself through a review. He had good, tough instincts when it came to fiction. He had taste." And the jovial Herbert Mitgang, who served a stint as a daily reviewer himself, says, "I always thought he was the most literary of the reviewers. There would be something like a little essay in his daily reviews."

Occasionally, his acerbic opinions got him in trouble. There was, for example, the storm that attended an uncharitable review of a novel by Christy Brown, an Irish writer who was born with severe cerebral palsy. The review concluded:

> It is unfortunate that the author of "A Shadow on Summer" is an almost total spastic—he is said to have typed his highly regarded first novel, "Down All the Days," with his left foot—but I don't see how the badness of his second novel can be blamed on that. Any man who can learn to type with his left foot can learn to write better than he has here.

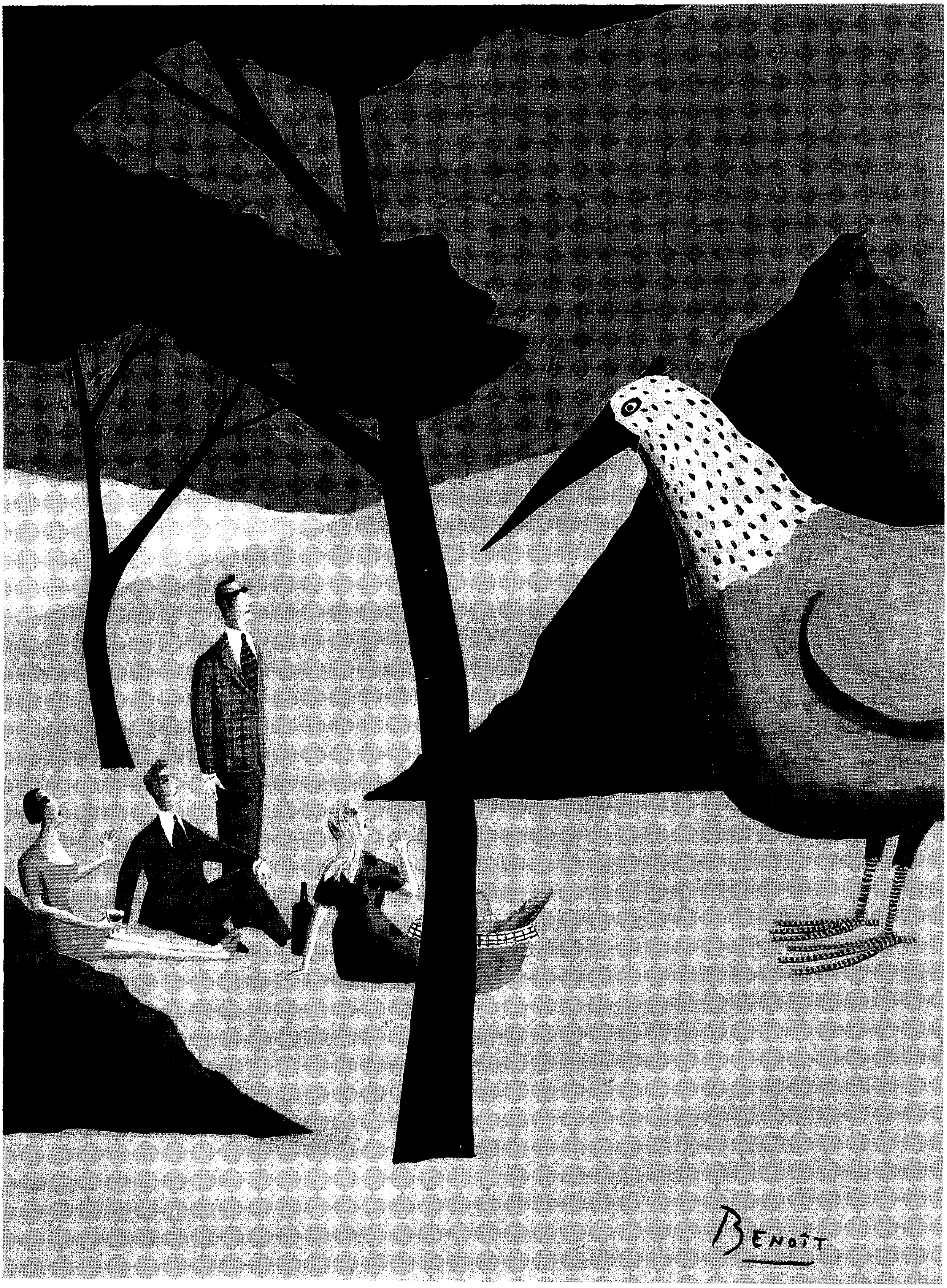
Then, there was the controversial review of James Baldwin's piously sentimental novel of black suffering, "If Beale Street Could Talk." Broyard wrote:

> If I have to read one more description of the garbage piled up in the streets of Harlem, I may just throw protocol to the winds and ask whose garbage is it? I would like to remind Mr. Baldwin that the City Health Code stipulates that garbage must be put out in proper containers, not indiscriminately "piled."

No one could accuse Broyard of proselytizing for progressive causes. Jason Epstein, for one, was quick to detect a neoconservative air in his reviews, and Broyard's old friend Ernest van den Haag, a longtime contributing editor at *National Review*, volunteers that he was available to set Broyard straight on the issues when the need arose. Broyard could be mischievous, and he could be tendentious. It did not escape notice that he was consistently hostile to feminist writers. "Perhaps it's naïve of me to expect people to write reasonable books about emotionally charged subjects," one such review began, irritably. "But when you have to read and review two or three books each week, you do get tired of 'understanding' so much personal bias. You reach a point where it no longer matters that the author's mistakes are well meant. You don't care that he or she is on the side of the angels: you just want them to tell the truth."

Nor did relations between the two daily reviewers ever become altogether cordial. Lehmann-Haupt tells of a time in 1974 when Broyard said that he was sick and couldn't deliver a review. Lehmann-Haupt had to write an extra review in less than a day, so that he could get to the Ali-Frazier fight the next night, where he had ringside seats. Later, when they discussed the match, EASEL · BY BENOÎT VAN INNIS

IN SEARCH OF ANTS AT A PICNIC



Broyard seemed suspiciously knowledgeable about its particulars; he claimed that a friend of his had been invited by a television executive to watch it on closed-circuit TV. "I waited about six months, because one of the charming things about Anatole was that he never remembered his lies," Lehmann-Haupt says, laughing. "And I said, 'Did you see that fight?' And he said, 'Oh, yeah—I was there as a guest of this television executive.' *That's* why he couldn't write the review!"

BROYARD had been teaching off and on at the New School since the late fifties, and now his reputation as a writing teacher began to soar. Certainly his fluent prose style, with its combination of grace and clarity, was a considerable recommendation. He was charismatic and magisterial, and, because he was sometimes brutal about students' work, they found it all the more gratifying when he was complimentary. Among his students were Paul Breslow, Robert Olen Butler, Daphne Merkin, and Hilma Wolitzer. Ellen Schwamm, who took a workshop with him in the early seventies, says, "He had a gourmet's taste for literature and for language, and he was really able to convey that: it was a very sensual experience."

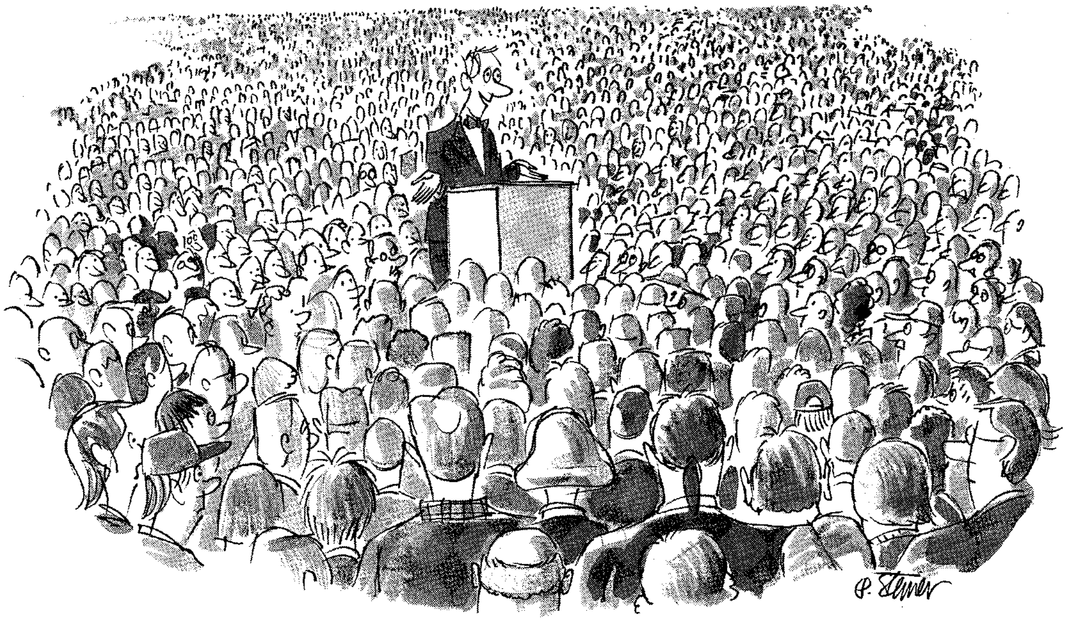
These were years of heady success and, at the same time, of a rising sense of failure. An arbiter of American writing, Broyard was racked by his inability to write his own magnum opus. In the fifties, the Atlantic Monthly Press had contracted for an autobiographical novel—the novel that was supposed to secure Broyard's fame, his place in contemporary literature—but, all these years later, he had made no progress. It wasn't for lack of trying. Lehmann-Haupt recalls his taking a lengthy vacation in order to get the book written. "I remember talking to him—he was up in Vermont, where somebody had lent him a house—and he was in agony. He banished himself from the Vineyard, was clearly suffering, and he just couldn't do it." John Updike, who knew Broyard slightly from the Vineyard, was reminded of the anticipation surrounding Ellison's second novel: "The most famous non-book around was the one that Broyard was not writing." (The two non-book writers were in fact quite friendly: Broyard admired Ellison not only as a writer but as a dancer—a high tribute from such an adept as Broyard.)

Surrounded by analysts and psychotherapists—Sandy Broyard had become a therapist herself by this time—Broyard had no shortage of explanations for his inability to write his book. "He did have a total writer's block," van den Haag says, "and he was analyzed by various persons, but it didn't fully overcome the writer's block. I couldn't prevent him from going back to 'The Cystoscope' and trying to improve it. He made it, of course, not better but worse." Broyard's fluency as an essayist and a reviewer wasn't quite compensation. Charles Simmons says, "He had produced all this charming criticism, but the one thing that mattered to him was the one thing he hadn't managed to do."

As the seventies wore on, Miller discussed the matter of blockage with his best friend in relatively abstract terms: he suggested that there might be something in Broyard's relationship to his family background that was holding him back. In the eighties, he referred Broyard to his own chief mentor in gestalt therapy, Isador From, and From became perhaps Broyard's most important therapist in his later years. "In gestalt therapy, we talk a lot about 'unfinished business': anything that's incomplete, unfinished, haunts the whole personality and tends, at some level, to create inhibition or blockage," Miller says. "You're stuck there at a certain point. It's like living with a partly full bladder all your life."

Some people speculated that the reason Broyard couldn't write his novel was that he was living it—that race loomed larger in his life because it was unacknowledged, that he couldn't put it behind him because he had put it beneath him. If he had been a different sort of writer, it might not have mattered so much. But Merkin points out, "Anatole's subject, even in fiction, was essentially himself. I think that ultimately he would have had to deal with more than he wanted to deal with."

Broyard may have been the picture of serene self-mastery, but there was one subject that could reliably fluster him. Gordon Lish recalls an occasion in the mid-seventies when Burt Britton (who was married to a black woman) alluded to Anatole's racial ancestry. Lish says, "Anatole became inflamed, and he left the room. He snapped, like a dog snapping—he *barked* at Britton. It was an ugly moment." To people who knew nothing about the matter, Broyard's sensitivities were at times simply perplexing. The critic Judith Dunford used to go to lunch with Broyard in the eighties. One day, Broyard men-



"*My fellow victims...*"

tioned his sister Shirley, and Dunford, idly making conversation, asked him what she looked like. Suddenly, she saw an extremely worried expression on his face. Very carefully, he replied, "Darker than me."

There was, finally, no sanctuary. "When the children were older, I began, every eighteen months or so, to bring up the issue of how they needed to know at some point," Sandy Broyard says. "And then he would totally shut down and go into a rage. He'd say that at some point he would tell them, but he would not tell them now." He was the Scheherazade of racial imposture, seeking and securing one deferral after another. It must have made things not easier but harder. In the modern era, children are supposed to come out to their parents: it works better that way around. For children, we know, can judge their parents harshly—above all, for what they understand as failures of candor. His children would see the world in terms of authenticity; he saw the world in terms of self-creation. Would they think that he had made a Faustian bargain? Would they speculate about what else he had not told them—about the limits of self-invention? Broyard's resistance is not hard to fathom. He must have wondered when the past would learn its place, and stay past.

Anatole Broyard had confessed enough in his time to know that confession did nothing for the soul. He preferred to communicate his truths on higher frequencies. As if in exorcism, Broyard's personal essays deal regularly with the necessary, guilt-ridden endeavor of escaping family history: and yet the feelings involved are well-nigh universal. The thematic elements of passing—fragmentation, alienation, liminality, self-fashioning—echo the great themes of modernism. As a result, he could prepare the way for exposure without ever risking it. Miller observes, "If you look at the writing closely enough, and listen to the intonations, there's something there that is like no writer from the completely white world. Freud talked about the repetition compulsion. With Anatole, it's interesting that he was constantly hiding it and in some ways constantly revealing it."

Sandy speaks of these matters in calmly analytic tones; perhaps because she is a therapist, her love is tempered by an almost professional dispassion. She says, "I think his own personal history continued to be painful to him," and she adds, "In passing, you cause your family great anguish, but I also think, conversely, do we look at the anguish it causes the person who is passing? Or the anguish that it was born out of?"

"Last weekend we planted basil. Period."

• •

IT may be tempting to describe Broyard's self-positioning as arising from a tortured allegiance to some liberal-humanist creed. In fact, the liberal pieties of the day were not much to his taste. "It wasn't about an ideal of racelessness but something much more complex and interesting," Miller says. "He was actually quite anti-black," Evelyn Toynton says. She tells of a time when she was walking with him on a street in New York and a drunken black man came up to him and asked for a dollar. Broyard seethed. Afterward, he remarked to her, "I look around New York, and I think to myself, If there were no blacks in New York, would it really be any loss?"

No doubt this is a calculation that whites, even white liberals, sometimes find themselves idly working out: How many black muggers is one Thelonious Monk worth? How many Willie Hortons does Gwendolyn Brooks redeem? In 1970, Ellison published his classic essay "What America Would Be Like Without Blacks," in *Time;* and one reason it is a classic essay is that it addresses a question that lingers in the American political unconscious. Commanding as Ellison's arguments are, there remains a whit of defensiveness in the very exercise. It's a burdensome thing to refute a fantasy.

And a burdensome thing to be privy to it. Ellen Schwamm recalls that one of the houses Broyard had in Connecticut had a black jockey on the lawn, and that "he used to tell me that Jimmy Baldwin had said to him, 'I can't come and see you with this crap on your lawn.’ ” (Sandy remembers the lawn jockey—an antique—as having come with the house; she also recalls that it was stolen one day.) Charles Simmons says that the writer Herbert Gold, before introducing him to Broyard, warned him that Broyard was prone to make comments about “spades,” and Broyard did make a few such comments. “He personally, on a deeper level, was not enamored of blacks,” van den Haag says. “He avoided blacks. There is no question he did.” Sandy is gingerly in alluding to this subject. “He was very short-tempered with the behavior of black people, the sort of behavior that was shown in the news. He had paid the price to be at liberty to say things that, if you didn’t know he was black, you would misunderstand. I think it made him ironical.”

EVERY once in a while, however, Broyard’s irony would slacken, and he would speak of the thing with an unaccustomed and halting forthrightness. Toynton says that after they’d known each other for several years he told her there was a “C” (actually, “col,” for “colored”) on his birth certificate. “And then another time he told me that his sister was black and that she was married to a black man.” The circumlocutions are striking: not that *he* was black but that his birth certificate was; not that *he* was black but that his family was. Perhaps this was a matter less of evasiveness than of precision.

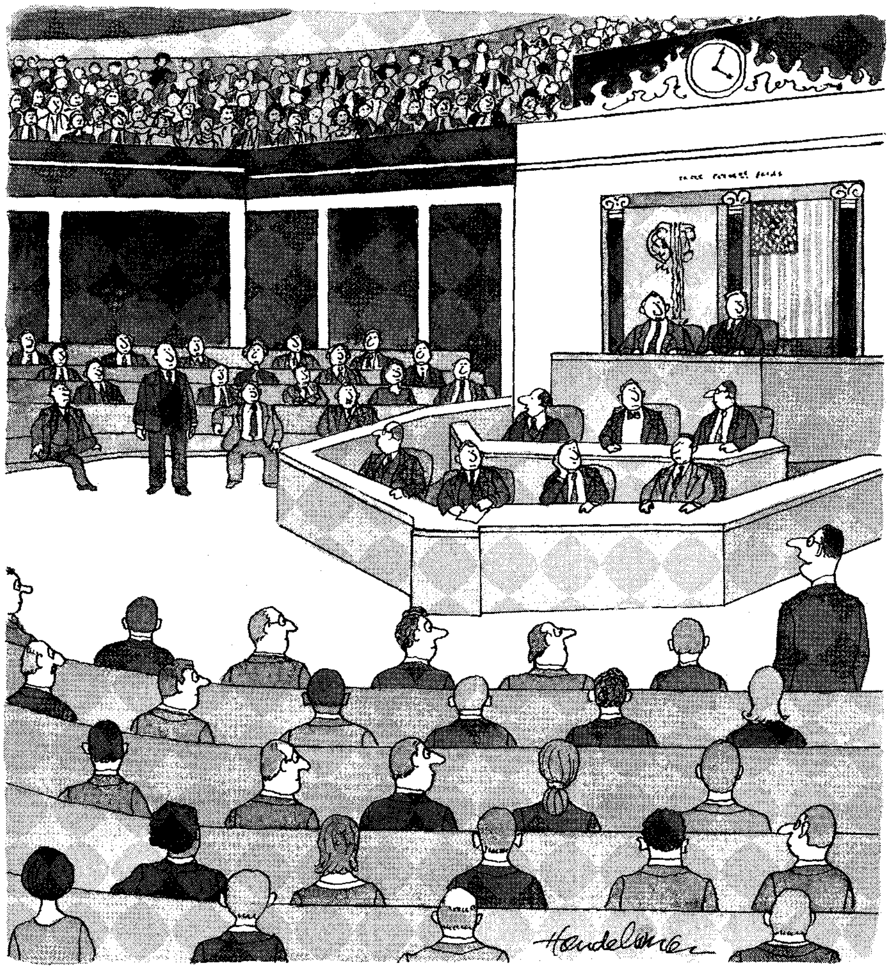
“Some shrink had said to him that the reason he didn’t like brown-haired women or dark women was that he was afraid of his own shit,” Toynton continues. “And I said, ‘Anatole, it’s as plain as plain can be that it has to do with being black.’ And he just stopped and said, ‘You don’t know what it was like. It was horrible.’ He told me once that he didn’t like to see his sisters, because they reminded him of his unhappy childhood.” (Shirley’s account suggests that this unhappy childhood may have had more to do with the child than with the hood.)

Ellen Schwamm remembers one occasion when Broyard visited her and Harold Brodkey at their apartment, and read them part of the memoir he was working on. She says that the passages seemed stilted and distant, and that Brodkey said to him, “You’re not telling the truth, and if you try to write lies or evade the truth this is what you get. What’s the real story?” She says, “Anatole took a deep breath and said, ‘The real story is that I’m not who I seem. I’m a black.’ I said, ‘Well, Anatole, it’s no great shock, because this rumor has been around for years and years and years, and everyone assumes there’s a small percentage of you that’s black, if that’s what you’re trying to say.’ And he said, ‘No, that’s not what I’m trying to say. My father could pass, but in fact my mother’s black, too. We’re black as far back as I know.’ We never said a word of it to anybody, because he asked us not to.”

Schwamm also says that she begged him to write about his history: it seemed to her excellent material for a book. But he explained that he didn’t want notoriety based on his race—on his revealing himself to be black—rather than on his talent. As Toynton puts it, Broyard felt that he had to make a choice between being an aesthete and being a Negro. “He felt that once he said, ‘I’m a Negro writer,’ he would have to write about black issues, and Anatole was such an aesthete.”

All the same, Schwamm was impressed by a paradox: the man wanted to be appreciated not for being black but for being a writer, even though his pretending not to be black was stopping him from writing. It was one of the very few ironies that Broyard, the master ironist, was ill equipped to appreciate.

BESIDES, there was always his day job to attend to. Broyard might suffer through a midnight of the soul in Vermont; but he was also a working journalist, and when it came to filing his copy he nearly always met his deadlines. In the late seventies, he also began publishing brief personal essays in the *Times*. They are among the finest work he did—easeful, witty, perfectly poised between surface and depth. In them he perfected the feat of being self-revelatory without revealing anything. He wrote about his current life, in Connecticut: “People in New York City have psychotherapists, and people in the suburbs



“Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman from Small Firearms yield the floor to the gentleman from Big Tobacco?”

have handymen. While anxiety in the city is existential, in the country it is structural." And he wrote about his earlier life, in the city: "There was a kind of jazz in my father's movements, a rhythm compounded of economy and flourishes, functional and decorative. He had a blues song in his blood, a wistful jauntiness he brought with him from New Orleans." (Wistful, and even worrisome: "I half-expected him to break into the Camel Walk, the Shimmy Shewobble, the Black Bottom or the Mess Around.") In a 1979 essay he wrote about how much he dreaded family excursions:

> To me, they were like a suicide pact. Didn't my parents know that the world was just waiting for a chance to come between us?
>
> Inside, we were a family, but outside we were immigrants, bizarre in our differences. I thought that people stared at us, and my face grew hot. At any moment, I expected my father and mother to expose their tribal rites, their eccentric anthropology, to the gape of strangers.
>
> Anyone who saw me with my family knew too much about me.

These were the themes he returned to in many of his personal essays, seemingly marking out the threshold he would not cross. And if some of his colleagues at the *Times* knew too much about him, or had heard the rumors, they wouldn't have dreamed of saying anything. Abe Rosenthal (who did know about him) says that the subject never arose. "What was there to talk about? I didn't really consider it my business. I didn't think it was proper or polite, nor did I want him to think I was prejudiced, or anything."

But most people knew nothing about it. C. Gerald Fraser, a reporter and an editor at the *Times* from 1967 until 1991, was friendly with Broyard's brother-in-law Ambassador Franklin Williams. Fraser, who is black, recalls that one day Williams asked him how many black journalists there were at the *Times*. "I listed them," he says, "and he said, 'You forgot one.' I went over the list again, and I said, 'What do you mean?' He said, 'Shirley's brother, Anatole Broyard.' I was dumbstruck, because I'd never heard it mentioned at the *Times* that he was black, or that the paper had a black critic."

In any event, Broyard's colleagues did not have to know what he was to have reservations about *who* he was. He cultivated his image as a trickster—someone who would bend the rules, finesse the system—and that image only intensified his detractors' ire. "A good book review is an act of seduction, and when he did it there was nobody better," John Leonard says, but he feels that Broyard's best was not always offered. "I considered him to be one of the laziest book reviewers to come down the pike." Soon a running joke was that Broyard would review only novels shorter than two hundred pages. In the introduction to "Aroused by Books," a collection of the reviews he published in the early seventies, Broyard wrote that he tried to choose books for review that were "closest to [his] feelings." Lehmann-Haupt says dryly, "We began to suspect that he often picked the books according to the attractiveness of the young female novelists who had written them." Rosenthal had shamed him for voicing his disquiet about Broyard's reputation as a Don Juan, but before long Rosenthal himself changed his tune. "Maybe five or six years later," Lehmann-Haupt recalls, "Rosenthal comes up to me, jabbing me in the chest with a stiffened index finger and saying, 'The trouble with Broyard is that he writes with his cock!' I bit my tongue."

Gradually, a measure of discontent with Broyard's reviews began to make itself felt among the paper's cultural commissars. Harvey Shapiro, the editor of the *Book Review* from 1975 to 1983, recalls conversations with Rosenthal in which "he would tell me that all his friends hated Anatole's essays, and I would tell him that all my friends loved Anatole's essays, and that would be the end of the conversation." In 1984, Broyard was removed from the daily *Times* and given a column in the *Book Review.*

Mitchel Levitas, the editor of the *Book Review* from 1983 to 1989, edited Broyard's column himself. He says, "It was a tough time for him, you see, because he had come off the daily book review, where he was out there in the public eye twice a week. That was a major change in his public role." In addition to writing his column, he was put to work as an editor at the *Book Review.* The office environment was perhaps not altogether congenial to a man of his temperament. Kazin recalls, "He complained to me constantly about being on the *Book Review,* because he had to check people's quotations and such. I think he thought that he was superior to the job."

Then, too, it was an era in which the very notion of passing was beginning to seem less plangent than preposterous. Certainly Broyard's skittishness around the subject wasn't to everyone's liking. Brent Staples, who is black, was an editor at the *Book Review* at the time Broyard was there. "Anatole had it both ways," Staples says. "He would give you a kind of burlesque wink that seemed to indicate he was ready to accept the fact of your knowing that he was a black person. It was a real ambiguity, tacit and sort of recessed. He jived around and played with it a lot, but never made it express the fact that he was black." It was a game that tried Staples' patience. "When Anatole came anywhere near me, for example, his whole style, demeanor, and tone would change," he recalls. "I took that as him conveying to me, 'Yes, I am like you. But I'm relating this to you on a kind of recondite channel.' Over all, it made me angry. Here was a guy who was, for a long period of time, probably one of the two or three most important critical voices on literature in the United States. How could you, actively or passively, have this fact hidden?"

Staples pauses, then says, "You know, he turned it into a joke. And when you change something basic about yourself into a joke, it spreads, it metastasizes, and so his whole presentation of self became completely ironic. *Everything* about him was ironic."

There were some people who came to have a professional interest in achieving a measure of clarity on the topic. Not long before Broyard retired from the *Times,* in 1989, Daphne Merkin, as an editor at Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, gave him an advance of a hundred thousand dollars for his memoirs. (The completed portion was ultimately published, as "Kafka Was the Rage," by Crown.) Merkin learned that "he was, in some ways, opaque to himself," and her disquiet grew when the early chapters arrived. "I said, 'Anatole, there's something odd here. Within the memoir, you have your family moving to a black neighborhood in Brooklyn. I find that strange—unless they're black.' I said, 'You can do many things if you're writing a memoir. But if you squelch stuff that seems to be crucial about you, and pretend it doesn't exist . . .' She observes that he was much attached to aspects of his childhood, but "in a clouded way."

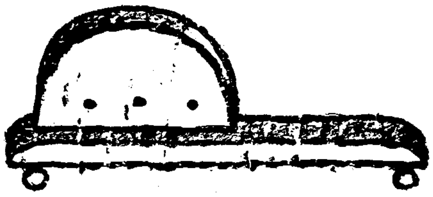
When Broyard retired from the *Times*, he was nearly sixty-nine. To Sandy, it was a source of some anguish that their children still did not know the truth about him. Yet what was that truth? Broyard was a critic—a critic who specialized in European and American fiction. And what was race but a European and American fiction? If he was passing for white, perhaps he understood that the alternative was passing for black. "But if some people are light enough to live like white, mother, why should there be such a fuss?" a girl asks her mother in "Near-White," a 1931 story by the Harlem Renaissance author Claude McKay. "Why should they live colored when they could be happier living white?" Why, indeed? One could concede that the passing of Anatole Broyard involved dishonesty; but is it so very clear that the dishonesty was mostly Broyard's?

To pass is to sin against authenticity, and "authenticity" is among the founding lies of the modern age. The philosopher Charles Taylor summarizes its ideology thus: "There is a certain way of being human that is *my* way. I am called upon to live my life in this way, and not in imitation of anyone else's life. But this notion gives a new importance to being true to myself. If I am not, I miss the point of my life; I miss what being human is for *me*." And the Romantic fallacy of authenticity is only compounded when it is collectivized: when the putative real me gives way to the real us. You can say that Anatole Broyard was (by any juridical reckoning) "really" a Negro, without conceding that a Negro is a thing you can really be. The vagaries of racial identity were increased by what anthropologists call the rule of "hypodescent"—the one-drop rule. When those of mixed ancestry—and the majority of blacks are of mixed ancestry—disappear into the white majority, they are traditionally accused of running from their "blackness." Yet why isn't the alternative a matter of running from their "whiteness"? To emphasize these perversities, however, is a distraction from a larger perversity. You can't get race "right" by refining the boundary conditions.

The act of razoring out your contributor's note may be quixotic, but it is not mad. The mistake is to assume that birth certificates and biographical sketches and all the other documents generated by the modern bureaucratic state reveal an anterior truth—that they are merely signs of an independently existing identity. But in fact they constitute it. The social meaning of race is established by these identity papers—by tracts and treatises and certificates and pamphlets and all the other verbal artifacts that proclaim race to be real and, by that proclamation, make it so.

So here is a man who passed for white because he wanted to be a writer, and he did not want to be a Negro writer. It is a crass disjunction, but it is not his crassness or his disjunction. His perception was perfectly correct. He *would* have had to be a Negro writer, which was something he did not want to be. In his terms, he did not want to write about black love, black passion, black suffering, black joy; he wanted to write about love and passion and suffering and joy. We give lip service to the idea of the writer who happens to be black, but had anyone, in the postwar era, ever seen such a thing?

Broyard's friend Richard A. Shweder, an anthropologist and a theorist of culture, says, "I think he believed that reality is constituted by style," and ascribes to Broyard a "deeply romantic view of the intimate connection between style and reality." Broyard passed not because he thought that race wasn't important but because he knew that it was. The durable social facts of race were beyond reason, and, like Paul Broyard's furniture, their strength came at the expense of style. Anatole Broyard lived in a world where race had, indeed, become a trope for indelibility, for permanence. "All I *have* to do," a black folk saying has it, "is stay black and die."



Broyard was a connoisseur of the liminal—of crossing over and, in the familiar phrase, getting over. But the ideologies of modernity have a kicker, which is that they permit no exit. Racial recusal is a forlorn hope. In a system where whiteness is the default, racelessness is never a possibility. You cannot opt out; you can only opt in. In a scathing review of a now forgotten black author, Broyard announced that it was time to reconsider the assumption of many black writers that " 'whitey' will never let you forget you're black." For his part, he wasn't taking any chances. At a certain point, he seems to have decided that all he had to do was stay white and die.

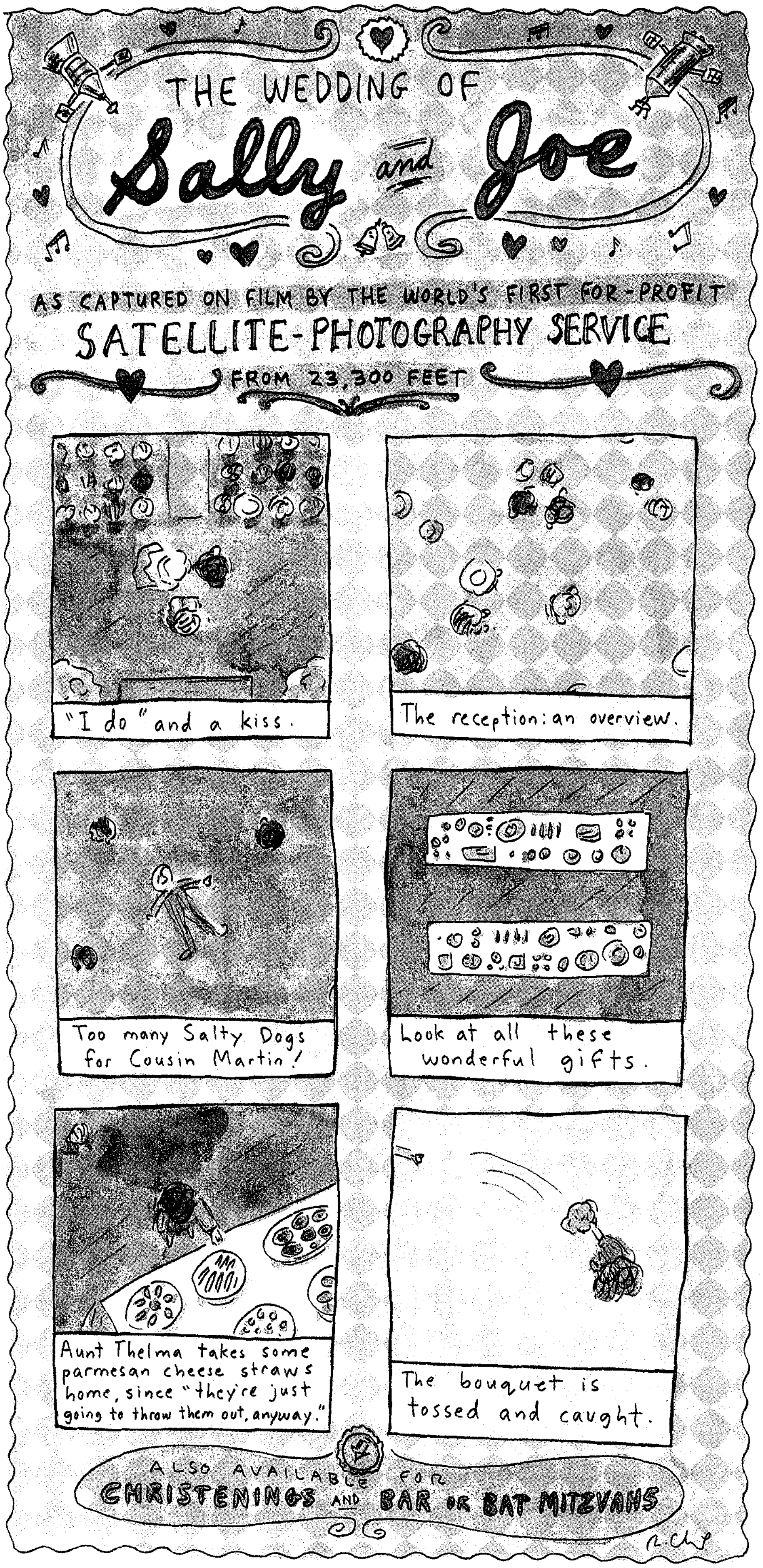
In 1989, Broyard resolved that he and his wife would change their life once more. With both their children grown, they could do what they pleased. And what they pleased—what he pleased, anyway—was to move to Cambridge, Massachusetts. They would be near Harvard, and so part of an intellectual community. He had a vision of walking through Harvard Square, bumping into people like the sociologist Daniel Bell, and having conversations about ideas in the street. Besides, his close friend Michael Miller was living in the area. Anne Bernays, also a Cambridge resident, says, "I remember his calling several times and asking me about neighborhoods. It was important for him to get that right. I think he was a little disappointed when he moved that it wasn't to a fancy neighborhood like Brattle or Channing Street. He was on Wendell Street, where there's a tennis court across the street and an apartment building and the houses are fairly close together." It wasn't a matter of passing so much as of positioning.

Sandy says that they had another the-children-must-be-told conversation shortly before the move. "We were driving to Michael's fiftieth-birthday party—I used to plan to bring up the subject in a place where he couldn't walk out. I brought it up then because at that point our son was out of college and our daughter had just graduated, and my feeling was that they just absolutely needed to know, as adults." She pauses. "And we had words. He would just bring down this gate." Sandy surmises, again, that he may have wanted to protect them from what he had experienced as a child. "Also," she says, "I think he needed still to protect himself." The day after they moved into their house on Wendell Street, Broyard learned that he had prostate cancer, and that it was inoperable.

BROYARD spent much of the time before his death, fourteen months later, making a study of the literature of illness and death, and publishing a number of essays on the subject. Despite the occasion, they were imbued with an almost dandyish, even jokey sense of incongruity: "My urologist, who is quite famous, wanted to cut off my testicles. . . . Speaking as a surgeon, he said that it was the surest, quickest, neatest solution. Too neat, I said, picturing myself with no balls. I knew that such a solution would depress me, and I was sure that depression is bad medicine." He had attracted notice in 1954 with the account of his father's death from a similar cancer; now he recharged his writing career as a chronicler of his own progress toward death. He thought about calling his collection of writings on the subject "Critically Ill." It was a pun he delighted in.

Soon after the diagnosis was made, he was told that he might have "in the neighborhood of years." Eight months later, it became clear that this prognosis was too optimistic. Richard Shweder, the anthropologist, talks about a trip to France that he and his wife made with Anatole and Sandy not long before Anatole's death. One day, the two men were left alone. Shweder says, "And what did he want to do? He wanted to throw a ball. The two of us just played catch, back and forth." The moment, he believes, captures Broyard's athleticism, his love of physical grace.

Broyard spent the last five weeks of his life at the Dana Farber Cancer Institute, in Boston. In therapy sessions, the need to set things straight before the end had come up again—the need to deal with unfinished business and, most of all, with his secret. He appeared willing, if reluctant, to do so. But by now he was in almost constant pain, and the two children lived in different places, so the opportunities to have the discussion as a family were limited. "Anatole was


THE WEDDING OF
Sally and Joe
AS CAPTURED ON FILM BY THE WORLD'S FIRST FOR-PROFIT
SATELLITE-PHOTOGRAPHY SERVICE
FROM 23,300 FEET
"I do" and a kiss.
The reception: an overview.
Too many Salty Dogs for Cousin Martin!
Look at all these wonderful gifts.
Aunt Thelma takes some parmesan cheese straws home, since "they're just going to throw them out, anyway."
The bouquet is tossed and caught.
ALSO AVAILABLE FOR
CHRISTENINGS AND BAR OR BAT MITZVAHS

in such physical pain that I don't think he had the wherewithal," Sandy says. "So he missed the opportunity to tell the children himself." She speaks of the expense of spirit, of psychic energy, that would have been required. The challenge would have been to explain why it had remained a secret. And no doubt the old anxieties were not easily dispelled: would it have been condemned as a Faustian bargain or understood as a case of personality overspilling, or rebelling against, the reign of category?

It pains Sandy even now that the children never had the chance to have an open discussion with their father. In the event, she felt that they needed to know before he died, and, for the first time, she took it upon herself to declare what her husband could not. It was an early afternoon, ten days before his death, when she sat down with her two children on a patch of grass across the street from the institute. "They knew there was a family secret, and they wanted to know what their father had to tell them. And I told them."

The stillness of the afternoon was undisturbed. She says carefully, "Their first reaction was relief that it was only this, and not an event or circumstance of larger proportions. Only following their father's death did they begin to feel the loss of not having known. And of having to reformulate who it was that they understood their father—and themselves—to be."

At this stage of his illness, Anatole was moving in and out of lucidity, but in his room Sandy and the children talked with humor and irony about secrets and about this particular secret. Even if Anatole could not participate in the conversation, he could at least listen to it. "The nurses said that hearing was the last sense to go," Sandy says.

It was not as she would have planned it. She says, gently, "Anatole always found his own way through things."

The writer Leslie Garis, a friend of the Broyards' from Connecticut, was in Broyard's room during the last weekend of September, 1990, and recorded much of what he said on his last day of something like sentience. He weighed perhaps seventy pounds, she guessed, and she describes his jaundice-clouded eyes as having the permanently startled look born of emaciation. He was partly lucid, mostly not. There are glimpses of his usual wit, but in a mode more aleatoric than logical. He spoke of Robert Graves, of Sheri Martinelli, of John Hawkes interpreting Miles Davis. He told Sandy that he needed to find a place to go where he could "protect his irony." As if, having been protected by irony throughout his life, it was now time to return the favor.

"I think friends are coming, so I think we ought to order some food," he announced hours before he lapsed into his final coma. "We'll want cheese and crackers, and Faust."

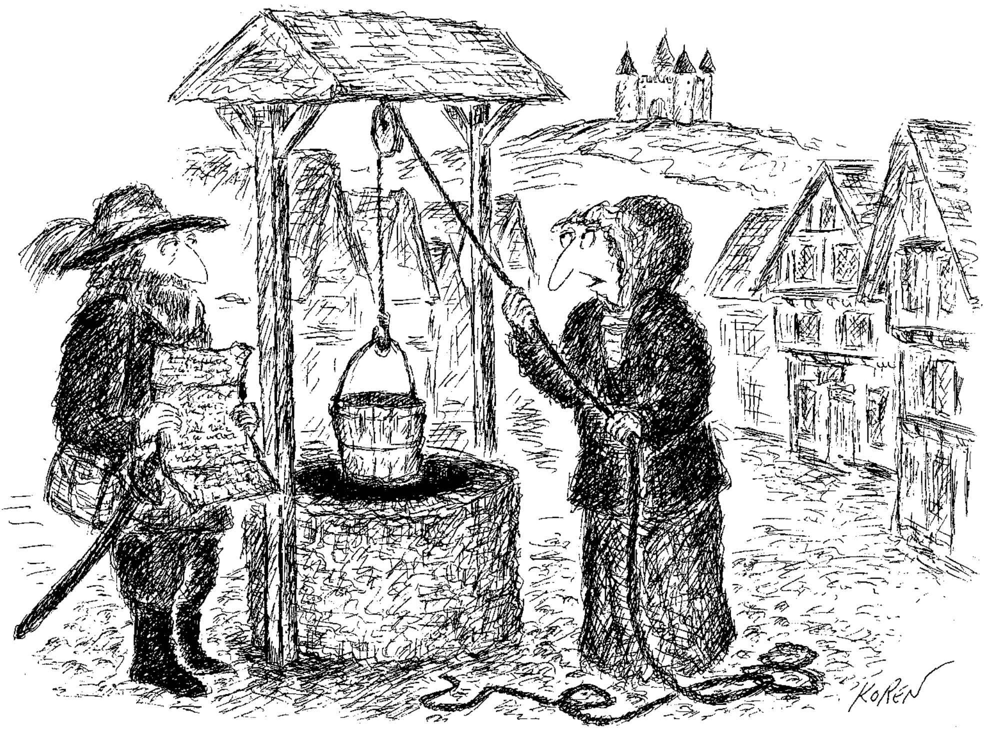
"Faust?" Sandy asked.

Anatole explained, "He's the kind of guy who makes the Faustian bargain, and who can be happy only when the thing is revealed."

A MEMORIAL service, held at a Congregationalist church in Connecticut, featured august figures from literary New York, colleagues from the *Times*, and neighbors and friends from the Village and the Vineyard. Charles Simmons told me that he was surprised at how hard he took Broyard's death. "You felt that you were going to have him forever, the way you feel about your own child," he said. "There was something wrong about his dying, and that was the reason." Speaking of the memorial service, he says, marvelling, "You think that you're the close friend, you know? And then I realized that there were twenty people ahead of me. And that his genius was for close friends."

Indeed, six years after Broyard's death many of his friends seem to be still mourning his loss. For them he was plainly a vital principle, a dancer and romancer, a seducer of men and women. (He considered seduction, he wrote, "the most heartfelt literature of the self.") Sandy tells me, simply, "You felt more alive in his presence," and I've heard almost precisely the same words from a great many others. They felt that he lived more intensely than other men. They loved him—perhaps his male friends especially, or, anyway, more volubly—and they admired him. They speak of a limber beauty, of agelessness, of a radiance. They also speak of his excesses and his penchant for poses. Perhaps, as the bard has it, Broyard was "much more the better for being a little bad."

And if his presence in American fiction was pretty much limited to other people's novels, that is no small tribute to his personal



"First, let me pull up your file."

vibrancy. You find him reflected and refracted in the books of his peers, like Anne Bernays (she says there is a Broyard character in every novel she's written) and Brossard and Gaddis, of course, but also in those of his students. His own great gift was as a feuilletonist. The personal essays collected in "Men, Women and Other Anticlimaxes" can put you in mind of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. They are brief impromptus, tonally flawless. To read them is to feel that you are in the company of someone who is thinking things through. The essays are often urbane and sophisticated, but not unbearably so, and they can be unexpectedly moving. Literary culture still fetishizes the novel, and there he was perhaps out of step with his times. Sandy says, "In the seventies and eighties, the trend, in literature and film, was to get sparer, and the flourish of Anatole's voice was dependent on the luxuriance of his language." Richard Shweder says, "It does seem that Anatole's strength was the brief, witty remark. It was aphoristic. It was the critical review. He was brilliant in a thousand or two thousand words." Perhaps he wasn't destined to be a novelist, but what of it? Broyard was a Negro who wanted to be something other than a Negro, a critic who wanted to be something other than a critic. Broyard, you might say, wanted to be something other than Broyard. He very nearly succeeded.

"Haven't you something more immense?"

• •

SHIRLEY BROYARD WILLIAMS came to his memorial service, and many of his friends—including Alfred Kazin, who delivered one of the eulogies—remember being puzzled and then astonished as they realized that Anatole Broyard was black. For Todd and Bliss, however, meeting Aunt Shirley was, at last, a flesh-and-blood confirmation of what they had been told. Shirley is sorry that they didn't meet sooner, and she remains baffled about her brother's decision. But she isn't bitter about it; her attitude is that she has had a full and eventful life of her own—husband, kids, friends—and that if her brother wanted to keep himself aloof she respected his decision. She describes the conversations they had when they did speak: "They always had to be focussed on something, like a movie, because you couldn't afford to be very intimate. There had to be something that would get in the way of the intimacy." And when she phoned him during his illness it was the same way. "He never gave that up," she says, sounding more wistful than reproachful. "He never learned how to be comfortable with me." So it has been a trying set of circumstances all around. "The hypocrisy that surrounds this issue is so thick you could chew it," Shirley says wearily.

Shirley's husband died several months before Anatole, and I think she must have found it cheering to be able to meet family members who had been sequestered from her. She says that she wants to get to know her nephew and her niece—that there's a lot of time to make up. "I've been encouraging Bliss to come and talk, and we had lunch, and she calls me on the phone. She's really responded very well. Considering that it's sort of last-minute."

Years earlier, in an essay entitled "Growing Up Irrational," Anatole Broyard wrote, "I *descended* from my mother and father. I was *extracted* from them." His parents were "a conspiracy, a plot against society," as he saw it, but also a source of profound embarrassment. "Like every great tradition, my family had to die before I could understand how much I missed them and what they meant to me. When they went into the flames at the crematorium, all my letters of introduction went with them." Now that he had a wife and family of his own, he had started to worry about whether his children's feelings about him would reprise his feelings about his parents: "Am I an embarrassment to them, or an accepted part of the human comedy? Have they joined my conspiracy, or are they just pretending? Do they understand that, after all those years of running away from home, I am still trying to get back?" ♦

FICTION

BASTER

Job, gym, personal relationships: who has time to make babies?

BY JEFFREY EUGENIDES

THE recipe came in the mail:

Mix semen of three men.
Stir vigorously.
Fill turkey baster.
Recline.
Insert nozzle.
Squeeze.

Ingredients:

1 pinch Stu Wadsworth
1 pinch Jim Freeson
1 pinch Wally Mars

There was no return address but Tomasina knew who had sent it: Diane, her best friend and, recently, fertility specialist. Ever since Tomasina's latest catastrophic breakup, Diane had been promoting what they referred to as Plan B. Plan A they'd been working on for some time. It involved love and a wedding. They'd been working on Plan A for a good eight years. But in the final analysis—and this was Diane's whole point—Plan A had proved much too idealistic. So now they were giving Plan B a look.

Plan B was more devious and inspired, less romantic, more solitary, sadder, but braver, too. It stipulated borrowing a man with decent teeth, body, and brains, free of the major diseases, who was willing to heat himself up with private fantasies (they didn't have to include Tomasina) in order to bring off the tiny sputter that was indispensable to the grand achievement of having a baby. Like twin Schwarzkopfs, the two friends noted how the field of battle had changed of late: the reduction in their artillery (they'd both just turned forty); the increasing guerrilla tactics of the enemy (men didn't even come out into the open anymore); and the complete dissolution of the code of honor. The last man who'd got Tomasina pregnant—not the boutique investment banker, the one before him, the Alexander Technique instructor—hadn't even gone through the motions of proposing marriage. His idea of honor had been to split the cost of the abortion. There was no sense denying it: the finest soldiers had quit the field, joining the peace of marriage. What was left was a ragtag gang of adulterers and losers, hit-and-run types, village-burners. Tomasina had to give up the idea of meeting someone she could spend her life with. Instead, she had to give birth to someone who would spend life with her.

But it wasn't until she received the recipe that Tomasina realized she was desperate enough to go ahead. She knew it before she'd even stopped laughing. She knew it when she found herself thinking, Stu Wadsworth I could maybe see. But Wally Mars?

TOMASINA—I repeat, like a ticking clock—was forty. She had pretty much everything she wanted in life. She had a great job as an assistant producer of the "CBS Evening News with Dan Rather." She had a terrific, adult-sized apartment on Hudson Street. She had good looks, mostly intact. Her breasts weren't untouched by time, but they were holding their own. And she had new teeth. She had a set of gleaming new bonded teeth. They'd whistled at first, before she got used to them, but now they were fine. She had biceps. She had an I.R.A. kicked up to a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. But she didn't have a baby. Not having a husband she could take. Not having a husband was, in some respects, preferable. But she wanted a baby.

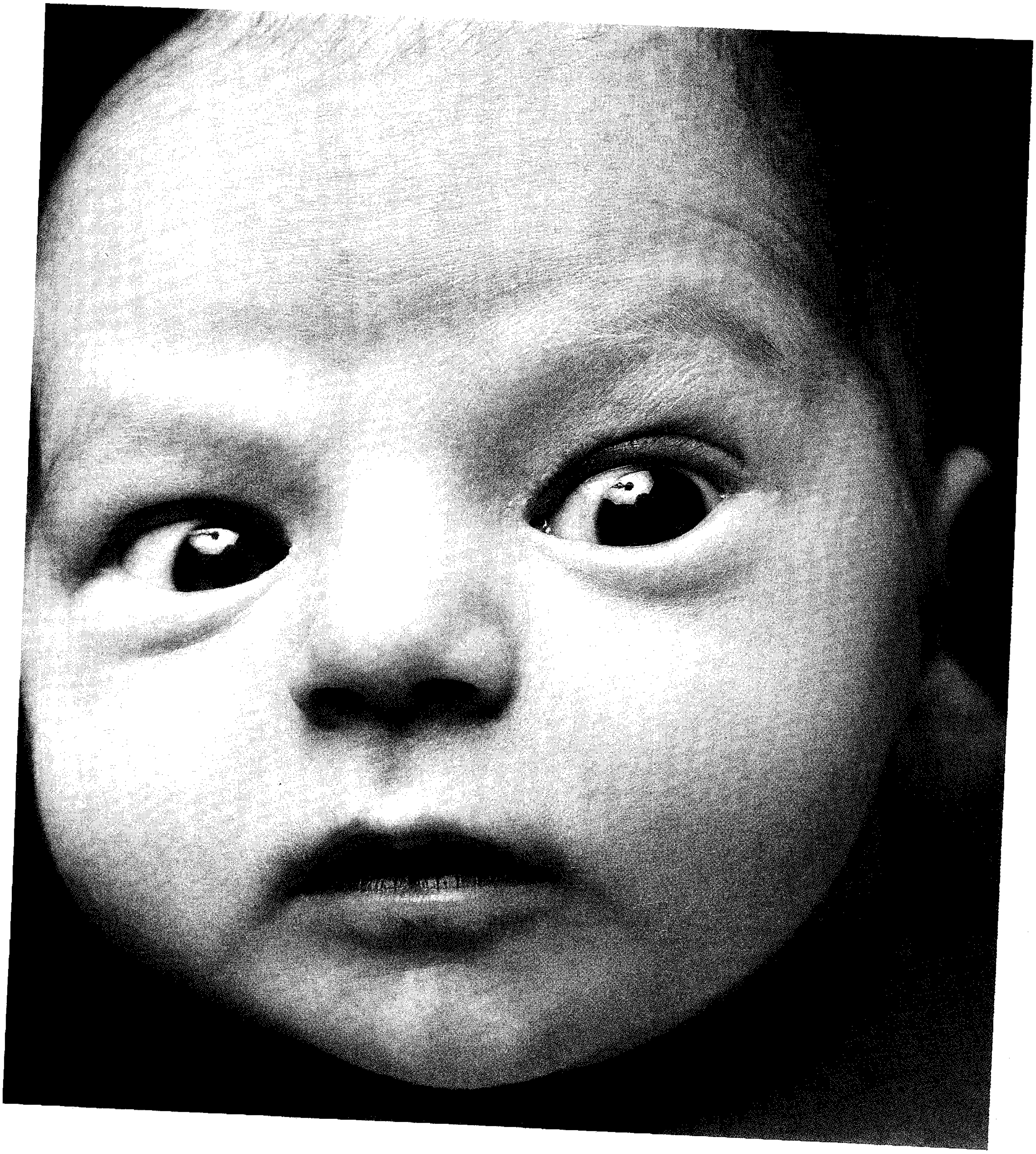
"After thirty-five," the magazine said, "a woman begins to have trouble conceiving." Tomasina couldn't believe it. Just when she got her head on straight, her body started falling apart. Nature didn't give a damn about her maturity level. Nature wanted her to marry her college boyfriend. In fact, from a purely reproductive standpoint, nature would have preferred that she marry her *high-school* boyfriend. While Tomasina had been going on about her life, she hadn't noticed it: the eggs pitching themselves into oblivion, month by month. She saw it all now. While she canvassed for RIPIRG in college, her uterine walls had been thinning. While she got her journalism degree, her ovaries had cut estrogen production. And while she slept with as many men as she wanted, her fallopian tubes had begun to narrow, to clog. *During her twenties.* That extended period of American childhood. The time when, educated and employed, she could finally have some fun. Tomasina once had five orgasms with a cabdriver named Ignacio Veranes while parked on Gansevoort Street. He had a bent, European-style penis and smelled like flan. Tomasina was twenty-five at the time. She wouldn't do it again, but she was glad she'd done it then. So as not to have regrets. But in eliminating some regrets you create others. She'd only been in her twenties. She'd been playing around was all. But the twenties become the thirties, and a few failed relationships put you at thirty-five, when one day you pick up *Mirabella* and read, "After thirty-five, a woman's fertility begins to decrease. With each year, the proportion of miscarriages and birth defects rises."

It had risen for five years now. Tomasina was forty years one month and fourteen days old. And panicked, and sometimes not panicked. Sometimes perfectly calm and accepting about the whole thing.

She thought about them, the little children she never had. They were lined at the windows of a ghostly school bus, faces pressed against the glass, huge-eyed, moist-lashed. They looked out, calling, "We understand. It wasn't the right time. We understand. We *do.*"

The bus shuddered away, and she saw the driver. He raised one bony hand to the gearshift, turning to Tomasina as his face split open in a smile.

The magazine also said that miscarriages happened all the time, without a woman's even noticing. Tiny blastulas scraped against the womb's walls and,



"She thought about the children she never had, lined at the windows of a ghostly school bus, faces pressed against the glass." Photograph by Howard Schatz.

finding no purchase, hurtled downward through the plumbing, human and otherwise. Maybe they stayed alive in the toilet bowl for a few seconds, like goldfish. She didn't know. But with three abortions, one official miscarriage, and who knows how many unofficial ones, Tomasina's school bus was full. When she awoke at night, she saw it slowly pulling away from the curb, and she heard the noise of the children packed in their seats, that cry of children indistinguishable between laughter and scream.

EVERYONE knows that men objectify women. But none of our sizing up of breasts and legs can compare with the cold-blooded calculation of a woman in the market for semen. Tomasina was a little taken aback by it herself, and yet she couldn't help it: once she made her decision, she began to see men as walking spermatozoa. At parties, over glasses of Barolo (soon to be giving it up, she drank like a fish), Tomasina examined the specimens who came out of the kitchen, or loitered in the hallways, or held forth from the armchairs. And sometimes, her eyes misting, she felt that she could discern the quality of each man's genetic material. Some semen auras glowed with charity; others were torn with enticing holes of savagery; still others flickered and dimmed with substandard voltage. Tomasina could ascertain health by a guy's smell or complexion. Once, to amuse Diane, she'd ordered every male party guest to stick out his tongue. The men had obliged, asking no questions. Men always oblige. Men *like* being objectified. They thought that their tongues were being inspected for nimbleness, toward the prospect of oral abilities. "Open up and say ah," Tomasina kept commanding, all night long. And the tongues unfurled for display. Some had yellow spots or irritated taste buds, others were blue as spoiled beef. Some performed lewd acrobatics, flicking up and down or curling upward to reveal spikes depending from their undersides like the antennae of deep-sea fish. And then there were two or three that looked perfect, opalescent as oysters and enticingly plump. These were the tongues of the married men, who'd already donated their semen—in abundance—to the lucky women taxing the sofa cushions across the room. The wives and mothers who were nursing other complaints by now, of insufficient sleep and stalled careers—complaints that to Tomasina were desperate wishes.

AT this point, I should introduce myself. I'm Wally Mars. I'm an old friend of Tomasina's. Actually, I'm an old boyfriend. We went out for three months and seven days in the spring of 1985. At the time, most of Tomasina's friends were surprised that she was dating me. They said what she did when she saw my name on the ingredient list. They said, "Wally Mars?" I was considered too short (I'm only five feet four), and not athletic enough. Tomasina loved me, though. She was crazy about me for a while. Some dark hook in our brains, which no one could see, linked us up. She used to sit across the table, tapping it and saying, "What else?" She liked to hear me talk.

She still did. Every few weeks she called to invite me to lunch. And I always went. At the time all this happened, we made a date for a Friday. When I got to the restaurant, Tomasina was already there. I stood behind the hostess station for a moment, looking at her from a distance and getting ready. She was lounging back in her chair, sucking the life out of the first of the three cigarettes she allowed herself at lunch. Above her head, on a ledge, an enormous flower arrangement exploded into bloom. Have you noticed? Flowers have gone multicultural, too. Not a single rose, tulip, or daffodil lifted its head from the vase. Instead, jungle flora erupted: Amazonian orchids, Sumatran flytraps. The jaws of one flytrap trembled, stimulated by Tomasina's perfume. Her hair was thrown back over her bare shoulders. She wasn't wearing a top—no, she was. It was flesh-colored and skintight. Tomasina doesn't exactly dress corporate, unless you could call a brothel a kind of corporation. What she has to display was on display. (It was on display every morning for Dan Rather, who had a variety of nicknames for Tomasina, all relating to Tabasco sauce.) Somehow, though, Tomasina got away with her chorus-girl outfits. She toned them down with her maternal attributes: her homemade lasagna, her hugs and kisses, her cold remedies.

At the table, I received both a hug and kiss. "Hi, hon!" she said, and pressed herself against me. Her face was all lit up. Her left ear, inches from my cheek, was a flaming pink. I could feel its heat. She pulled away and we looked at each other.

"So," I said. "Big news."

"I'm going to do it, Wally. I'm going to have a baby."

We sat down. Tomasina took a drag on her cigarette, then funnelled her lips to the side, expelling smoke.

LIFE'S A SWAMP, AND THEN YOU CROAK.

AT THE END OF A LONG DREAM

And then coming down the stair
of the old house, you saw the furniture was gone,
you saw there was no carpet on the floor.

It was empty, the old home of one's youth.
And when you went to look, even in the garden,
you found that the family was not anywhere.

—ROBERT MAZZOCCO

"I just figured, Fuck it," she said. "I'm forty. I'm an adult. I can do this." I wasn't used to her new teeth. Every time she opened her mouth it was like a flashbulb going off. They looked good, though, her new teeth. "I don't care what people think. People either get it or they don't. I'm not going to raise it all by myself. My sister's going to help. And Diane. You can babysit, too, Wally, if you want."

"Me?"

"You can be an uncle." She reached across the table and squeezed my hand. I squeezed back.

"I hear you've got a list of candidates on a recipe," I said.

"What?"

"Diane told me she sent you a recipe."

"Oh, that." She inhaled. Her cheeks hollowed out.

"And I was on it or something?"

"Old boyfriends." Tomasina exhaled upward. "All my old boyfriends."

Just then the waiter arrived to take our drink order.

Tomasina was still gazing up at her spreading smoke. "Martini up very dry two olives," she said. Then she looked at the waiter. She kept looking. "It's Friday," she explained. She ran her hand through her hair, flipping it back. The waiter smiled.

"I'll have a Martini, too," I said.

The waiter turned and looked at me. His eyebrows rose and then he turned back to Tomasina. He smiled again and went off.

As soon as he was gone, Tomasina leaned across the table to whisper in my ear. I leaned, too. Our faces touched. And then she said, "What about him?"

"Who?"

"Him."

She indicated with her head. Across the restaurant, the waiter's tensed buns retreated, dipping and weaving.

"He's a *waiter.*"

"I'm not going to marry him, Wally. I just want his sperm."

"Maybe he'll bring some out as a side dish."

Tomasina sat back, stubbing out her cigarette. She pondered me from a distance, then reached for cigarette No. 2. "Are you going to get all hostile again?"

"I'm not being hostile."

"Yes, you are. You were hostile when I told you about this and you're acting hostile now."

"I just don't know why you want to pick the waiter."

She shrugged. "He's cute."

"You can do better."

"Where?"

"I don't know. A lot of places." I picked up my soup spoon. I saw my face in it, tiny and distorted. "Go to a sperm bank. Get a Nobel Prize winner."

"I don't just want smart. Brains aren't everything." Tomasina squinted, sucking in smoke, then looked off dreamily. "I want the whole package."

I didn't say anything for a minute. I picked up my menu. I read the words "Fricassée de Lapereau" nine times. What was bothering me was this: the state of nature. It was becoming clear to me—clearer than ever—what my status was in the state of nature: it was low. It was somewhere around hyena. This wasn't the case, as far as I knew, back in civilization. I'm a catch, pragmatically speaking. I make a lot of money, for one thing. *My* I.R.A. is pumped up to two hundred and fifty-four thousand dollars. But money doesn't count, apparently, in the selection of semen. The waiter's tight buns counted for more.

"You're against the idea, aren't you?" Tomasina said.

"I'm not *against* it. I just think, if you're going to have a baby, it's best if you do it with somebody else. Who you're in love with." I looked up at her. "And who loves you."

"That'd be great. But it's not happening."

"How do you know?" I said. "You might fall in love with somebody tomorrow. You might fall in love with somebody six months from now." I looked away, scratching my cheek. "Maybe you've already met the love of your life and don't even know it." Then I looked back into her eyes. "And then you realize it. And it's too late. There you are. With some stranger's baby."

Tomasina was shaking her head. "I'm forty, Wally. I don't have much time."

"I'm forty, too," I said. "What about me?"

She looked at me closely, as though detecting something in my tone, then dismissed it with a wave. "You're a man. You've got time."

AFTER lunch, I walked the streets. The restaurant's glass door launched me into the gathering Friday evening. It was four-thirty and already getting dark in the caverns of Manhattan. From a striped chimney buried in the asphalt, steam shot up into the air. A few tourists were standing around it, making low Swedish sounds, amazed by our volcanic streets. I stopped to watch the steam, too. I was thinking about exhaust, anyway, smoke and exhaust. That school bus of Tomasina's? Looking out one window was my kid's face. *Our* kid's. We'd been going out three months when Tomasina got pregnant. She went home to New Jersey to discuss it with her parents and returned three days later, having had an abortion. We broke up shortly after that. So I sometimes thought of him, or her, my only actual, snuffed-out offspring. I thought about him right then. What would the kid have looked like? Like me, with buggy eyes and potato nose? Or like Tomasina? Like her, I decided. With any luck, the kid would look like her.

FOR the next few weeks I didn't hear anything more. I tried to put the whole subject out of my mind. But the city wouldn't let me. Instead, the city began filling with babies. I saw them in elevators and lobbies and out on the sidewalk. I saw them straitjacketed into car seats, drooling and ranting. I saw babies in the park, on leashes. I saw them on the subway, gazing at me with sweet, gummy eyes over the shoulders of Dominican nannies. New York was no place to be having babies. So why was everybody having them? Every fifth person on the street toted a pouch containing a bonneted larva. They looked like they needed to go back inside the womb.

Mostly you saw them with their mothers. I always wondered who the fathers were. What did they look like? How big were they? Why did they have a kid and I didn't? One night I saw a whole Mexican family camping out in a subway car. Two small children tugged at the mother's sweatpants while the most recent arrival, a caterpillar wrapped in a leaf, suckled at the wineskin of her breast. And across from them, holding the bedding and the diaper bag, the progenitor sat with open legs. No more than thirty, small, squat, paint-spattered, with the broad flat face of an Aztec. An ancient face, a face of stone, passed down through the centuries into those overalls, this hurtling train, this moment.

The invitation came five days later. It sat quietly in my mailbox amid bills and catalogues. I noticed Tomasina's return address and ripped the envelope open.

On the front of the invitation a champagne bottle foamed out the words:

nant!
preg
ting
get
I'm

Inside, cheerful green type announced, "On Saturday, April 13, Come Celebrate Life!"

The date, I learned afterward, had been figured precisely. Tomasina had used a basal thermometer to determine her times of ovulation. Every morning before getting out of bed, she took her resting temperature and plotted the results on a graph. She also inspected her underpants on a daily basis. A clear, albumeny discharge meant that her egg had dropped. She had a calendar on the refrigerator, studded with red stars. She was leaving nothing to chance.

I thought of cancelling. I toyed with fictitious business trips and tropical diseases. I didn't want to go. I didn't want there to be parties like this. I asked myself if I was jealous or just conservative and decided both. And then, of course, in the end, I did go. I went to keep from sitting at home thinking about it.

TOMASINA had lived in the same apartment for eleven years. But when I got there that night it looked completely different. The familiar speckled pink carpeting, like a runner of olive loaf, led up from the lobby, past the same dying plant on the landing, to the yellow door that used to open to my key. The same mezuzah, forgotten by the previous tenants, was still tacked over the threshold. According to the brass marker, 2-A, this was still the same high-priced one-bedroom I'd spent ninety-eight consecutive nights in almost ten years ago. But when I knocked and then pushed open the door I didn't recognize it. The only light came from candles scattered around the living room. While my eyes adjusted, I groped my way along the wall to the closet—it was right where it used to be—and hung up my coat. There was a candle burning on a nearby chest, and, taking a closer look, I began to get some idea of the direction Tomasina and Diane had gone with the party decorations. Though inhumanly large, the candle was nevertheless an exact replica of the male member in proud erection, the detailing almost hyperrealistic, right down to the tributaries of veins and the sandbar of the scrotum. The phallus's fiery tip illuminated two other objects on the table: a clay facsimile of an ancient Canaanite fertility goddess of the type sold at feminist bookstores and New Age emporiums, her womb domed, her breasts bursting; and a package of Love incense, bearing the silhouette of an entwined couple.

I stood there as my pupils dilated. Slowly the room bodied forth. There were a lot of people, maybe as many as seventy-five. It looked like a Halloween party. Women who all year secretly wanted to dress sexy *had* dressed sexy. They wore low-cut bunny tops or witchy gowns with slits up the side. Quite a few were stroking the candles provocatively or fooling around with the hot wax. But they weren't young. Nobody was young. The men looked the way men have generally looked for the past twenty years: uncomfortable yet agreeable. They looked like me.

Champagne bottles were going off, just like on the invitation. After every pop a woman would shout, "Ooops, I'm pregnant!" and everyone would laugh. Then I did recognize something: the music. It was Jackson Browne. One of the things I used to find endearing about Tomasina was her antiquated and sentimental record collection. She still had it. I could remember dancing to this very album with her. Late one night, we just took off our clothes and started dancing all alone. It was one of those spontaneous living-room dances you have at the beginning of a relationship. On a hemp rug we twirled each other around, naked and graceless in secret, and it never happened again. I stood there, remembering, until someone came up from behind.

"Hey, Wally."

I squinted. It was Diane.

"Just tell me," I said, "that we don't have to watch."

"Relax. It's totally PG. Tomasina's going to do it later. After everybody's gone."

"I can't stay long," I said, looking around the room.

"You should see the baster we got. Four ninety-five, on sale at Macy's basement."

"I'm meeting someone later for a drink."

"We got the donor cup there, too. We couldn't find anything with a lid. So we ended up getting this plastic toddler's cup. Roland already filled it up."

Something was in my throat. I swallowed.

"Roland?"

"He came early. We gave him a choice between a *Hustler* and a *Penthouse*."

"I'll be careful what I drink from the refrigerator."

"It isn't in the refrigerator. It's under the sink in the bathroom. I was worried somebody *would* drink it."

"Don't you have to freeze it?"

"We're using it in an hour. It keeps."

I nodded, for some reason. I was beginning to be able to see clearly now. I could see all the family photographs on the mantle. Tomasina and her dad. Tomasina and her mom. The whole Genovese clan up in an oak tree. And then I said, "Call me old-fashioned but . . . " and trailed off.

"Relax, Wally. Have some champagne. It's a party."

The bar had a bartender. I waved off the champagne and asked for a glass of Scotch, straight. While I waited, I scanned the room for Tomasina. Out loud, though pretty quietly, I said, with bracing sarcasm, "Roland." That was just the kind of name it would have to be. Someone out of a medieval epic. "The Sperm of Roland." I was getting whatever enjoyment I could out of this when suddenly I heard a deep voice somewhere above me say, "Were you talking to me?" I looked up, not into the sun, exactly, but into its anthropomorphic representation. He was both blond *and* orange, and large, and the candle behind him on the bookshelf lit up his mane like a halo.

"Have we met? I'm Roland DeMarchelier."

"Since this is only your first offense, and you've been found not guilty, I'll be lenient in my sentencing."

"I'm Wally Mars," I said. "I thought that might be you. Diane pointed you out to me."

"Everybody's pointing me out. I feel like some kind of prize hog," he said, smiling. "My wife just informed me that we're leaving. I managed to negotiate for one more drink."

"You're married?"

"Seven years."

"And she doesn't mind?"

"Well, she *didn't.* Right now I'm not so sure."

What can I say about his face? It was open. It was a face used to being looked at, looked into, without flinching. His skin was a healthy apricot color. His eyebrows, also apricot, were shaggy like an old poet's. They saved his face from being too boyish. It was this face Tomasina had looked at. She'd looked at it and said, "You're hired."

"My wife and I have two kids. We had trouble getting pregnant the first time, though. So we know how it can be. The anxiety and the timing and everything."

"Your wife must be a very open-minded woman," I said. Roland narrowed his eyes, making a sincerity check—he wasn't stupid, obviously (Tomasina had probably unearthed his S.A.T. scores). Then he gave me the benefit of the doubt. "She says she's flattered. I know I am."

"I used to go out with Tomasina," I said. "We used to live together."

"Really?"

"We're just friends now."

"It's good when that happens."

"She wasn't thinking about babies back when we went out," I said.

"That's how it goes. You think you have all the time in the world. Then boom. You find you don't."

"Things might have been different," I said. Roland looked at me again, not sure how to take my comment, and then looked across the room. He smiled at someone and held up his drink. Then he was back to me. "That didn't work. My wife wants to go." He set down his glass and turned to leave. "Nice to meet you, Wally."

"Keep on plugging," I said, but he didn't hear me, or pretended not to.

I'd already finished my drink, so I got a refill. Then I went in search of Tomasina. I shouldered my way across the room and squeezed down the hall. I stood up straight, showing off my suit. A few women looked at me, then away. Tomasina's bedroom door was closed, but I still felt entitled to open it.

She was standing by the window, smoking and looking out. She didn't hear me come in, and I didn't say anything. I just stood there, looking at her. What kind of dress should a girl wear to her Insemination Party? Answer: The one Tomasina had on. This wasn't skimpy, technically. It began at her neck and ended at her ankles. Between those two points, however, an assortment of peepholes had been ingeniously razored into the fabric, revealing a patch of thigh here, a glazed hipbone there; up above, the white sideswell of a breast. It made you think of secret orifices and dark canals. I counted the shining patches of skin. I had two hearts, one up, one down, both pumping.

And then I said, "I just saw Secretariat."

She swung around. She smiled, though not quite convincingly. "Isn't he gorgeous?"

"I still think you should have gone with Isaac Asimov." She came over and we kissed cheeks. I kissed hers, anyway. Tomasina kissed mostly air. She kissed my semen aura.

"Diane says I should forget the baster and just sleep with him."

"He's married."

"They all are." She paused. "You know what I mean."

I made no sign that I did. "What are you doing in here?" I asked.

She took two rapid-fire puffs on her cigarette, as though to fortify herself. Then she answered, "Freaking out."

"What's the matter?"

She covered her face with her hand. "This is depressing, Wally. This isn't how I wanted to have a baby. I thought this party would make it fun, but it's just depressing." She dropped her hand and looked into my eyes. "Do you think I'm crazy? You do, don't you?"

Her eyebrows went up, pleading. Did I tell you about Tomasina's freckle? She has this freckle on her lower lip like a piece of chocolate. Everybody's always trying to wipe it off.

"I don't think you're crazy, Tom," I said.

"You don't?"

"No."

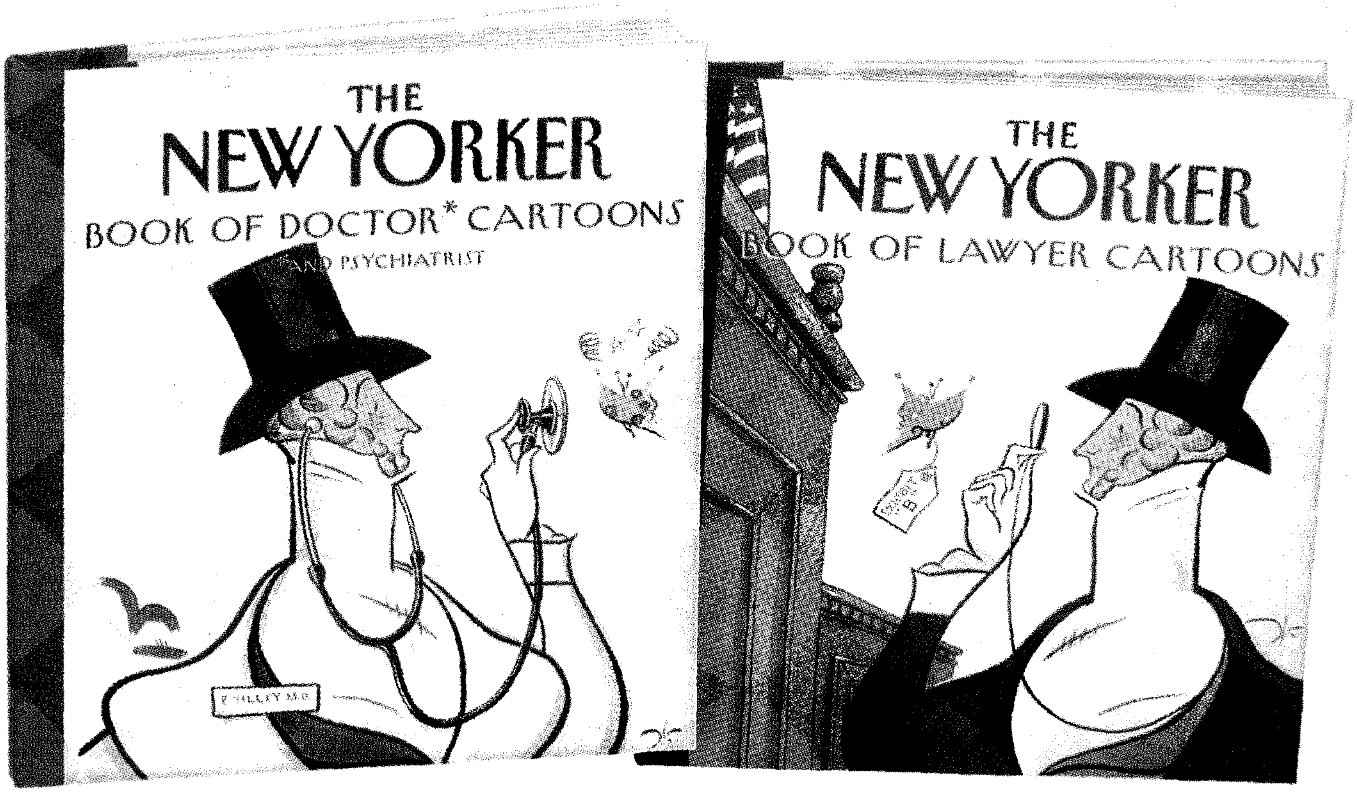
"Because I trust you, Wally. You're mean, so I trust you."

"What do you mean I'm mean?"

"Not bad mean. Good mean. I'm not crazy?"

"You want to have a baby. It's natural."

Suddenly Tomasina leaned forward and rested her head on my chest. She had



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to lean down to do it. She closed her eyes and let out a long sigh. I put my hand on her back. My fingers found a peephole and I stroked her bare skin. In a warm, thoroughly grateful voice, she said, "You get it, Wally. You totally get it."

She stood up and smiled. She looked down at her dress, adjusting it so that her navel showed, and then took my arm.

"Come on," she said. "Let's go back to the party."

I didn't expect what happened next. When we came out, everybody cheered. Tomasina held onto my arm and we started waving to the crowd like a couple of royals. For a minute I forgot about the purpose of the party. I just stood arm in arm with Tomasina, and accepted the applause. When the cheers died down, I noticed that Jackson Browne was still playing. I leaned over and whispered to Tomasina, "Remember dancing to this song?"

"Did we dance to this?"

"You don't remember?"

"I've had this album forever. I've probably danced to it a thousand times." She broke off. She let go of my arm.

My glass was empty again.

"Can I ask you something, Tomasina?"

"What?"

"Do you ever think about you and me?"

"Wally, don't." She turned away and looked at the floor. After a moment, in a reedy, nervous voice, she said, "I was really screwed up back then. I don't think I could have stayed with anybody."

I nodded. I swallowed. I told myself not to say the next thing. I looked over at the fireplace, as though it interested me, and then I said it: "Do you ever think about our kid?"

The only sign that she'd heard me was a twitch next to her left eye. She took a deep breath, let it out. "That was a long time ago."

"I know. It's just that when I see you going to all this trouble I think it could be different sometimes."

"I don't think so, Wally." She picked a piece of lint off the shoulder of my jacket, frowning. Then she tossed it away. "God! Sometimes I wish I was Benazir Bhutto or somebody."

"You want to be Prime Minister of Pakistan?"

"I want a nice, simple, arranged marriage. Then after my husband and I sleep together he can go off and play polo."

"You'd like that?"

"Of course not. That would be horrible." A tress fell into her eyes and she backhanded it into place. She looked around the room. Then she straightened up and said, "I should mingle."

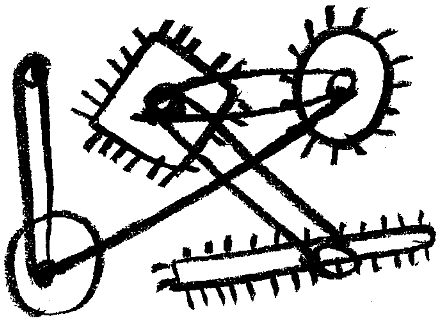
I held up my glass. "Be fruitful and multiply," I said. And Tomasina squeezed my arm and was gone.

I stayed where I was, drinking from my empty glass to have something to do. I looked around the room for any women I hadn't met. There weren't any. Over at the bar, I switched to champagne. I had the bartender fill my glass three times. Her name was Julie and she was majoring in art history at Columbia University. While I was standing there, Diane stepped into the middle of the room and clinked her glass. Other people followed and the room got quiet.

"First of all," Diane began, "Before we kick everyone out of here, I'd like to make a toast to tonight's oh-so-generous donor, Roland. We conducted a nationwide search and, let me tell you, the auditions were gruelling." Everybody laughed. Somebody shouted, "Roland left."

"He left? Well, we'll toast his semen. We've still got that." More laughter, a few drunken cheers. Some people, men and women both now, were picking up the candles and waving them around.

"And, finally," Diane went on, "finally, I'd like to toast our soon-to-be-expecting—knock on wood—mother. Her courage in seizing the means of production is an inspiration to us all." They were pulling Tomasina out onto the floor now. People were hooting. Tomasina's hair was falling down. She was flushed and smiling. I tapped Julie on the arm, extending my glass. Everyone was looking at Tomasina when I turned and slipped into the bathroom.



After shutting the door, I did something I don't usually do. I stood and looked at myself in the mirror. I stopped doing that, for any prolonged period, at least twenty years ago. Staring into mirrors was best at around thirteen. But that night I did it again. In Tomasina's bathroom, where we'd once showered and flossed together, in that cheerful, brightly tiled grotto, I presented myself to myself. You know what I was thinking? I was thinking about nature. I was thinking about hyenas again. The hyena, I remembered, is a fierce predator. Hyenas even attack lions on occasion. They aren't much to look at, hyenas, but they do O.K. for themselves. And so I lifted my glass. I lifted my glass and toasted myself: "Be fruitful and multiply."

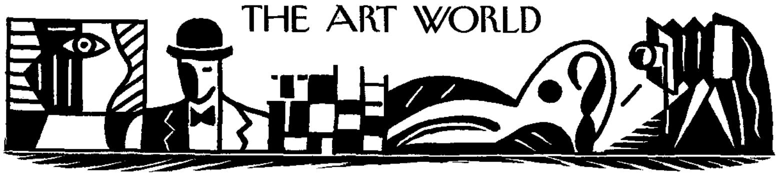
The cup was right where Diane had said it would be. Roland had placed it, with priestly care, on top of a bag of cotton balls. The toddler cup sat enthroned on a little cloud. I opened it and inspected his offering. It barely covered the bottom of the cup, a yellowish scum. It looked like rubber cement. It's terrible, when you think about it. It's terrible that women need this stuff. It's so *paltry.* It must make them crazy, having everything they need to create life but this one meagre leaven. I rinsed Roland's out under the faucet. Then I checked to see that the door was locked. I didn't want anybody to burst in on me.

THAT was ten months ago. Shortly after, Tomasina got pregnant. She swelled to immense proportions. I was away on business when she gave birth in the care of a midwife at St. Vincent's. But I was back in time to receive the announcement:

Tomasina Genovese proudly announces
the birth of her son,
Joseph Mario Genovese,
on January 15, 1996.
5 lbs. 3 oz.

The small size alone was enough to clinch it. Nevertheless, bringing a Tiffany spoon to the little heir the other day, I settled the question as I looked down into his crib. The potato nose. The buggy eyes. I'd waited ten years to see that face at the school-bus window. Now that I did, I could only wave goodbye. ♦

THE ART WORLD



CÉZANNE'S MISSION

What really drove the Moses of modernism?

BY SIMON SCHAMA

On October 13, 1907, Rainer Maria Rilke reported to his wife on his umpteenth visit to the Salon d'Automne in Paris. The reason he kept going back to the Grand Palais was the two rooms devoted to the paintings of Paul Cézanne, an artist of whom he had known nothing prior to the show. Like so many others before and since, Rilke felt as if the experience had supplied him with a fresh pair of eyes—as if his optic nerve had undergone a pleasant but drastic rewiring. "Today I went to see his pictures again," he wrote. "It is remarkable what an ambience they create. Without looking at any particular one, standing there between the two galleries, you feel their presences joining together into a single colossal reality. As if these colors were stripping you of your indecisiveness once and for all."

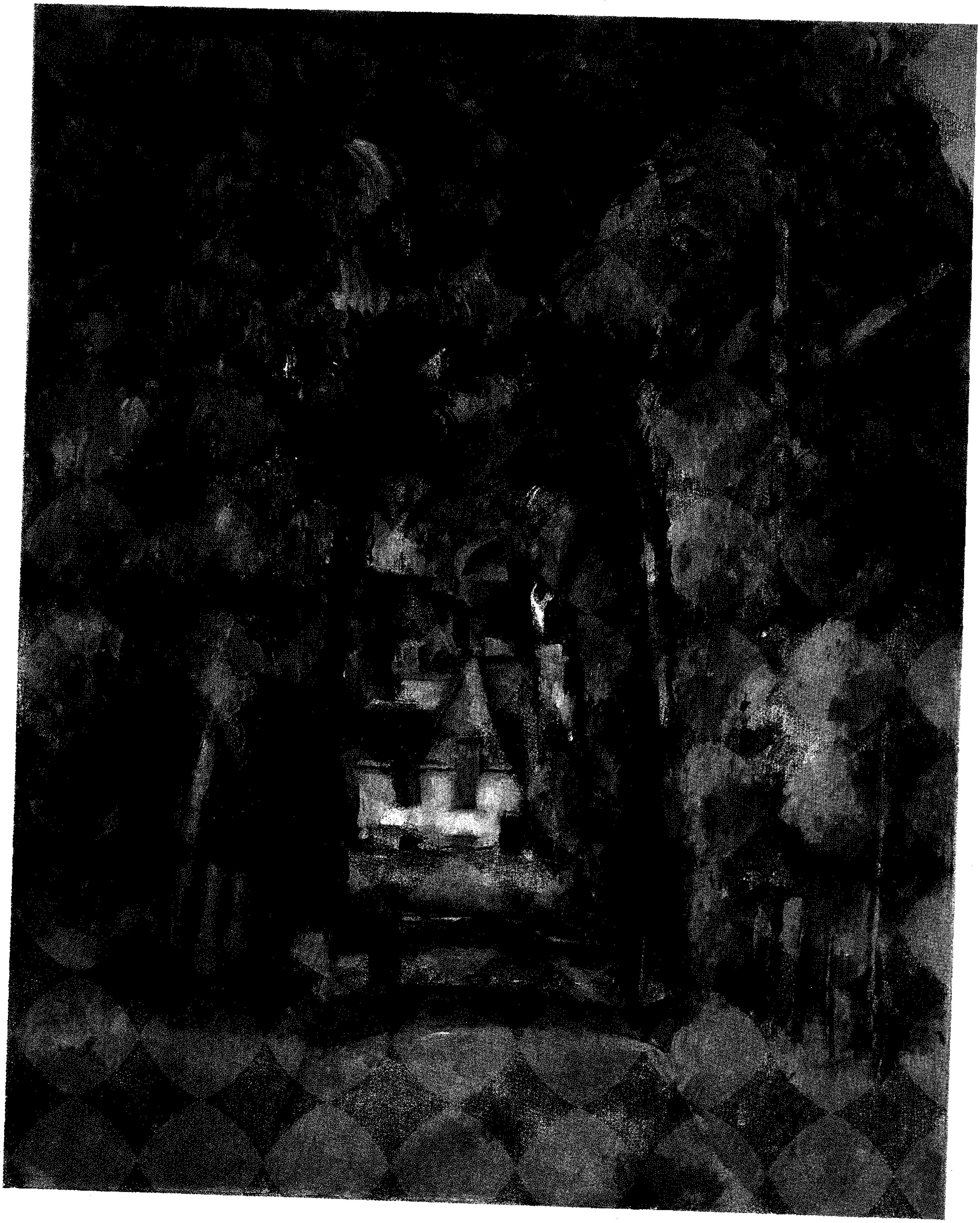
Until September 2nd, it will be possible to encounter this "colossal reality" at the Philadelphia Museum of Art's astounding exhibition of Cézanne's work. No one should be nervous, though, that Rilke's poetically tuned receiving equipment is a precondition for pleasure. Cézanne's reputation as the father of modernism may trip a difficulty alert for those hankering after a summery stroll through Giverny, but nothing short of color blindness can blunt the overwhelming power of the two hundred works assembled at Philadelphia by Joseph Rishel and his colleagues. Still, it is true that Cézanne's masterpieces ask for, and repay, intense and prolonged attentiveness. Meyer Schapiro, whose essays on the painter remain classics of acute perception, compared the "long concentrated vision" that Cézanne demands of the viewer to the absorption due to great music. And anyone prepared to surrender to the harmonies and rhythms of these paintings will find one of art's great mysteries taking place before his eyes: the transformation of the quotidian—seven apples, a wall of rock, a pair of card players—into monumental objects of inexhaustible contemplation.

Cézanne himself offered the best explanation of why his art appeals simultaneously to the intellect and the senses when, in a conversation with his admirer Joachim Gasquet, he summarily abolished the ancient distinction between *disegno* and *colore*. "As one paints," he explained, "one draws; the more colors harmonize among themselves, the more precise the drawing becomes. . . . When color is at its richest, form is at its fullest." This is why he saw no contradiction in admiring both Poussin and Rubens, who for centuries had exemplified the mutually opposed poles of form and color. By making color the architecture of his compositions, building potent structures from carefully laid chromatic blocks, Cézanne freed it from obedient service to Big Ideas; in his hands, color *was* the Big Idea. It's not surprising, then, that the artists who prided themselves on owning Cézannes included, as it were, people of color as well as people of form: Matisse as well as Henry Moore.

Until fairly recently, though, Cézanne's role as the godfather of the avant-garde has rested more on his reputation as Cubism's herald than on the inventiveness of his color composition. Any number of works in this show seem to vindicate this claim: the extraordinary Fogg Art Museum drawing "Corner of a Studio," which is cropped to suggest a quasi-abstract arrangement of intersecting angles rather than a group of stretched canvases propped against a wall; the blocks and masses (ostensibly farmhouses and rocky terraces) that punctuate the shimmering landscape in "Houses in Provence—The Riaux Valley Near L'Estaque." And, because Cézanne's structural compulsiveness became a truism in modernism's Book of Genesis, a personality of the creator has developed to match it. In this orthodox version of Cézanne's evolution, he figures as the outsider: quick to take offense, misogynist, ascetic, as dry as the Provençal earth and as crusty as its bread. Some of the best studies of him have seen the evolution from a passionate to a philosophical temper as the precondition of his true modernity. Guided by this chronology, it's possible to read a pair of self-portraits from circa 1875 and 1877 as illustrations of an odyssey of withdrawal. The earlier portrait presents a countenance boiling with suspicion, anxiety, and self-interrogation: the eyebrows arched like the back of an angry cat; the slightly exophthalmic brown irises bituminously dark; the jutting beard of a Mesopotamian despot; skin painted with the self-mortifying stabbing motions of a flattened palette knife and broken with flecks of angry carmine. Two years later, all these passions seem mysteriously spent. The domed head is smooth and illuminated, as if filled with philosophy; the eyes have settled back into their sockets, which have lost their angry shadows; and the ground modulates from a cerebral gray at the back of the head to an effulgent brown at the front of the face. To those who like this reading of the artist's persona, it looks as if Cézanne had begun to turn himself into a still-life, a russet pippin: the mercurial bohemian of Aix reconstituted as the Buddha of modernism.

But if anyone goes into the Philadelphia show clinging to the received wisdom that Cézanne's principal claim to authority is his designated role as proto-Cubist, the cliché is unlikely to survive the visit. Near the 1877 self-portrait is another portrait, this one of his earliest collector, the customs official Victor Chocquet. His elongated head is chiselled with sympathetically broad strokes, and his dense mane of gray hair rises from a nobly lit brow; the open collar of his shirt announces candor and humanity. The mood is not that far from Expressionism—an apt reminder that, throughout Cézanne's career, contemplative and emotive tempers worked with, or sometimes against, each other, creating a dialectical tension that often generated his most powerful art. The solid forces of the great paintings—their geology—is almost always made

THE TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART



"The Allée at Chantilly," painted by Cézanne in 1888.

answerable to, and enlivened by, their biology: clumps and masses of unruly verdure; slender screens of pine or poplar; an arrangement of breasts and thighs. To accomplish this balance between the statuesque and the mobile, and to make the equilibrium seem natural, however, took a serious psychological toll on the painter. So that even though there are no sliced ears or flights to the South Seas in his curriculum vitae, Cézanne was nonetheless possessed by a merciless creative fury—one that was all the more punishing, perhaps, for being directed inward, toward his endlessly complex compositional intelligence. Had he actually been what the proto-Cubist orthodoxy wants him to be—that is, an artist for whom subject matter was a pretext for the manipulation of form—Cézanne's compositional agonies might have been less protracted. But it was precisely because this was *not* true—because he was anything but indifferent to the objective properties of the subject, and sought to liberate, rather than suppress, them by distortions of perspective and startling tonal inventions—that he achieved an illumination both of this world and immeasurably beyond it.

ASTONISHINGLY, the Philadelphia show is the first in sixty years to offer a survey of Cézanne's entire career, from the aggressive early works of the eighteen-sixties to the luminous oils and watercolors of his last year, 1906. The exhibition positively invites the visitor to disobey the usual one-way traffic regulations of museumgoing and move back and forth between decades and rooms, as motifs appear, disappear, and reappear in different moods and manners. The late watercolor of a single skull—seen dead on, sardonically reposing on a bright-colored drapery, the cranium poignantly identical to Cézanne's own bald dome—is the valedictory bookend to one of his earliest paintings of a skull, in which the impasto is trowelled on with a palette knife in the turbid, ballsy manner (literally the *style couillard*) of the eighteen-sixties.

As the son of a well-to-do Aix banker, the young Cézanne wanted to prove himself Provençal rather than provincial, and throughout his life he referred to his early, southern friends as *mes compatriotes*. It was Provence that provided the sensual, morbid, and darkly religious themes of temptation and suffering that took on a sado-erotic tinge in Cézanne's early work. Painfully shy and repressed, he covered his awkwardness with mangled quotations from Old Masters, and his canvases with scenes of rapes, murders, and debauches. The remarkable "Feast," with its post-coital bodies wound like strings of *boudin blanc* sausages about a long, upturned table, apparently floating in a cerulean void, evidently came to Cézanne from Veronese's "Wedding at Cana." Similarly, the shrieking, pallid victim and her knife-wielding assailants in "The Murder" are earth-weighted bodies from the repertoire of Daumier and Courbet, though the hideous nightmares are all Cézanne's own.

Cézanne, who never thought of himself as a revolutionary, aspired from the outset to find a modern visual language that, paradoxically, would be strong enough to claim its place in the pantheon of past masters. And for that very reason he tormented himself with a sense of the impossibility of the enterprise and the inadequacy of his paltry gifts. (When his childhood friend Émile Zola tactlessly presented him, in 1886, with the novel "L'Oeuvre," in which he was portrayed precisely in this light, it was the abrupt end of their long and warm relationship.) Cézanne's early insecurities made him especially ambivalent about contemporary innovators who seemed to possess the confident vision he wanted. One of his responses to Manet's supercool "Olympia," in 1875, for example, was a facetious parody, in the lightning-sketch manner of Fragonard, with himself posed as the Artist, dark and beetling, before a powder-puff model curled in fetal self-defense. "The Eternal Feminine" took this attack on art's fetishes even further, by exhibiting a summarized nude, her genitals displaced from the actual groin (which is incoherently sketched) to the vaginal canopy over her bed; her eyes are reduced to bloody daubs. The miscellaneous idolaters gathered at her divan range from a Provençal troubadour and a bishop to a dark-suited bourgeois holding a sign that reads "B-A-N," which we are evidently meant to complete as "*banque*" and thus recognize as emblematic of Cézanne's father. And, just as the right side of the painting is dominated by two men wrestling, the divided self of the artist appears in two separate personifications: the painter whose description of the scene is nothing other than the vaginal canopy and, in the lower foreground, the bald head of the voyeur, scrutinizing the entire, unholy *messe*.

With these misgivings about painterly fashion preying on him, it's not surprising that Cézanne found it hard to settle down in Paris, even after he began living with the model Hortense Fiquet, by whom he had a son in 1872. Throughout the seventies, he kept going back to Aix, always concealing his ménage from his forbidding father, even for a time taking a job in the family bank, lest he be cut off without a sou. If Zola played the role of sympathetic brother, shelling out loan after loan with no illusion of repayment, it's not too much of a platitude to see the protective figure of Camille Pissarro as the surrogate *bon papa*. And it's equally tempting to assume a period of Impressionist therapy for Cézanne, as he was coaxed into relaxation by the mentorship of Pissarro at Auvers. But in fact the result of Pissarro's genuine benevolence was to encourage Cézanne to pursue his own flinty path. Impressionism's essential project—the capture of momentary effects of light—was too insubstantial to fully engage him. Cézanne's sights were set instead on what he described as "a taste of the eternity of nature." So although conventional wisdom insists that Cézanne underwent an Impressionist "transition" en route to his mature landscapes and still-lifes, the most powerful paintings belonging to the late seventies are fundamentally anti-Impressionist in concept and execution.

The "Rocks at L'Estaque," for example, contradicts all the Impressionists' rules of thumb. The viewpoint is dramatically low, claustrophobically resisting any possibility of panorama. Within the shallow picture space the ancient rocks rise like granite knuckles, clenched and grim, toward the bay. The seawater that in a Monet would sparkle with multicolored reflections seems confined and dammed up in Cézanne's work, and is painted a flat marine. In contrast, the entire surface of the foreground parallel to the picture plane has broken out in a rash of short, flicked-on green strokes—the only element of organic liveliness in the choking stillness. And when Cézanne does admit the play of reflection, as in "The Pont de Maincy," he deploys it as another disorientation device in a composition that presents space so chopped and sheared and sliced and sectioned that it defies coherent legibility. This is a bridge not built to carry our visual load, for the two spanning arches are out of alignment; the wooden crosspiece seems attached to neither end; the river flows beyond its crossing in any and every direction; and the entire scene is engulfed in a mass of swaying, arching foliage, arranged to run the gaze ragged, in and out and through the teasing, multiple perspective.

Few of these radically inventive paintings from the early eighties are precisely dated, and it seems likely that Cézanne returned to them again and again, compulsively fiddling with their visual dynamics. By the middle of the decade he was, in every way, a good deal more secure. In 1886, his father died, leaving Cézanne (albeit described in the will as "without profession") an inheritance that included the house of Jas de Bouffan. More important, Cézanne had finally arrived at a visionary understanding of his painterly goals. Though the great series of paintings of the Mont Sainte-Victoire and the fruit still-lifes are the most complete manifestations of this mature vision, the Philadelphia show is rich in lesser-known works, many of them from private collections, that perform the same miracles of counterpointing movement and stillness. The gray slate mansard roof and dormer windows in "The Allée at Chantilly," framed by an arching tunnel of foliage, actually seem to be levitating upward at the end of a steeply dropping road; and straddling the road that marks the line of perspective is a wooden barrier—virtually a statement of Cézanne's determination to tease us with games of visual access and resistance.

IN painting after painting in the eighteen-eighties and nineties, Cézanne manages to generate visual relationships that work independently of their ostensible subject matter yet are never wholly de-

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tached from it. To insist on these works as exercises in latent abstraction in order to admit him as a charter member of the Club of the Twentieth Century is to get Cézanne badly wrong. For his consuming idea—virtually a religious passion as he got older—was to invent a visual language that could somehow be truer to the essential nature of things than either a literal description or an optical impression could be on its own. Notwithstanding the platitude reported by Émile Bernard (and virtually fetishized by his Cubist devotees), which held that one should "treat nature by means of the cylinder, the sphere, the cone," it evidently mattered supremely to Cézanne that such shapes be seen as apples or nudes. "Art is a harmony *parallel* to nature," he wrote to Gasquet in 1897. (The italics are mine.) So that when Cézanne depicts his wife's face as a stylized ovoid (egglike rather than oval), it's because he looks not through her to some sort of pure geometry but *at* her, investing the soft features of eyes and mouth with broody passivity. Or when his son, Paul, posed as a bather treading a careful line between water and shore, is invested with the heroic poise of a Greek statue, it's because Cézanne sees a classical balance of energy and

COOL CATS

The New York Public Library held a benefit on May 20th to honor both its centennial and its Literary Lions. Dozens of the Lions showed up to give a roar. Seated: Betty Friedan, Anthony Hecht, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, Ved Mehta, Norman Mailer, Rita Dove, Toni Morrison, Barbara Goldsmith. Second row: Judy Blume, William Kennedy, Edna O'Brien, Daniel Boorstin, Gregory Rabassa, Edward Albee, Brendan Gill, Dominick Dunne, Gay Talese, Calvin Trillin, Stanley Kunitz, Cynthia Ozick. Third Row: Leo Steinberg, Francine du Plessix Gray, Jules Feiffer, Simon Schama, Garry Wills, Henry Kissinger, William F. Buckley, Jr., Edward Hoagland, Frances FitzGerald, Robert Caro, Hortense Calisher, Louis Begley. Top row: David Remnick, Joseph Heller, John Russell, George Plimpton.

Photograph by Evelyn Hofer

stillness take visible form in his boy's sinewy body.

The one-man show organized by Ambroise Vollard in 1895—the artist's first—provoked both a round of derision from Cézanne's critics and equally passionate admiration from fellow-artists like Renoir, Monet, Degas, and especially Paul Gauguin, who understood perfectly Cézanne's union of exacting erudition and intensely felt sensation. Gauguin wrote, "His color is grave like the character of Orientals; a man of the Midi, he spends entire days on mountaintops reading Virgil and looking at the sky. . . . His horizons are high, his blues very intense, and the red he uses has an astonishing vibration." Despite this recognition, Cézanne's most unrelenting critic was himself; he was always agonized at the idea that he was falling short of the perfect *réalisation*. Yet in the wonderful room in Philadelphia displaying the great still-life series of 1898-99 it's impossible to believe that these amazing paintings did not, at last, meet even his perfectionism. From the most ostensibly modest elements Cézanne builds compositions that are as heroic and dynamic as any grand history painting. The fruit is now both passive and active: contained by the rumpled cliff face of the linen but simultaneously invested with vital, brimming energy that seems to shift them against each other and over the tilting, uncertainly poised surface.

Cézanne was not content to spend his last years merely refining what was already an extraordinary achievement. Instead, he returned with a vengeance to old obsessions. Where the eighteen-eighties series of the Mont Sainte-Victoire landscapes had tilted the angle of vision to vary the prominence given to the mountain, or had experimented with diagonal tracking lines by featuring or suppressing viaducts and roads, Cézanne's return to the subject in his last years freed turbulent energies that had never really been sublimated in the first place. The careful layers of banded color and the strong rhyming lines between pine branch and mountain contour which give the Courtauld painting its serene structure are replaced, in the Moscow Mont Sainte-Victoire of 1904-05, by a hyperactive mosaic of broken color shards heaped about the vestigial remains of the familiar scene. The adamant mass of the mountain seems desperately caught between Cézanne's last, manic bombing run on his favorite target and the livid, racing sky.

MORE than once, Cézanne referred to himself as a Moses figure, who was destined to point the way toward the Promised Land of a new kind of art but was not given the years to pitch his tent in its scenery. There's no doubt that the urgency that marks his late painting is colored by the unsparing (and unnecessary) sense of incompleteness that beset him. Cézanne's late work, however, was intense, not unhinged—still concerned with harmonizing natural energy and disembodied grace. Gasquet had no inhibition about assuming that the "Portrait of the Gardener Vallier" was a surrogate of the artist himself—"the ravaged and feverish face . . . the misery of an immense soul whose dreams, whose art have deceived him." But Gasquet's assumption of tragic autobiography is belied by an exquisite watercolor of the subject, painted in the same year, which radiates the pantheist serenity of a sage bathed in the light of nature. We, too, should beware of reading backward from Matisse's and Picasso's subsequent revolutionary reinterpretations of the "Bathers" and assuming that Cézanne's nagging sense of incompleteness would have been assuaged if he had turned fully modernist. Instead of saddling him with the curse of the precursor, it might be better to regard his work as wholly resolved within the terms of the tasks that he set himself. Nowhere is this resolution more spectacularly demonstrated than in the Philadelphia "Large Bathers," which in the company of an earlier version from London and two oil sketches makes its climactic role in Cézanne's career incontrovertible. The stormier, more sensually fretful versions have been replaced by a modern pastoral that harmonizes not only flesh and water, figures and landscape, but tradition and modernity. For while the great vault of trees—itself peculiarly corporeal—that frames the scene might be thought of as the gateway to the future, it is at least as valid to think of it as an arch of triumph, honoring the museum masters whom all his life Cézanne revered, and in whose company he now irreversibly belonged. ◆

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BOOKS

SNOBS AND YOBS

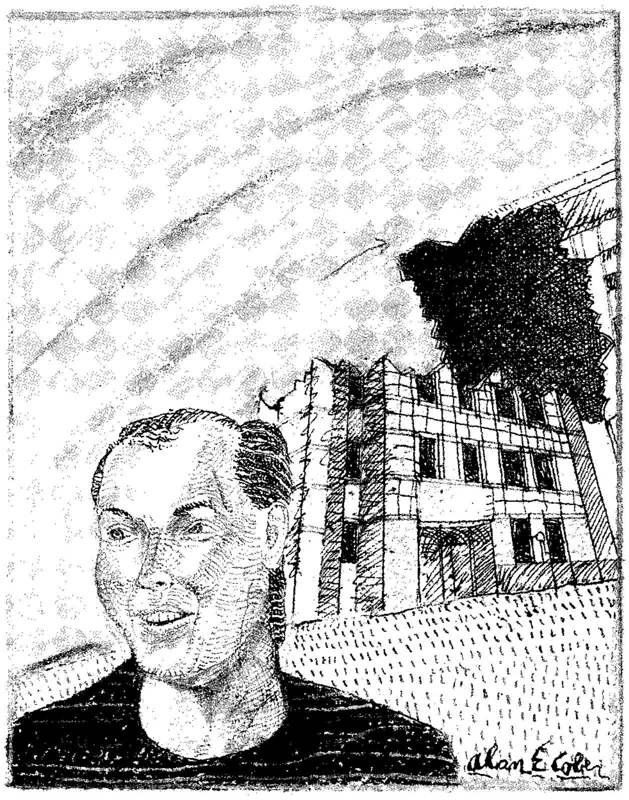
How British banking produced Nick Leeson.

BY MICHAEL LEWIS

PEOPLE who set out to steal an idea that they do not fully understand sometimes end up stealing more than they intended. Many of the grand plantations along the Mississippi River which now happily serve as monuments to the antebellum South, for instance, are outrageous exaggerations erected after the Civil War by Northerners who had got into their heads some larger-than-life idea of the originals. The story of how a young back-office clerk named Nick Leeson blew a billion four hundred million dollars has a similarly misinterpreted feeling about it. It has been played and replayed as the epitome of modern American-style financial excess. But it more accurately represents what happens when Englishmen imitate American financiers without really understanding what American financiers do: they find themselves in the financial equivalent of a tourist trap.

A pair of new books, "Rogue Trader," by Nick Leeson (Little, Brown; $24.95), and "The Collapse of Barings," by the British journalist Stephen Fay (Richard Cohen; £20), disagree on the motives of the culprit, but they pretty much concur on the facts of the case. In July, 1992, Nick Leeson, Barings' new head clerk on the Singapore Exchange, began to speculate in the Nikkei. Although Fay implies that Leeson's actions were premeditated, Leeson claims that his initial foray was the result of a simple mistake: one of his underlings accidentally sold short a few stock-market futures for a client who had intended to buy. By the time Leeson got around to rectifying the error, the Nikkei had risen. The resulting ninety-thousand-dollar loss, he decided, was too large to explain to his superiors. So, rather than fess up, he pushed it into a separate, secret account and attempted to trade his way out of the loss. (This was possible only because he was in the uncommon position of both executing trades on the Singapore Exchange and overseeing the bookkeeping of those trades.) But his exertions merely compounded the original problem, and by the end of 1992 Leeson's secret account was three million dollars in the hole.

Over the next two and a half years, Leeson's fortunes ebbed and flowed. Mostly, they ebbed. He was meant to be executing trades on behalf of Barings' clients; where possible, he was also allowed to engage in trivial arbitrage between the Singapore and Osaka Exchanges. Never was he permitted by Barings to take real market risks. But he did. And by the end of 1993 he had speculated away nearly forty million dollars; by the end of 1994, his losses exceeded two hundred and fifty million dollars. Then, in the first two months of 1995, Leeson took the steps that landed him in the history books and his employer in receivership. He accumulated such large stakes in Japanese stocks and bonds that on January 17th, the day of the devastating Kobe earthquake, he lost seventy-five million dollars. By the following week, when the Nikkei collapsed, Leeson had lost more than a hundred and fifty million dollars. As always, he responded by increasing his bets, but on February 23rd, when yet another decline in the Japanese stock market cost him two hundred and twenty million dollars, he decided that he could no longer persevere. That afternoon, together with his wife, Lisa, he fled Singapore, having amassed for Barings the equivalent of five billion dollars' worth of Japanese stocks and seven billion dollars in short-term Japanese securities. In addition, he had sold short the equivalent of twelve billion dollars' worth of Japanese government bonds.



Leeson and Barings: Nothing in British life prepared him for it.

Even then, Leeson's superiors were unaware of the extent of his actions. Leeson had responded to every fresh market setback by reporting larger profits to his bosses. He did this by creating false transactions between his secret account and another Barings account. For each dollar of phony profits he gave to Barings, there was a dollar loss in his secret account. The net effect was to elicit ever greater approval from his bosses at the same time that he was losing them ever greater sums of money. Their approval ended abruptly on the afternoon of February 24th, the day before Leeson turned twenty-eight, when he sent his devoted employers a fax from the Regent Hotel in Kuala Lumpur. Citing "pressures, both business and personal," and apologizing "for the predicament I have left you in," he tendered his resignation.

That predicament was the largest financial loss ever experienced by a single institution. A call from Barings to the Regent Hotel revealed that Leeson and his wife had vanished, having paid for their

ALAN E. COBER

room with his corporate credit card. Three days later, after a raft trip through the Malaysian jungle, he turned up at the Frankfurt airport wearing a Detroit Tigers baseball cap and surrounded by accusations that he had been part of a conspiracy. Stephen Fay writes, "The story was so improbable, a twenty-eight-year-old trader fiddling and forging, undiscovered for thirty-two months, asking for and receiving £869 million with which to gamble, and losing every penny of it. It seemed inconceivable that Leeson could have been acting alone."

But he had been, and he wasn't even a very able con man. The credulity of his supervisors simply exceeded his ineptitude as a fraud. For example, three weeks earlier, when Leeson faxed a letter putatively from one of the firm's clients to Barings accountants, he neglected to reset his home fax machine. "From Nick and Lisa Phone no. 737-5463 Feb 03 1995 07.16a.m. P01," the top of the fax read. No one at Barings questioned Leeson about its authenticity. For that matter, no one at Barings ever seriously questioned Leeson about any of his spectacular trading.

LA VOIX HUMAINE

My father, in his nineties,
grew older and older,
till he became
so ailing a mortal
he was unable
even to button his own fly.

I had to do it for him,
while he stood above me
on his tottering legs.
Don't worry, he told me,
in a voice exasperated,
cranky, and kind.

Don't worry, Billy, he said,
it won't last much longer
—a voice, as I remember,
that had buried deep within it
more than the sound of one lifetime,
including my own.

—ROBERT MAZZOCCO

And so the mystery at Barings isn't what happened but why. The easy answer is that everyone in a position to stop Leeson had an interest in keeping him trading. His bosses didn't pause to inquire how it was that a young man with little market experience came to hurl a giant sack of cash onto their desks at the end of each month. Quite the reverse. A 1994 Barings internal report concluded that "the loss of [Leeson's] services to a competitor would spread the erosion of [Barings'] profitability greatly." The general manager of the booming Singapore Exchange visited Barings in Tokyo to tell the firm how happy he was about having Leeson's business. Thanks largely to Leeson, the Singapore Exchange named Barings its Trader of the Year. As late as February 3, 1995, the chief concern of Leeson's supervisors was still that Leeson might quit. "He may need some further reassurance that he has a long term career path with Barings when, (or if), arbitrage business declines," reads an internal memo.

The reason that the bankers so wanted to believe Leeson was that they had no choice. Barings—the Queen's bankers—had been, like every other British bank, under siege by forces larger than itself. Over the past decade, the City of London has been exposed to an extreme version of free-market therapy which has shocked the whole of British culture. One of Mrs. Thatcher's first acts after coming to power was to begin dismantling the arcane set of rules and regulations that for generations had protected British bankers from foreign competition. The resulting scramble for the spoils, led chiefly by American financiers, left most British bankers second-class citizens. The Americans had more capital, more ambition, and a more finely tuned sense of modern finance—mainly because so much of modern finance was made in America. Banking suddenly boiled down to raw trading ability; the "We don't do business" conceit disappeared; the niche that Barings had once occupied shrank to nothing.

Here we creep a little closer to the dark side of the modern English soul, for the upheaval in British culture has had some odd, unintended consequences. One effect of the infusion of American money was to throw British working-class lads into paroxysms of hope—they were in demand from places they'd never expected to be. Nick Leeson was one of them. His father was a plasterer, and his mother was a nurse in a mental hospital. The family lived in Watford, a suburb north of London, and Nick, the eldest of four children, was "the sort of quiet, respectful child who might have expected to become a clerk in a high street bank, or to work for the council," Fay writes. He passed his A level in math only on a second try, and went straight from grammar school to banking. To everyone, with the possible exception of his mother, he was a perfectly ordinary boy. In 1985, he started work as a clerk at the British bank Coutts & Company. And there he might have remained for life had it not been for the explosion in the City of London, which caused Leeson to jump from Coutts to Morgan Stanley and then, in 1989, to Barings.

The general idea in the minds of the survivalists who ran Barings seems to have been that people with no higher education stood a greater chance in the rough-and-tumble global marketplace than their better-educated countrymen. Barings paid retail prices for the wholesale American myth that education is anathema on the trading floor. Nick Leeson, to judge from his thin memoir, also bought into this line of thinking. He became a character in his own active imagination: the boy who by dint of street smarts vaults to the top of the new world financial order and earns millions of pounds and the awe of his peers. Never mind that neither he nor his bosses had any real idea why he should be able to make money, or where the money he was supposedly making came from. "The recovery in profitability has been amazing, leaving Barings to conclude that it was not actually terribly difficult to make money in the securities business," Peter Baring, the chairman, told the head of banking supervision at the Bank of England in late 1993. The money came from the yobbos—the lumpen louts—and no one cared how or why.

WHATEVER benefits the arrival of the young working-class man in the old middle-class world may have conferred upon English society as a whole, it wreaked havoc with psyches across the City of London. Every firm has a story or two about the lad who got ahead of himself. All sorts of people got it into their heads that they had that special something which gives a man an edge in the market. The mass delusion was fuelled by the nature of the game: put enough working-class boys at trading screens and some of them are bound to make money and become examples to others. The end result, however, was that all sorts of people made bets without having any idea what they were doing. Nothing in Leeson's memoir causes you to feel sorry for him. He comes across as boorish, maudlin, and self-pitying. But you can't help thinking that the guy was traumatized by the sudden change in his expectations. Nothing in British life had prepared him for it.

This throw-the-yobbos-to-the-wolves approach to finance seems more American—and more egalitarian—than it is. In American firms, many of the people who conducted the kind of market-stomping proprietary trading that Leeson imagined himself to be doing held Ph.D.s in mathematics and physics. It was precisely their learning and sophistication that gave them an edge in the market. Four years after Leeson started stuffing his losses into his secret account, he still doesn't fully grasp how markets work. Even now he thinks of the market as the trading pit. In retelling the story of his bid to extricate himself from his hopeless predicament after the Kobe earthquake, he offers us this glimpse of his mental life:

> I stood by the Barings booth and watched the chaos. All the Japanese guys were talking about the cracks which had appeared in their walls, but funnily enough, I was pretty calm; I began to see this as an opportunity. The market was well down—300 points—and, of course, markets around the world were tumbling, so my futures position had lost something like another 50 million pounds, but I reckoned this could be the turning point. I waited for a day or two to see whether the market would really move, and then, on Friday 20 January, after the market had steadied at about 200 points below the pre-earthquake level, I went into the pit and spent all day buying 10,000 March contracts. This was a massive purchase, the largest purchase I'd done in my life, but I did it with two utter convictions in mind. I had to buy it back up to try to push it towards 19,000 . . . and I thought the market looked cheap.

He doesn't seem to realize that his few-billion-dollar bets were dwarfed by the market as a whole. He has little sense that the Japanese bond market is merely an extension of Japanese interest rates, which are driven by fundamental forces. He has, in short, no sense of the larger world outside his line of vision. No matter how many futures contracts he bought, he wasn't going to alter the market's course. The best he could hope for was that he would get lucky.

That the fate of the Queen's bankers hinged upon the luck of this ill-starred young man puts a fine point on British cultural self-doubt. Every day, the modern English middle class's pose of condescension toward everything American becomes less convincing. I doubt whether anyone can read through these two books without feeling that the upper reaches of English society have given themselves over entirely to the American way of life—or, at least, to their own peculiar interpretation of it. The Barings managers knew that American firms made money doing this sort of thing, but they weren't exactly sure what this sort of thing was. They turned a blind eye when Leeson was banned from the Singapore Cricket Club for hitting a fellow-member who questioned his right to use the snooker table, and they turned another when he was thrown in jail for a night—and very nearly for longer—for exposing his rear end to a local woman in a bar. By the time they were finished, they had nothing left to see with. One good but unanswerable question is whether Leeson would have gone as far as he did if he had been a proper middle-class Englishman; I'll bet not.

It was his earlier job at Morgan Stanley that had made Leeson a plausible candidate for a higher clerkship at Barings—one that offered the chance to be a trader. And the chance to be a trader landed him in a tiny prison cell in Singapore. Of his six-and-a-half-year sentence, he will serve a minimum of four years. He is allowed one visitor a month, for twenty minutes. And so there he sits, a spurious but persuasive example to the boys back in Watford of what happens when you move too far too fast. ♦

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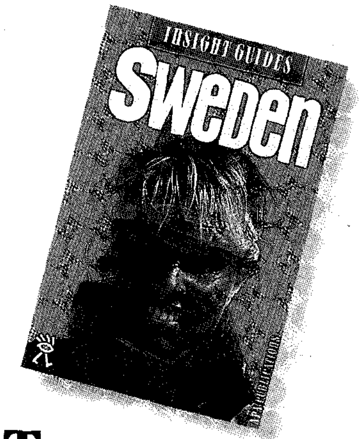

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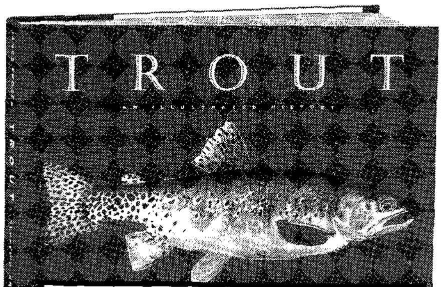

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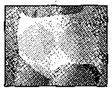

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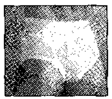

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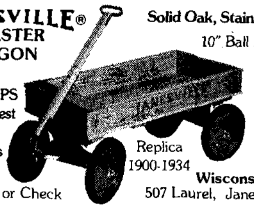

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BRIEFLY NOTED

Blackwater, by Kerstin Ekman; translated from the Swedish by John Tate (Doubleday; $23.95). In the north of Sweden, in midsummer, when it's possible to see all too clearly, Annie Raft, lost in the woods with her little girl, stumbles on the scene of a double murder. The question Ekman asks, with Sophoclean, spare intensity, is about the seductive power of evil: If one has gazed, even accidentally, on real darkness, can one break that gaze in order to step into the light? This bleak, scary thriller is the author's seventeenth book, but the first to be published here.

Like Judgment Day, by Michael D'Orso (Grosset/Putnam; $27.50). On New Year's Day, 1923, white mobs invaded the black hamlet of Rosewood, in rural Florida, to avenge an alleged attack on a white woman by a black man, and burned it to the ground. The death toll was eight—six blacks and two whites—but nobody was ever tried for murder or arson, and Rosewood's inhabitants, who had scattered in terror, never returned. D'Orso recounts how, many years later, their half-forgotten, half-suppressed story came to light, and how the survivors obtained from the state compensation and acknowledgment that wrong had been done. The author keeps track of a huge cast of characters and delineates each one with the insight of a serious novelist.

Tchaikovsky, by Anthony Holden (Random House; $35). This compelling biography recounts the development of Russia's musical institutions in the late nineteenth century, Tchaikovsky's own musical development, and his relations with colleagues, rivals, friends, and relatives, but its central theme is the desperation of living as a closeted homosexual. Holden accepts the evidence that Tchaikovsky, who, sharing the bias of his age, despised himself and feared exposure, was blackmailed into committing suicide at the age of fifty-three.

The Cloister Walk, by Kathleen Norris (Riverhead; $23.95). Norris has written a diverse, engaging chronicle of the liturgical world as it is seen from within a Benedictine monastery in Collegeville, Minnesota. Her book is largely free of what she herself calls "the ether that often wafts through books on spiritual themes," and that is because what is ethereal in Norris's life mixes readily with what is worldly and pragmatic. Still, there is enough spiritual substance here to make your heart swell or your scalp itch, depending on the kind of reader you happen to be.

From Peep Show to Palace: The Birth of American Film, by David Robinson (Columbia; $29.50). In 1893, Thomas Edison introduced the Kinetoscope, "an instrument which could do for the eye what the phonograph does for the ear." Over the next twenty years, technological, formal, and business innovations combined to create the film industry we know today. Beautifully illustrated—with photographs showing mechanical apparatuses, promotional art, and the vaudevillians and prizefighters who were the first movie stars—this concise history takes us from footage of an Edison employee sneezing to multireel features with a sophistication appropriate to the lavish theatres in which they came to be shown.

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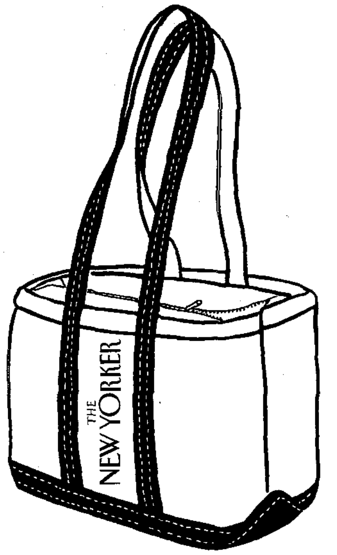

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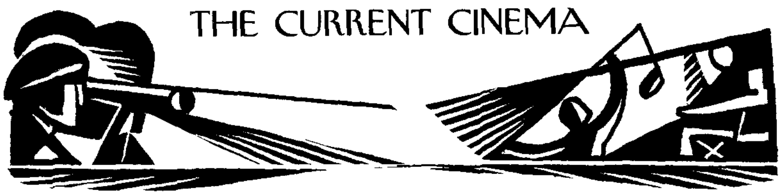
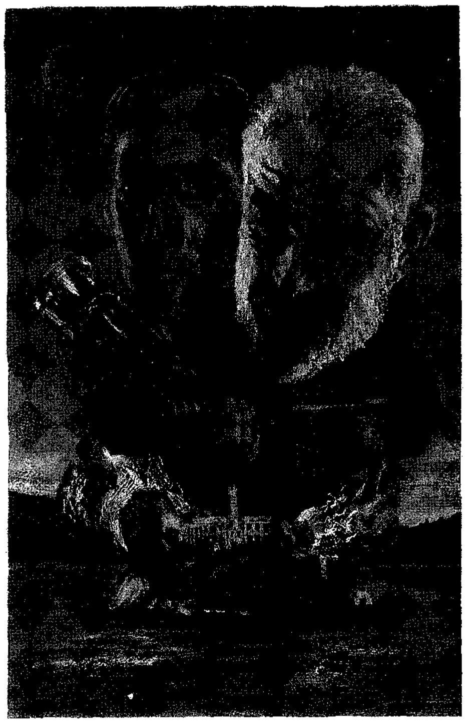


WINNERS AND LOSERS

Action on Alcatraz, and loneliness in upstate New York.

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

THE title of Michael Bay's huge-scale action movie "The Rock" refers to the picture's primary setting—the long-abandoned federal penitentiary on Alcatraz Island, in San Francisco Bay. The prison (which shut down in 1963) is an impressive structure, but the real basis of its enduring appeal to tourists and filmmakers is mythic rather than architectural: according to legend, Alcatraz was impossible to escape from. (The few prisoners who succeeded in getting off the island were either captured or killed, or were presumed drowned.) The conceit of "The Rock" is that one prisoner, long ago, did manage to escape to the mainland, and that the government, in an attempt to dislodge a group of terrorists who have occupied the island and have aimed missiles filled with deadly nerve gas at San Francisco, is forced to turn to this man for help; the nervous bureaucrats at the F.B.I., the White House, and the Pentagon believe that he represents their only hope of breaching the bad guys' apparently impregnable command post. This Houdini, named John Mason (Sean Connery) is available for consultation because the Feds, having recaptured him years later, currently have him warehoused in another maximum-security lockup. As thriller premises go, this isn't unusually preposterous, and when, after half an hour or so of ponderous exposition, Mason finally makes his entrance, viewers may feel a brief, irrational surge of optimism. The face of the aging convict is almost entirely concealed by long, stringy white hair and an unkempt beard, and the voice that emerges from the shadows is deep, calm, and virile. The audience, on recognizing Connery, cheers in anticipation of an evenly matched battle between his imposing mythic presence and that of the Rock itself.


Cage and Connery: Doing time in "The Rock."

JARRETT HUDDLESTON

But Connery is up against something bigger and scarier than Alcatraz here. The producers of "The Rock" are Don Simpson (who died suddenly last January) and Jerry Bruckheimer, whose approach to filmmaking has always been to pound the captive viewer into submission. With the passage of time, the oppressiveness of their high-grossing pictures—"Flashdance" (1983), "Beverly Hills Cop" (1984), "Top Gun" (1986), "Bad Boys" (1995), and "Crimson Tide" (1995)—could become as legendary as that of Alcatraz; and "The Rock" demonstrates conclusively that even the most resourceful actors can't escape from the maximum-security concept of a Simpson-Bruckheimer production. Connery, after his spectacu-

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lar entrance, is quickly given an action-hero makeover. Once his hair and his beard have been trimmed, he seems to lose most of his strength. The wily, embittered Count of Monte Cristo figure turns into just another wisecracking daredevil of the "Die Hard" variety, and Connery goes through the motions gamely—leading a reckless car chase in the streets of San Francisco, running through tunnels, dangling in midair, snapping the necks of inept terrorists, and intoning dopey bons mots. (The screenplay, by David Weisberg, Douglas S. Cook, and Mark Rosner, is rich in failed tough-guy epigrams: at one point, Mason announces to the government's representatives that he has them "between the Rock and a hard case," and the line, meant to be a killer, lies there in the theatre like an unexploded bomb.) As the movie goes along, Connery's aura of authority dissipates; it's replaced by an irritable demeanor that somehow combines the weariness of a prisoner counting the days until his release and the impatience of an actor waiting for his paycheck to clear.

As if to provide further evidence of the filmmakers' power to break performers' spirits, "The Rock" also manages to neutralize the strong personalities of Nicolas Cage and Ed Harris. Cage, as an F.B.I. chemist named Stanley Goodspeed, has been assigned the comic-partner function required by the conventions of buddy movies—that is, the uncool amateur (Stanley has no field experience) struggling to keep up with the daring maneuvers of a fearless and unflappable professional. This type of role demands a lot of quivering and kvetching, and a daunting number of double takes. Cage plays the character's repressed panic quietly, relying less on hysterical outbursts than on the glazed expressions and the slowed-down speech of pure stupefaction. There's nothing to this performance but mannerisms, though, and it's hard to take pleasure in watching Cage's unique style put to use for very ordinary crowd-pleasing effects. Harris, playing the disgruntled brigadier general in command of the terrorists, brings his customary intensity to what has become his customary role—a guy who's so tightly wound that his competence and straight-arrow integrity seem indistinguishable from obsessiveness. Like Cage, Harris satisfies the requirements of the picture, adapting his special qualities as an actor to fit the rigid machinery of the script, and the filmmakers reward him by virtually erasing his individuality; locked into his villain role, Harris seems strangely anonymous—just an unassuming inmate trying to do good time.

Michael Bay, whose first picture was the violent, aggressively stupid cop comedy "Bad Boys," directs the non-stop action of "The Rock" in a manic style that suggests the influence of Simpson and Bruckheimer's pet auteur, Tony Scott ("Top Gun," "Beverly Hills Cop II," "Crimson Tide"). Bay dutifully reproduces the Master's favorite techniques: the fog-machine-and-blue-light effects that make every scene look like a heavy-metal video; the fetishistic closeups of sweaty faces and shiny weapons; the frenzied tempo of the editing, which, especially in the big set pieces, suggests a band trying to muddle through a snappy dance tune without a rhythm section; the lovingly detailed montages of military preparations, investing the missions with an air of pomp and solemnity comparable to that of, say, an N.B.A. playoff game. What distinguishes Bay from his mentor is his crude, horror-comics taste for gore: the violence in "The Rock" is plentiful and ugly, and it's served up with sadistic relish. (Scott tends to eroticize violence—not necessarily a more attractive approach, but a different one.) Mayhem gets Bay so charged up that his compass starts spinning out of control; he's supposed to be leading us through this perilous adventure-park funhouse, but it's tough to follow someone who never tells us where we are. Good action directors are fanatically precise about the geography of scenes: about letting viewers know where the entrances and exits are, where the villains are in relation to the heroes—that sort of thing. Despite all the cliffhanger situations in "The Rock," the picture is never genuinely suspenseful, because Bay doesn't bother to set up his bloody blowouts; his action sequences are short, rattling spasms—and premature ones, at that.

There's nothing inherently wrong with pitching a movie to an adolescent sensibility. "The Rock," however, is aimed at the least interesting and most dangerous teen-agers—not at the rebels but at the bullies. In the movie's most revealing scene, nerdy Stanley, just before going into battle, assures Mason, "I'll do my best," and the older man turns on him angrily. "Losers always whine about their best," Mason says. "Winners go home and fuck the prom queen." Words to live by: it's the Simpson-Bruckheimer-Bay philosophy in a nutshell. "The Rock," carefully calculated and heavily promoted, has the unmistakable look of a winner, and the prom queens had better watch out.

NOBODY, of course, goes to an expensive Hollywood action picture to see "losers." In recent years, the portrayal of people who whine about their best has been left to low-budget independent films—which too often reinforce the impression that the unheroic life is not worth living (or, at least, not worth exhibiting in a movie theatre). During the Reagan-Bush era, American independents attempted to combat Republican triumphalism with dewy-eyed nostalgia for rural simplicity: in movie after high-minded movie, the bright golden haze on the meadow was darkened by clouds of corporate greed, and the young'uns came of age while Ma and Pa tried to figure out a way to save the family farm. These days, indie style runs more to irony and postmodern self-consciousness; instead of farm movies with frequent closeups of noble, weathered faces, we get glib satires like "Welcome to the Dollhouse" and jittery urban freak shows like "I Shot Andy Warhol." The current style feels as reductive as its predecessor: depicting society's rejects as lively, amusing psychos seems hipper than treating them as icons of bygone American innocence, but it still fails to allow them any real emotional complexity. The great surprise of James Mangold's "Heavy" is that it's a low-budget, little-people movie whose tone is neither reverent nor smart-alecky. This first-time director (working from his own script) follows several not very happy residents of a dreary upstate New York town with an intent, tactful sort of curiosity. "Heavy" is modest in the right way: it's less interested in striking attitudes toward its disappointed characters than in simply observing the texture of life in their particular nowhere.

The hero is a fat, balding, terribly shy man named Victor (Pruitt Taylor Vince), who cooks pizzas and other artery-clogging specialties at an unprepossessing roadhouse owned by his mother, Dolly (Shelley Winters). Victor is obviously a sad sack, and in a more conventional movie the sight of a homely middle-aged guy living with Shelley Winters would be enough to send discerning viewers sprinting for the exits, in desperate flight from what promised to be an unbearable wallow in poignancy. But the movie's early scenes establish a mood that effortlessly dispels the possibility of either pathos or hysteria. Mangold somehow manages to tone down Winters' overbearing persona—she's quiet and even rather likable here—and he avoids turning the out-of-the-way roadhouse into a metaphor for small-town decrepitude and hopelessness: the place has clearly seen better days, but it's clean and cozy, and the food looks pretty good. The director and his cameraman, Michael Barrow, are alert to the lived-in beauties of the upstate landscape, and the compositions have a restrained, laconic lyricism that captures both the romantic lushness and the gray loneliness of the setting. After the evocative opening, the film concentrates on the relationship between Victor and a newly hired waitress, Callie (Liv Tyler), a stunning young woman who seems almost embarrassed by her attractiveness. (The arrogance of her musician boyfriend, played by Evan Dando, may have something to do with her surprisingly low self-esteem.) Like everything else in "Heavy," this bond draws its dramatic power from a lifelike sense of ambiguity—from Mangold's determination to avoid easy resolutions. The picture's sympathetic but detached tone assures us that the filmmaker isn't going to require us to swallow something unpalatable at the end: we won't have to believe that Callie will seek refuge in Victor's ample arms, or that Victor will kill himself in despair. "Heavy" dignifies the emotions of its "loser" characters by refusing to violate the uneventfulness of their experience. It's rare to see a movie about life on the margins that actually seems at home there itself. ♦

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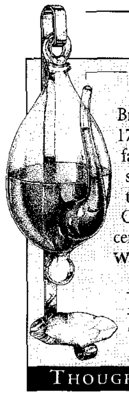
RISE AND FALL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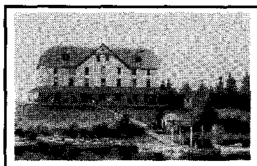

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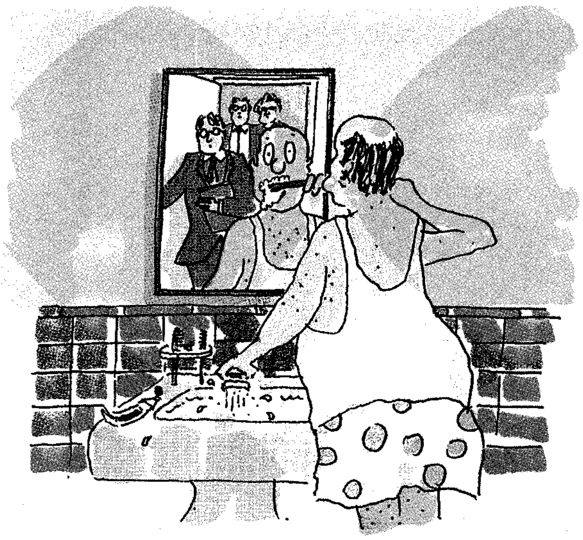
SHOUTS & MURMURS

BUYER BEWARE

BY ROBERT SULLIVAN

As I sit here in my office today, someone I have never met is roaming through my house in the company of a highly trained inspector, whom I also don't know, grading all the home-repair work that I have done over the past two years. This is not the first time strangers have paraded through my house. Since my wife and I put it on the market last month, we've had two open houses, three realtor tours, a couple of surprise visits from friends who are also realtors, and, by my own exaggerated estimate, about thirty-five showings. But today is the worst. Signatures have been traded; a relatively small amount of money has been put down; we have even called schools in our proposed new neighborhood. After all the time put in on everything from bathtub-leg searches to insulation tutorials, and all the undescriptive adjectives our realtor has used in papers throughout the county ("charming," "stylish," and, the latest, "immaculate"), everything comes down to today, the final exam.



As this is the first house we've ever owned—and as we've felt compelled to remodel every room in our own untrained way—just about every day spent inside it has offered a revelation. On the day renovation began, for instance, I made my initial foray into kitchen-sink removal and accidentally broke a water pipe with a crowbar. An hour, an inch of water, and several desperate phone conversations with plumbers later, I learned from a fireman, who nonchalantly showed me where in my front lawn I could dig to stop the leak, that some old basements are actually emergency-shutoff-valve-free. A few weeks later, I discovered that when you are alone with your three-year-old son on a Saturday afternoon you can save time on parent-child negotiations *and* post-painting cleanup if you give the three-year-old a brush, double the amount of drop cloths, and strip him naked except for his diaper. Experience has also led me to develop a theorem stating that incidences of tool-borrowing by the neighbors increase in direct proportion to the number of tools one owns. I've yet to nail down the corollary theorem connecting ownership of tools to an increased desire to lend them, but let me just say that if anybody wants to borrow my DeWalt 944 Versa-Clutch cordless power drill, I can bring it right over. It's a beauty.

The lesson my wife and I are learning as the closing date draws near is that if you want to raise the value you place on your own house all you have to do is put it on the market. This has to do, first, with the natural human resistance to the modern moving process, which each time I experience it gives me new and deeper emotional scars—as if I were our dining-room table, my legs becoming more wobbly each time I'm carried into a new dining room. Our late-night master-bedroom conversations have also moved in a decidedly pro-current-house direction as more and more strangers have dropped by to make snide remarks about our sense of color. What this pro-house spin has meant is that, whereas two months ago we were anxious to get on with the move, we are now seeing our immaculate bungalow in an entirely new light, unspackled flaws and all. Lately, for example, I've been going into the basement after dinner for long walks, and a few nights ago my wife shared with me her deep-seated pride about our bathroom sink.

Besides, the house has never looked so good. For almost two months now, we have stood poised for surprise inspections. With the beds always made, the dishes sparkling clean, and the kitchen floor as glossy as a page from *Martha Stewart Living,* we have been in an ongoing state of domestic red alert. In the course of all this, just as we were turning our back on it, our house became our dream house—or D.H., as our realtor might describe it in one of his little ads.

Back when we started the selling process, we were grateful for anyone who showed the slightest head-nodding interest. Just last night, though, when a prospective buyer stopped by without any warning at a little before 10 P.M., I sat stonily on the couch, my arms crossed, and barely looked up from the television. When the realtor for the woman who is touring our house today met with us to explain that her client was "in love" with our place, and I responded by simply staring her in the face, she probably thought I was just playing it cool. But actually I was deep in bitter regret. She loves it, I was thinking. She *loves* it! Well, just what exactly makes her so sure it's for sale? ♦

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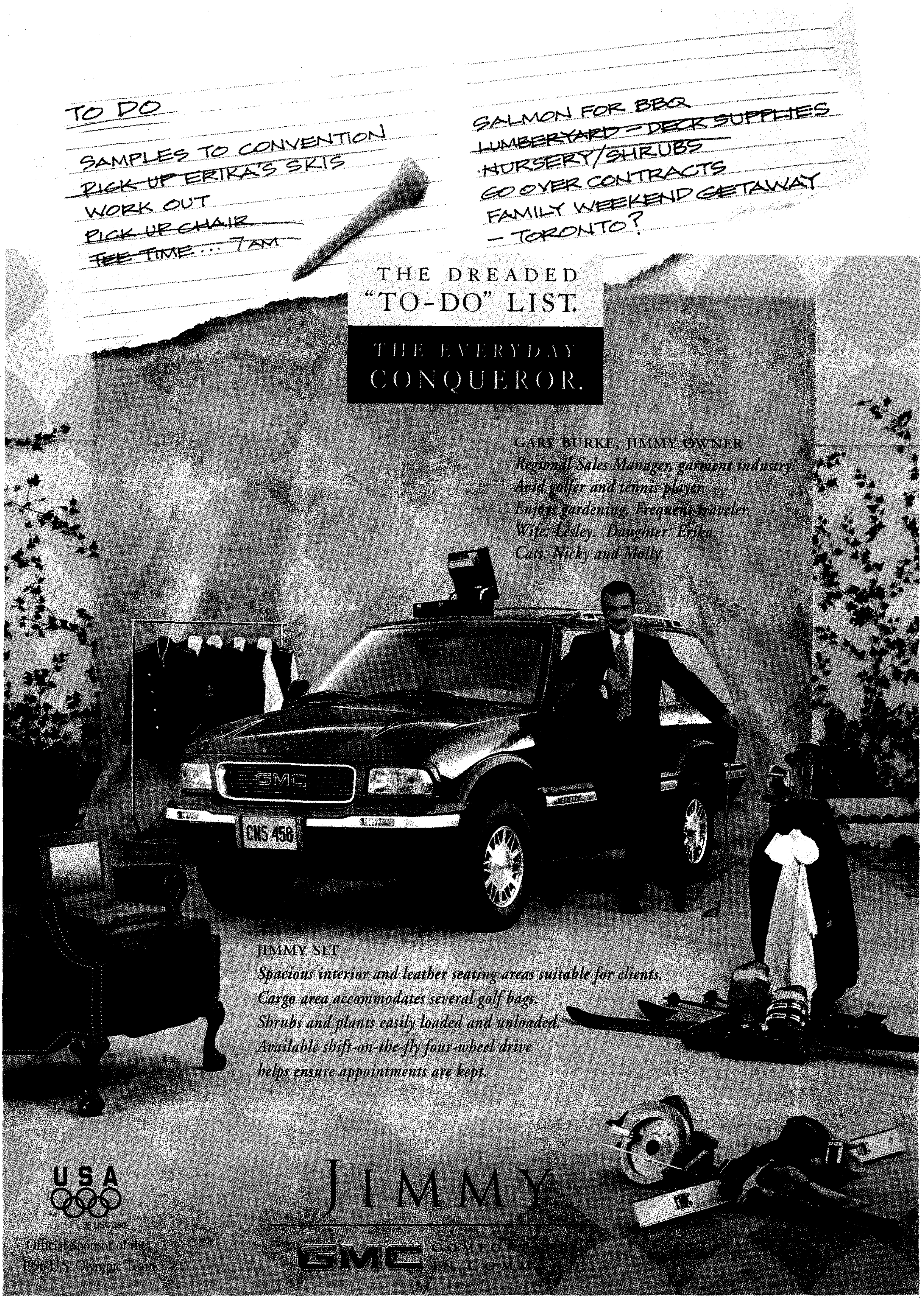

TO DO

SAMPLES TO CONVENTION
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WORK OUT
~~PICK UP CHAIR~~
~~TEE TIME ... 7 AM~~

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~~LUMBERYARD – DECK SUPPLIES~~
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